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SERIES THE THIRD.

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THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

No. 1.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney.* By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. *Prebendary of Durham.* 4to. 1l. 5s. boards. Mawman. 1808.

WE can hardly mention any name in history, which has been the theme of such general and unvarying praise as that of Sir Philip Sidney. His contemporaries seem to have regarded him with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm; and the praise which they bestowed, has accompanied his memory, and been increased rather than diminished in its descent down the stream of time. His life appears to have been without a stain; and time which discloses secrets and developes the mysteries of hidden crimes, has hitherto brought to light no circumstance which can fix any blemish on his character. The examination and the research of succeeding generations has rather confirmed than weakened the favourable judgment that was formed on this accomplished scholar, judicious statesman, intrepid soldier, sober religionist, and virtuous man, by the age in which he lived. Though Sidney possessed that splendor of excellence which is apt, while it dazzles some, to excite envy in others, yet his amiable qualities were so many and so thoroughly incorporated in his disposition and demeanour, that the sensations of envy, in those who were inclined to envy him, seem to have been converted into the feeling of affection and esteem. He was not one of those persons who are exalted to such a pitch of sublimity as to be too great to be envied, but who are at the same time too much raised above the common level, the surface of frail and sensitive humanity, to be loved. Sir Philip Sidney while he possessed the sterner virtues of a majestic character, seems to have had such a large stock of good humour and benignity mingled

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B

in his nature and habits, that envy lost its malignity at his approach, and softened with complacency in his presence.

The delineation, which Dr. Zouch has drawn of this interesting personage, appears to be faithfully correct; though in some parts we discern the languor of a copyist and a want of that luminous animation, that glow of chivalry, which characterised the original. The author has evidently bestowed considerable pains in compiling his memoirs, and has drawn his materials from the most authentic sources; and if we occasionally meet with flat passages, common-place remarks, and insipid details, yet these are more than compensated by the labour of research, the love of truth, and the vein of piety which pervade the whole. We have no other knowledge whatever of Dr. Zouch than what he has himself furnished in the present work; but from the turn of reflection, the sedate but not austere, the devout but not pharisaical tone of moral and religious sentiment which characterise the composition, we are convinced that the author is a Christian without guile. The praise of authorship is inferior to this; though we consider Dr. Zouch to be entitled not only to high moral encomium, but to a considerable share of literary praise.

The subject of these memoirs was the grandson of Sir William Sidney, who was chamberlain and steward of the household to Henry VIII.; and the son of Sir Henry Sidney, who was the companion and friend of Edward VI., and was esteemed the most accomplished gentleman in his court. His mother was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. The following letter which Sir Henry Sidney wrote to his son in 1566 when he was at school at Shrewsbury and only twelve years of age, while it evinces the judicious sentiments and reflective habits of the father, seems to indicate an early maturation of intellect in the son.

‘I have receaved too letters from yow, one written in Latine, the other in French; which I take in good parte, and will yow to exercise that practice of learninge often: for that will stand yow in moste steade, in that profession of lyf that yow are born to live in. And since this ys my first letter that ever I did write to yow, I will not that yt be all emptie of some advyses, which my naturall care of yow provokethe me to wishe yow to folowe, as documents to yow in this your tender age. Let your first actyon be, the lyfting up of your mynd to almighty God by harty prayer; and feelingly dysgest the woords yow speake in prayer, with contynual meditation and thinking of him to whom yow praye and of the matter for which yow praye. And use this at an ordinary hower.

Whereby the tyme ytsel will put yow in remembrance to doe that, which yow are accustomed to doe in that tyme. Apply yowr study to suche houres, as yowre discrete master dothe assign yow, earnestlye: and the time, I know, he will so lymitt, as shal be both sufficient for yowr learninge, and saf for yowr health. And mark the sens, and the matter of that yow read, as well as the woordes. So shal yow both enreeche yowr tonge with woordes, and yowr whyte with matter; and judgement will growe as yeares growyth in yow. Be humble and obedient to yowr master, for unless yow frame yowrselſe to obey others, yea and feale in yowrselſe what obedience is, yow shall never be able to teach others how to obey yow. Be curtesie of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversitee of reverence, accordinge to the dignitie of the person. There ys nothinge, that wynneth so much with so lytell cost. Use moderate dyet, so as, after yowr meate, yow may find your wytte fresher and not duller, and your body more lyvely, and not more heavye. Seldom drinke wine, and yet sometimes doe, least, being enforced to drinke upon the sodayne, yow should find yowrselſe inflamed. Use exercise of bodye, but suche as ys without peryll of yowr jointes or bones. It will encrease yowr force, and enlarge yowr breathe. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of yower bodye, as in yowr garments. It shall make yow grateful in yche company, and otherwise lothsome. Give yowrselſe to be merye, for yow degenerate from yowr father, yf you find not yowrselſe most able in wytte and bodye, to doe any thinge when yow be most mery: but let yowr myrthe be ever void of all scurilitie, and bitinge woordes to any man, for an wound given by a worde is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be yow rather a herer, and bearer away of other men's talke, than a begynner or procurer of speeche, otherwise yow shal be counted to delight to hear yowr self speake. Yf you heare a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commytte yt to yowr memorye, with respect to the circumstance, when yow shal speake yt. Let never othe be hard to come out of yowre mouthe, nor woord of rybandrye; detest yt in others, so shal custome make to yowr self a lawe against hit in yowr self. Be modest in yche assemble, and rather be rebuked of light felowes for meden-like shamefastness, than of yowr sad frends for pearte boldnes. Thinke upon every worde that you will speake, before yow utter hit, and remembre how nature hath rampared up, as yt were, the tonge with teeth, lippes, yea and here without the lippes, and all betokening raynes or bridles, for the loose use of that membre. Above all things, tell no untruthe, no not in trifles: the custome of it is naught, and let it not satisfie yow, that, for a time the herers take yt for a truthe, for after yt will be known as yt is, to yowr shame; for ther cannot be a greater reproche to a gentleman, then to be accounted a lyare. Study and endeavour yowr self to be virtuously occupied. So shal yow make such an habite of well doinge in yow, that yow shal not knowe how to do evill, though

yow wold. Remembre, my sonne, the noble blood yow are descended of, by yowr mother's side; and thinke that only, by virtuous lyf and good action, yow may be an ornament to that illustre famylie; and otherwise, through vice and slouth yow shal be counted *labres generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my lytell *Philippe* this is enough for me, and too much I fear for yow. But yf I shall finde that this light meale of digestion nourishe any thing the weake stomake of your yonge capacitie, I will, as I find the same growe stronger, sead yt with toofer foode.

Your lovinge father,
so long as you lyve in the feare of God,
‘H. Sidney.’

Mr. Sidney was admitted a member of the university of Oxford in 1569; and placed under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Thornton, a man of singular erudition and benevolence. Fuller says of Sidney that

‘He cultivated not one art, or one science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences; his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to pre-eminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human genius or industry. Such was his appetite for learning, that he could never be fed fast enough therewith, and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment and thrived healthfully thereon.’

He seems to have been one of the rare few, who know how to select the pulp of learning and to throw away the husk. The knowledge, which he acquired, was such as every gentleman ought to be eager to obtain; it was adapted both for pleasure and utility, for ornament and for practice, for publicity and retirement. It fitted him to enjoy the sweets of domestic, and to conduct himself with authority and distinction in the tumult of political life.

The study of the learned languages had, at this time, been not long revived, and a proficiency in the literature of Greece and of Rome was that which the scholar was most emulous to attain. If we may judge from the Latin compositions of Mr. Sidney, which are still extant, he was a perfect master of that language. He seems to have written, and to have spoken it with facility and elegance.

In 1572, Mr. Sidney set out on his travels; his uncle, the earl of Leicester, recommended him to the notice and in some measure committed him to the care of Sir Francis Walsingham, who was then the English ambassador in France. On his arrival at Paris, he found that city filled with the principal leaders of the Huguenots and their ad-

herents, who had come to be present at the nuptials of the young king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. with the lady Margaret, sister to Charles IX. But on the sixth night after the celebration of this union, when the city was drowned in festivity and mirth, and the unsuspecting protestants were enjoying the security of sleep, religious intolerance attended by treachery and murder, issued into the streets, which soon flowed down with the blood of ten thousand Huguenots, who had been invited thither under the most solemn assurances of safety and protection. In order to shew that heaven smiled on this pious work, M. Antonius Muretus asserted in a congratulatory speech which he delivered to the Pope on this glorious triumph of *orthodox* over *heretical* opinions, that, on that night *the stars shone more bright than usual; and that the river Seine flowed with more than ordinary velocity in order that it might the sooner get rid of the corpses of such filthy blasphemers, and roll them into the depths of the ocean.* The *orthodoxy*, or in other words, the dogmatic intolerance of all churches in all ages is the same. Its object is not to instruct but to extirpate its opponents. Processions, thanksgivings, and a jubilee, were instituted in honour of a transaction which chills the hearts of all but those *ORTHODOX HYPOCRITES*, who neither had then, nor have now, any hearts to chill.

After the massacre Mr. Sydney hastened to leave the city, which had been polluted by such execrable cruelties. He pursued his journey through Lorraine, by Strasburg and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with Hubert Languet, who was then a resident from the Elector of Saxony. Languet seems to have been strongly interested by the amiable and ingenuous qualities, and the promising talents of Sydney: and to have conceived a friendship for him, which lasted during life. He was a man of great and general erudition, combined with that practical knowledge which resulted from extensive experience, and an enlarged intercourse with mankind.

* No one knew more intimately the political history of his own times, the tempers, the views and pursuits of all the kings and princes of Europe. He possessed the confidence of Gustavus king of Sweden; of Augustus elector of Saxony; and above them all, of William prince of Orange. These exalted personages successively employed him in several important negotiations. To Thuanus, the historian, he endeared himself by his candour, his probity, his nice and exact judgment in public and private affairs. This incomparable writer, having at one time found him disengaged, spent three

days with him, and was so rivetted to him by the allurements of his conversation, that he could not tear himself away from his presence.

Such was the man to whose conversation Sidney was certainly indebted for no small accession to his stock of general knowledge, and whose sage counsels and sagacious remarks contributed to promote his moral improvement, and to keep him on his guard against the blandishments of vice.

‘At Vienna. Mr. Sydney learned horsemanship, the use of arms, and all those manly and martial exercises, which were suitable to his youth and nobleness of birth. In the beginning of his “*Defence of Poesy*,” he gives a pleasant relation of the partiality of his equestrian preceptor, John Pietro Pughano, in favor of his own professional occupation. This man, who had the place of an equerry in the emperor’s stables, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness, and his courage, that his pupil facetiously says, “If I had not been a piece of a logician, before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself an horse.” During his stay at Vienna he acquired all those accomplishments, with which the Conte Baldassar Castiglione has adorned his courtier. He excelled at tilt or tournament, in managing all sorts of weapons, in playing at tennis, in diversions of trial and skill, in music, in all the exercises that suited a noble cavalier. His person, his aspect, his discourse, his every gesture were embellished with dignity and grace.’

He was at Venice in 1574, where he spent some time without participating in the gay debaucheries of that sensual capital. From Venice he retired to Padua, which was renowned for its learned university.

‘Here he applied himself with his accustomed diligence to geometry and astronomy. But Languet, who was alarmed by the delicate state of his health, advised him not to give up too much time to those studies, lest he should impair his health, and resemble a traveller, who, during a long journey, attends to himself and not to his horse.’

The celebrated Tasso was then a resident at Padua; and Dr. Zouch thinks that the desire of cultivating the acquaintance of this eminent poet was one of the leading motives which induced Mr. Sidney to visit that place. Languet, who was afraid lest his young friend should fall a victim to the subile intrigues of the Roman pontiff and his adherents, dissuaded him strongly from visiting ‘the city seated on seven hills.’ The power of the pope has been so much reduced, and the sophisms of the Papists so ably exposed since

the time of which we are speaking, that this advice of Languet, which was very discreet then, may betray very ridiculous apprehensions to us who are living at the present period. But the caution was, at that time, neither unnecessary nor unwise.

Solicitous to form his Latin style, Sidney requested the advice of Languet, who recommended the diligent perusal of Cicero's epistles.

'He advised him to translate an epistle into another language, and having laid aside the version for some time, to render it again into Latin. He cautioned him against a fault which was then much in fashion—a superstitious affectation of emulating Cicero, and of admitting no words or phrases, which were not Ciceronian.'

At Heidelberg, where Mr. Sidney resided some time, he cultivated the friendship of Zacharius Ursinus, whose studies were prosecuted with such unremitting intensity of application, that in order to prevent the interruption of idlers, he wrote over the door of his library,

Amice, quisquis huc venis,
Aut agito paucis, aut abi.

'From this eminent scholar Mr. Sidney learned how to estimate the value of time; he learnt how criminal it is to waste the hours of life in unedifying discourse, and much more so in vicious pursuits or guilty indulgencies.

Having spent almost three years in visiting different parts of Europe, Mr. Sidney returned through Germany by Heidelberg, Frankfurt, and Antwerp, and arrived in London in the month of May 1575. To his attainments in Greek and Latin literature, he had now added a knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. On his return he became the delight and admiration of the English court, by his dignified and majestical address, the urbanity of his manners, and the sweet complacency of his whole deportment. The queen treated him with peculiar kindness, calling him her Philip, in opposition, it is said, to Philip of Spain, her sister's husband. In the quaint language of Fuller, his homebred abilities travel perfected, and a sweet nature set a gloss upon both. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a compleat master of matter and language.'

In 1576 Mr. Sidney was sent ambassador to the court of Vienna in order to condole with Rodolph on the death of his father Maximilian II.; but in reality to form a league of all the Protestant states against the danger which threatened them from the Popish powers, from the superstition of Rome, and the tyranny of Spain. Mr. Sidney conducted

himself in this important mission with an ability and address far beyond his years. The following character which he drew of the emperor Rodolph in an official letter which he wrote to secretary Walsingham, will shew at once the extent of his sagacity, and the solidity of his judgment.

‘The emperor,’ says he, ‘is holy (wholly) by his inclination given to the wars, few of words, sullain of disposition, very secrete and resolute, nothing the manners his father had in winning men in his behaviour, but yet constant in keeping them; and such a one, as though he promise not much outwardly, but as the Latins say, *aliquid in recessu*: his brother Earnest, much like him in disposition, but, that he is more franke, and forward, which perchance the necessity of his fortune argues him to be: both extremely Spaniolated.’

At that time he was honoured with the friendship of William Prince of Orange, the father of his country, and the protector of its liberties. This prince, who was certainly no mean judge of merit, described him,

‘As one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state at that day in Europe.’ ‘They held a constant correspondence with each other, not on trifling and frivolous topics, but on the political transactions of the age in which they lived.’

In 1579 Mr. Sidney exerted himself to dissuade Elizabeth from marrying a French prince. The letter, which he wrote to her on this occasion, is generally allowed to be composed with great elegance and force of reasoning.

‘To this performance,’ says his present biographer, ‘our ancestors in some degree owe their preservation from the yoke of foreign tyranny and oppression.’

He draws the following parallel between Elizabeth and the prince who was designed for her spouse.

‘He of the Romish religion; and if he be a man, must have that manlike property, to desire that all men be of his mind; you the erector and defender of the contrary; the only sun that dazzleth their eyes. He, French, and desiring to make France great; your majesty English, and desiring nothing less than that France should grow great; he, both by his own fancy and his youthful governors embracing all ambitious hopes, having Alexander’s image in his head, but perhaps evil painted; your majesty, with excellent virtue taught what you should hope, and by no less wisdom what you may hope, with a council renowned over all Christendom, for their well-tempered minds, having set the utmost of their ambition in your favour, and the study of their souls in your safety.’

The attention which Elizabeth paid to the arguments of Sidney shewed the deference which she had for his judgment, particularly when we consider that they relate to a point, on which she was always extremely sore, and in which she considered any admonition as a great disrespect of her authority. Thus the author as well as the printer of a tract which tended to evince the mischievous consequences of a French marriage, were about this time condemned to have their right hands struck off, as a punishment for the offence. Dr. Zouch says that the severity of this punishment

‘ Originated in an improper deference to the French prince, rather than in the disposition of the queen, which was *naturally mild and compassionate.*’

We must confess that we are of a different opinion; and think that Elizabeth was not naturally more mild and compassionate than her father Henry VIII.

During an interval of retirement at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Sidney composed his *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance, which is now more often mentioned than read. It was originally written on loose sheets of paper, most of it in the presence of his sister; the rest on sheets which were sent to her, as soon as they were finished. Previously to his death he is said to have made a request that it might be committed to the flames.

‘ He did not complete the third book, nor was any part of the work printed during his life. His design was to have arranged the whole anew; and it is asserted on the authority of Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, that he intended to change the subject by celebrating the prowess and military deeds of king Arthur. The scattered manuscripts which he left, were collected by his sister, to whose care they were consigned, and for whose delight and entertainment they were written. The whole was corrected by her pen, and carefully perused by others under her direction, so that it was very properly called the Countess of Pembroke’s *ARCADIA.*’

Of this work, of which, as it was a posthumous and unfinished piece, the merit must not be measured by the rigid rules of criticism, the principal excellence certainly consists in the nice and delicate discriminations of character. Thus, what a fine-drawn portrait is this of Palladius, who had

‘ A mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to

the uttering, a behaviour so noble as gave a majesty to adversity ; and all in a man whose age could not be above one and twenty years.'

With what exquisite discrimination does he depict the shades of difference which varied the characters of the two daughters of Basilius, which a common observer would not have noticed, and which none but a man of clear conceptions and refined sensibility could have represented with so much vivacity and truth ! These two females were

'So beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show, that nature is no step-mother to that sex, how much soever men, sharp-witted only in evil-speaking, have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister ; for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was, if at least such perfections may receive the word of more, more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela : methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's : methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded, as all hearts must yield : Pamela's beauty used violence, but such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds : Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware ; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance ; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride.'

In September 1581, Sidney lost his friend Hubert Languet, to whose advice, sagacity, and condition, he had been under so many obligations. Of Languet, it is said by Dr. Zouch, that the 'Syren sloth had not charms sufficiently powerful to fascinate him ;' and that he 'accustomed himself to weigh time even to the utmost grain.' It is deeply to be lamented that the letters of Sidney to this great and good man have not been preserved ; they were written in Latin, and while they did honour to his merit as a scholar, would probably have thrown considerable light on his history and the occurrences of his time.

Of 'The Defence of Poesy,' which was composed by Mr. Sidney about this time, Dr. Zouch says that

'It shows at once the erudition, judgment, and taste of the author. In it the laws of the drama are described with singular precision and exactness. The lovely simplicity of its language, the

ingenuity of just and sound remarks without the least affectation,—the frequent and happy allusions to the best writers of classic antiquity, must always please.’

In 1583, Mr. Sidney married Frances the only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a statesman of singular probity, disinterestedness and moderation. In the same year, the honour of knighthood was conferred on him at Windsor castle by the queen. Titles were then bestowed with a frugality and discretion which have been since abandoned in proportion as corruption has sapped the vitals of the state.

In 1585, the inhabitants of the Netherlands, oppressed by the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, solicited the assistance of Elizabeth.

‘She promised to send a military force to their relief; for the payment and support of which, several towns in Holland were delivered to her majesty as pledges.’

Sir Philip Sidney was constituted governor of Flushing. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, was at the same time sent to the United Provinces with an army of five thousand foot and a thousand horse. Sir Philip, who was appointed colonel of all the Dutch regiments, was promoted to the command of general of the horse under his uncle. In the Netherlands wars, the English are said, by Camden, to have first forsaken their ancient habits of sobriety, and to have learned the practice of hard-drinking; and as he expresses it by *drinking to others healths to impair their own*.

The object of the expedition was in a great measure frustrated by the insolence, ignorance, and mismanagement of the Earl of Leicester; and the genius of his nephew in vain struggled to repair the errors of his military administration. But this he did not live to do; for on the twenty-second of September 1586, he was engaged in an action which terminated his life. A convoy, sent by the enemy to Zutphen in Guelderland, was met by a detachment of the English army commanded by Sir Philip Sidney. The English were very inferior in numbers to those of the enemy; but their courage supplied their defect of numbers, and they obtained a decisive victory. The victory was, however, purchased too dear; since it cost the life of Sir Philip, who exposed his person with more temerity than is customary for the commanders in modern warfare, till he received a wound, which

in a few days terminated his career of virtue and of fame. We shall let Dr. Zouch give an account of this action and of the death of Sir Philip in his own words: the extract will, at the same time, furnish a specimen of the literary merit of his work.

‘Having one horse shot under him, he mounted a second. Seeing Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy, and in imminent danger, he rushed forward to rescue him. Having accomplished his purpose, he continued the fight with great spirit, until he was himself wounded by a bullet on the left knee. ‘Among the rest,’ saith Stowe, ‘Sir Philip Sidney so behaved himself, that it was wonder to see; for hee charged the enemy thrice in one skirmish, and in the last he was shot through his left thigh, to the great grief of his Excellencie and the whole camp; who being brought to the lord lieutenant, his Excellencie said, *O Philip, I am sorry for thy hurt.* Sir Philip answered, *This have I done to do you honor, and her majesty service.* Sir William Russel, coming to him, kissed his hand and said with tears, ‘*O noble Sir Philip, there was never man attayned hurt more honorably than ye have done, or any served like unto you.*’ He returned into the camp, and was thence carried in a barge to Arnheim, or as it is called in his will, Archam, a city in Guelderland. Between Zutphen and the neighbouring village of Warnsfeldt, stood a monastery of Franciscans, named Galilee, which was destroyed during the Spanish war.—Its ruins were still visible in the year 1702. Two circumstances gave celebrity to this monastery;—not far from it that incomparable hero Sir Philip Sidney, equally illustrious in the arts of peace and war, received his deadly wound: and there resided that monk, who suggested the cruel advice to Frederic the son of the Duke of Alva, that, having taken the city of Zutphen, he should indiscriminately massacre all the inhabitants, and *thus crush the eggs, before the young were hatched.* The concluding period of life not seldom presents us with the most prominent features of genuine goodness; and it may be truly asserted, that the pages of ancient and modern biography are not illuminated with a brighter pattern of benevolence, fortitude, and invincible patience, than that which was exhibited by Sir Philip Sidney, at this most awful season.

‘As he was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought; and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice—speaking these ever memorable words; ‘*This man’s necessity is still greater than mine.*’ Few instances can afford a more animating and affecting subject to the historical painter. Can we enough admire that placid demeanour, with which he admonished the surgeons who attended him, ‘to use their art with freedom, while his strength was yet entire, his body free from fear, and his mind able to endure.’

'An ode, which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm. These efforts of his expiring muse will not surely subject him to censure and reproach. It is impossible to suggest that they were disfigured by any sentiments of rashness and impiety. They were exercised on a subject of the most serious nature, on a wound which was likely to terminate in death. It is deeply to be regretted, that this ode is not now extant.

'At first sanguine hopes of his recovery were encouraged, the rumour of which diffused universal joy in England.—But, alas! these hopes were fallacious. The anxious solicitude with which his restoration to health was desired, appears from the rough but artless reply of Count Hollock to his chirurgeon, who had suggested his apprehensions that the life of Sir Philip could not be saved. *'Away villain, never see my face again, till you bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost.'*

'Lady Sidney, who accompanied her husband into Zealand, attended him in his last illness, and administered all that assistance and soothing consolation, which the tenderest and most affectionately sympathizing indulgence could bestow.

'Suffering under extreme misery and pain, he had now languished sixteen days on the bed of sickness. His condition was then truly deplorable. 'The very shoulder bones of the delicate patient were worn through his skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his body to the art of the chirurgeon.' At length he declared that he smelt what may not unaptly be called the smell of death. Though his attendants did not perceive this, and endeavoured to persuade him that from this circumstance he had no cause to suspect danger, he persevered in his opinion that a mortification had taken place. Sensible of the approach of his dissolution, he prepared himself for death with cheerfulness and fortitude.

'The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote the following short note to Johannes Weierus, physician to the Duke of Cleves, and famed for his learning and professional knowledge. *"Come, my Weierus, come to me. My life is in danger. Dead or alive I will never be ungrateful. I can write no more, but I earnestly entreat you to come without delay. Farewell."* Amidst the pangs of bodily pain, he preserved his reason and judgment clear and unclouded. Mr. Mollinex mentions a *large epistle* written by him in this his last illness, and addressed to Belearius, an eminent divine, in a very pure and elegant Latin style; a copy whereof, for the excellency of the phrase, and pithiness of the matter, was presented to the queen. All these particulars fully manifest that composure and tranquillity with which he prepared himself to meet death.

Dr. Zouch gives another detail of his behaviour during his last illness, from a MS. in the British Museum, written,

as he thinks, by a Mr. George Gifford, a noted preacher at that time; but this account, as might be expected, seems rather designed to shew the religious state of his feelings, than to exhibit any interesting and characteristic details of the man. Nothing can more strongly shew the merit of Sidney, than the terms of anguish and regret in which the Earl of Leicester speaks of the disaster which occasioned his death. It was written on the day of the battle, and shews distinctly the violent shock which the event gave to his sensations.

“ This young manne, he was my greatest comforte, next her majestie, of all the worlde, and if I could buy his liefte, with all I have, to my sherte, I would give yt. How God will dispose of him I know not, but fear I must needs greatly the worste; the blow in so dangerous a place and so great; yet did I never hear of any manne that did abide the dressinge and settinge his bones, better than he did. And he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I heare this day he ys still of good hearte, and comforteth all aboute him as much as may be. God of his mercie graunt me his liefte, which I cannot but doubt of greatly. I was abroad that tyme in the felde, giving some order to supplie that business, which did endure almost twoe hours in continual fighte, and meeting Philip commynge on horsebacke not a little to my greafe. Well, I praye God yt be his will, save me his liefte; even as well for her majestie's service sake, as for myne own comforte.”

The death of Sir Philip Sidney occasioned so much grief in England, that a general mourning was observed among those in the higher ranks of life.

‘And this is presumed,’ says Dr. Zouch, ‘to be the first instance of public mourning for a private person.’

Even the heart of Philip of Spain, which bigotry had converted into a stone, seemed to discover some sparks of generous sensibility on this occasion; and to evince a participation in the general sympathy both of friends and foes. The states of Holland petitioned for the honour of burying his body at the national expence; but this offer was rejected by the queen, who manifested her veneration for his memory by burying him at her own cost in St. Paul's cathedral, with a pomp, far exceeding the funeral of a private citizen. No monument was, however, erected to his memory.

In his sixth chapter, Dr. Zouch gives an account of the character of Sir Philip Sidney, his family, his friends, and his writings. This chapter will be perused with pleasure,

from the many curious particulars which it contains, and the light which it throws on the literary history of the times.

The work is concluded with an appendix; in which, besides several other papers, we find some poetical eulogies on the memory of Sidney, taken from the three volumes which were published by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on his death.

We shall extract one of these, not because it is the best, but because it is the shortest.

Musarum Martisque decus, Sidneie, valeto,
Vicisti candore genus, virtutibus annos
Artibus æquales, generosis dotibus omnes,
Invidiam famâ, mundum pietatis amore,
Militiam vitæ tanta cum laude peractam
Excipit æternus, Christo ducente triumphus.

Alex. Nevile.

This production of Dr. Zouch is, upon the whole, a very respectable performance; which bears honourable testimony to his talents as a biographer, and his piety as a christian. An excellent engraving is prefixed to the volume, from a painting by Diego Velasquez de Silva; and the typographical part has been very neatly executed by Mr. Wilson of York. It is, on the whole, an elegant, and according to the present price of books, a very cheap volume.

ART. II.—*An Account of Jamaica and its Inhabitants.* By a Gentleman, long resident in the West Indies. 8vo. Longman. 1808.

THE author informs us that

‘His principal view is, to exhibit a picture of society and manners in this island, (which will in some measure apply to the other West India islands;) to describe the different ranks and classes of the whites, and of the free people of colour and blacks; to give an account of the slaves, their character, customs, condition, and treatment, and whatever also is dependent on, or may arise out of these subjects.’

He next says, that

‘A residence of twenty-one years in Jamaica, and in a situation where he had an opportunity of knowing and observing much on the topics he has discussed, will, the author trusts, enable him to perform this task with truth and accuracy.’

Jamaica, which British industry and capital have rendered the most valuable and productive of the West India islands, is 180 miles in length from east to west, and 60 miles in its greatest breadth. The government bears a close resemblance to that of the parent country. In 1782, the island would probably have been captured by the combined fleet under Count de Grasse, if it had not been for the fortunate interposition of admiral Rodney, who gained a decisive victory over the enemy. The anniversary of this event, which happened on the 12th of August, is regularly celebrated by the most respectable inhabitants, and a fine statue has been erected in St. Jago de la Vega, to the gallant commander of the British fleet.

The shores of Jamaica, at a particular season of the year, (between January and June) are said to present a varied and beautiful view.

‘Here a dry stubble field in the midst of others covered with ripe sugar canes or clothed with the verdure of luxuriant guinea-grass, finely shaded; there a wind-mill on the summit of a hill; in another place, a cluster of buildings or tuft of trees; and in the neighbourhood an extensive savannah, partly bare and partly covered with wild shrubbery and trees, with a stream of water rushing precipitately from the contiguous hills upon its level bosom; while the lofty *cloud-capt* mountains behind crowned with deep woods, and covered with perpetual verdure, close the scene.’

The interior is highly varied with mountains, valleys crags, defiles, and glades, with overhanging rocks and impenetrable woods, with scenes of fertility and desolation.

‘Innumerable springs gush down the sides of the hills, or wander along the glades; in the woods a thousand undescribed blossoms and wild flowers emit their sweets;’

and birds of beautiful plumage, if not of musical note, delight the eye if they do not charm the ear.

‘Jamaica is divided into three counties, which are subdivided into twenty parishes. It contains one city, (Kingston) and thirty-five towns and villages.’

‘In the towns, there is a wretched intermixture of handsome and spacious houses with vile hovels and disgraceful *sheds*, inhabited by free people of colour, who keep petty hucksters’ shops, and by low white people, who vend liquors, and give rise to many disorderly and disgraceful scenes.’

The public roads are in general very good ; and along some of those by the sea-side cocoa-nut trees are planted, which intercept the rays of a vertical sun.

Jamaica exhibits a great diversity of soils. Those which are not adapted for the sugar cane or for coffee, will produce guinea-grass and various roots, particularly the sweet potato. The torrid temperature of Jamaica is in some degree mitigated by those benevolent alleviations which Providence mingles in all his works. The inhabitant of the coast is refreshed by the sea-breeze which sets in at a certain hour and is known by the name of the *doctor*.

‘ The medium temperature of the air may be said to be 75 degrees of Fahrenheit. During the hottest times it is often as high as 96, and sometimes upwards of 100. In the mountains the author has known it as low as 49.’

In the spring and autumn Jamaica usually experiences two months of rain. The early rains are frequently an impediment to the getting in of the crops. During the prevalence of the spring rains the air is most insufferably sultry.

‘ The extreme heat, joined to a still, unagitated atmosphere, is a presage of the coming deluge. It comes on with astonishing rapidity. The clouds gather in an instant, though the arch of heaven was pure and cloudless but the instant before, and the torrent pours down without giving warning to the negroes who are employed in the fields, to retire from its fury. A terrible peal of thunder usually precedes it, and during its continuance the firmament is rent with these awful sounds, which are sometimes so frightfully loud as to resemble the close report of the heaviest artillery, while the quick and vivid lightning, threatening destruction as it shoots across the sky, is truly terrific. These rains, often for weeks together, set in regularly at the same hour, and continue about the same length of time, viz. two or three hours ; sometimes, however, they will continue whole days and nights, with little or no intermission.’

The author seems to think that where proper precautions are observed, one season of the year is not less favourable to health than another. The mountainous parts of the interior are seldom exposed to the ravages of the yellow fever, and the negroes are said not to be subject to its attacks. The author says that pleurisies are common, but that consumptions are little known. At p. 29—31, we have a correct and striking delineation of a West India hurricane, which our limits will not allow us to extract.

The office of governor of Jamaica is a lucrative situation. He performs at the same time the functions of commander

in chief of the forces, and of chancellor. Lord Effingham is said to have been the most indefatigable chancellor the island had ever known.

‘ His decrees gave universal satisfaction, and so prompt were they that, like the great Sir Thomas More, he seldom had many undecided cases on hand.’

The people of this island are said to be very litigious, and the sum which is annually lavished on lawyers, is computed at half a million of money. Each of the parishes has a rector,

‘ The stipends are from four to five hundred pounds currency a year, besides the parsonage-house, and a small glebe.’

But the income of the clergy in the populous parishes is said to be greatly increased by fees. The author says that

‘ Two doubloons, or 10l. 13s. 4d. currency is the usual *douceur* for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral; and out of church (for in the church they must officiate for what the law allows) some of them would disdain to open a prayer book for a smaller sum than one doubloon, or 5l. 6s. 8d.’

The exports from Jamaica for one year (from September 1801, to September 1802) amounted to

- ‘ 129,544 hogsheads, 45,405 tierces, and 2,403 barrels of sugar.
- ‘ 45,632 puncheons, 2,073 hogsheads, 473 barrels, and 205 kegs of rum.
- ‘ 366 casks of molasses, 2,070 bags and 23 casks of ginger.
- ‘ 7,793 bags and 591 casks of pimento; and
- ‘ 17,961,923 pounds of coffee.
- ‘ In return for these commodities Jamaica receives from Great Britain almost every article and necessary of life.’

The author says that the want of specie is a very serious evil; and that there are no banks to supply a circulating medium. Hence payments are often made in rum, which thus becomes a sort of circulating medium. Thus a puncheon of rum will sometimes pass

‘ Through the hands of fifty possessors in the course of as many days, by orders indorsed over and over again, on the wharfinger at whose wharf it is supposed to lie; when, perhaps, it has never been sent thither, or, if sent, seldom stirs from it all the time it is thus rapidly transferred from hand to hand.

The author adds that short credit and punctual payments are not much in *fashion* among the inhabitants of Jamaica.

The price of labour is very high, and a much smaller portion of work is performed and with less skill by a negro, than an European labourer. Hence all works of any magnitude are attended with a considerable expence.

Only a few wild quadrupeds are found in Jamaica. The wild hog, however, still abounds in the remote woods. Hunting the wild boar, is not so often practised as formerly.

‘The wild boar is hunted with dogs, who keep him at bay while the huntsmen take aim at him with their guns; the dogs durst not approach him he is so fierce and terrible in his attacks; with his monstrous tusks he would soon annihilate them, did they venture to encounter him too closely.’

The planters are said to be great sufferers by the depredations of the rats. From eight to ten hogsheads of sugar out of every hundred are reported to be destroyed by this voracious animal. Innumerable traps are set, and packs of small terriers daily employed in extirpating these insatiable marauders, but though on some estates, no less than fifty thousand are said to be annually destroyed, there is no sensible diminution in the numbers of the enemy. Jamaica presents four or five different species of the snake, of which the principal are the yellow and the black. The author questions whether there be

‘Any of them which are absolutely mortal in their bite, at least any to whose bite there is not an effectual antidote or remedy; little more is necessary as such, to the bite of the West India snake than a fomentation of the part with sweet oil, or warm lime-juice, and extracting the tooth if it has been left in the flesh. Some of the yellow snakes grow to the length of ten feet; the black snake is not above half that size. The yellow snake is a most indolent animal, and will suffer a person to come up close to it, if coiled up and reposing itself, as it is very fond of doing, and even touch it, without making any effort to move; it is only when casually trodden upon and bruised, that it will prove hostile; but even then it will glide hastily off, if the person springs from its entanglement. The author recollects an instance of one of the largest size having got, in the night, through a jealousy into a gentleman’s bed-room, where it crawled upon the bed, and coiling itself on the bed-clothes, fell very contentedly asleep. On awaking in the morning, the gentleman feeling something heavy press upon him, lifted up his head, and was electrified with terror at the sight of a monstrous snake which had been his bed-fellow all the night. His situation may easily be conceived; he durst neither move nor call assistance: at length, the negro servants, finding than he did not come out at the accustomed time, looked through the jealousies

and saw the cause, the musquito-net of the bed happening to be up. They soon got the door opened, and relieved the gentleman from his *purgatory* by killing the snake.

Of the wild pigeon, there are no less than nine different sorts, the largest of which

‘Called the ring-tailed pigeon, is considered as one of the greatest delicacies of the country at a certain season of the year (from October till February) when the wood seeds on which it feeds are ripe, at which time it is covered with fat, and is eagerly sought for by those who are, and those who are not, epicures. Its size is at least a third larger than the domestic pigeon, and so heavy is it with fat in the proper season, that it splits frequently in falling from the lofty trees on which it is shot.’

There are four species of the parrot,

‘The macaw, the yellow and the black bill, green parrots, and the parakeet. The former is very rare, but the other kinds are prodigiously numerous, sometimes darkening the air in vast flocks, and rending it with their shrill clamours.’

The tribes of wild-fowl, which visit the island, are very numerous, and the surrounding sea and the internal rivers supply great abundance and variety of the finest fish.

The horses, which are bred in the island, are middle-sized, hardy, active, and strong; but the work and drudgery of the plantations are performed by mules, which will undergo twice the fatigue that a horse would endure. The carts and wains are drawn by oxen; and the beef which they yield is commended by the author. The mutton is little inferior to the English; and the pork is superior to the European in sweetness and delicacy.

Two or three of the rivers in the island are infested with alligators, some of which are said to attain to the length of twelve or fifteen feet. But according to the author, this animal is more terrible in appearance than in reality:

‘All the harm which they usually do is the destroying the fish in the river, and now and then catching an unfortunate duck or other domestic animal.’

They are said to retire precipitately from man when he accidentally approaches them in the rivers where they reside. The shark, however, is not so innocuous as the alligator.

‘There are two or three species of this terrible fish in these seas, but the white shark is the most voracious and daring.’—

‘Those of the largest size will devour a man at two mouthfulls. Terrified by the apprehension of this monster, there are but few who have the temerity to venture in these seas beyond their depth.’

The author relates the following instance of the voracity of this terror of the deep :

‘A poor sailor having, while ashore in Kingston, made a little too free in one of the grog-shops there, took it into his head that he would swim to the ship to which he belonged, though a boat was just at the time going off to it. His shipmates used every argument to dissuade him from the mad attempt, and even used force to get him into the boat ; but all in vain. He jumped into the sea ; but had not proceeded fifty yards, before those in the boat, which was at some distance before, heard him utter a loud shriek and a groan ; they guessed at what had happened, and instantly rowed back to where he was ; on approaching near to him, he uttered a second piercing shriek. He was taken into the boat, but in a most mangled and horrible condition. A shark had taken off one of his limbs at the upper part of the thigh ; and returning again finished the murderous work by tearing out his entrails.’

In the chapter on the vegetable productions of Jamaica, we are told that the cedar grows to an immense size, as some of the trees attain to a circumference of twenty-five and even thirty feet, and to a proportionate height. The cotton tree is of monstrous size, and the trunk is excavated into canoes. In the low country near the coast, there is such a scarcity of wood, that many of the planters are under the necessity of importing coals for the purpose of manufacturing their produce. In order to furnish a supply of fuel, &c. the author recommends the culture of the bamboo, which he thinks would be attended with numerous advantages.

Jamaica supplies a variety of delicious fruits, as the pine, or anana, the orange, the shaddock, the sappadillo, the pomegranate, the granadillo, the musk melon, the neeberry, &c. &c. The bread fruit, at present, abounds in every part of the island ; but the negro is said to prefer the plantain or the yam. There is an excellent law in this island, by which, as a resource against famine or scarcity, which might be occasioned by a hurricane, every planter is obliged to have ten acres of what are called ‘ground provisions,’ or esculent roots, for every hundred negroes.

‘These roots,’ says the author, ‘are so productive, that the constant labour of one negro would almost be competent to feed fifty. This may easily be conceived, by considering, that though

a negro and his wife do not work in their ground above one day in eight or nine throughout the year, yet the produce of it, if they are industrious, and the soil and seasons are favourable, will maintain them and a small family of four or five children, besides furnishing a considerable allowance for market.'

How forcibly does this evince the bountiful disposition of Providence! according to whose merciful arrangements, every individual might obtain an easy and comfortable subsistence, and enjoy a life agreeably varied with recreation and with toil, if man were not so oppressive and unjust to his fellow-man. But tyranny and avarice, the lust of power and the lust of wealth, tend to destroy that happy state of things in which the sensitive and intellectual creation would otherwise be placed.

In chapter IX. the author describes the mode of travelling, &c. in Jamaica. He who wishes to perform his journey with the least inconvenience to himself, must rise with the early dawn. About nine o'clock the heat begins to be oppressive. The usual mode of travelling is on horseback; walking is but little practised by the whites, though it is said that the negroes will walk thirty miles a day with ease.

In chapter X. the author says that the

'Annual white births are not more than as one to fifteen of colour.'

What will be the ultimate consequence of this amazing disproportion in the two populations, it is not difficult to divine. There is, indeed, a law in the island, by which not more than two thousand pounds currency can be bequeathed to children of colour; but this is eluded by previous gifts, and other expedients. In this chapter, the author strongly depicts the hardships of those persons, who go by the name of *book-keepers*, who are subordinate to the overseer, and whose business it is to see that the slaves perform their tasks, and particularly to sit up all night in the boiling house during the process of extracting the sugar, and take care that no part of the produce is stolen by the negroes. According to the author's account, the situation of these book-keepers either is, or was, hardly preferable to that of a negro.

We learn, that there is a great dearth of seminaries of education in Jamaica; but the defect might readily be supplied by the liberality of this country, which has a superfluity of pedagogues. Literature is said to be but little cul-

tivated in the island, but there is a circulating library in Kingston, and in one or two other places. We read with pleasure, that hard-drinking is less practised than it used to be; and we hope that the manners of the planters and other inhabitants will gradually become less gross and sensual. Even the abolition of the slave-trade will tend to promote the progress of civilization in the islands, as it must necessitate the exertion of greater humanity towards the existing stock of slaves.

The lives of the greater part of the planters seem to be little more than a constant round of debauchery, which sinks the man below the level of the brute. With respect to religion, though there is very little of the true in any part of the world, yet that little seems here reduced to a very close approximation to *nihil*ity. Even the sabbath, on which the *forms* at least of devotion are practised in the parent state, is said to be distinguished from other days, rather by the intensity of mercantile traffic, than by the observance of any pious ceremonial.

‘The stores, or shops, are all open, and the centre of the town, where the markets are held, is a scene of the utmost tumult and bustle; thousands of negroes being assembled to dispose of their merchandize, and various descriptions of buyers necessarily augmenting the crowd.’

The clergy of the island are represented not to be very industrious in their holy callings: and most of the itinerant methodists, who have found their way to this part of the world, have proved rather a nuisance than a benefit. Instead of temperance, chastity, truth, honesty, charity, forgiveness of injuries, and other virtues, these anti-moral teachers have contributed to the increase of nothing but

‘*Canting, whining, and psalm-singing.*’

One of the methodist preachers whom the author knew,

‘Was a low, ignorant, and avaricious character, who, while he exacted from the poor negroes the fruits of their labour, which he called a *pious offering*, consoled them with the assurance, that the Lord would always provide for them. Many of them took up this in a literal sense, and were surprised, when inattention to their provision-grounds had reduced them to want, that the Lord did not come to their assistance. In short, the negroes who attended this *pastor*, were reduced to a worse condition than that in which they were found, both with respect to mental happiness, and a true sense of the proper duties of religion and morality. They became, in

consequence of the methodistical cant of this pretended teacher, more hypocritical, more cunning, and cautious in their actions, more regardful of outward appearances, and observances of religion, without improvement in its genuine duties; less cheerful and lively, full of a religious gloom, bordering upon melancholy, and, in many respects less happy, and less attentive either to the affairs of their families, or the interest of their owners.'

But they could *cant*, *whine*, *lye*, *perjurer*, and sing *psalms*, and this is the summary of religion which is propagated by the Methodists either in the West or in the East, either in Jamaica or in Bengal.

The treatment of the negroes is said to be much less cruel and barbarous than that which they formerly experienced; and the abolition of the diabolical African trade, will furnish additional incitements of interest to the planter, to shew the utmost tenderness and humanity to his slaves; for as he cannot import any fresh negroes, it is only kind treatment which can enable him to increase his stock. The author gives the following account of the routine of labour which the negroes undergo.

'They assemble in the fields at day-break; about ten in the forenoon, they are allowed about half an hour to eat their breakfast, which is brought out into the fields by negro cooks; at one, they go to dinner, and in about two hours after, are again assembled in the fields (either by a bell, or, as is most usual, by a conque-shell, which is heard at a very great distance;) and they draw off from work in the twilight of the evening. Once a fortnight, out of crop, they are allowed a day; but, during crop, none can be allowed, as this is too busy a season for any extra allowance of time. At christmas they are allowed three days, and at the end of crop, or harvest-home, one day to make merry. Though the season of crop brings along with it many additional labours, yet it is the gayest and most cheerful throughout the year to the negroes. At this time they seem animated with a livelier flow of spirits; and merriment and song every where resounds; in short, a stranger, with the anticipation of being a witness of nought but depression and misery, would be astonished and delighted with this exterior shew of happiness, both at this time, and at christmas, when they give way to an unrestrained festivity. It is difficult to say, whether the juice of the sugar cane has any effect in elevating their spirits; certain it is, that it has a very evident one in promoting their health. Indeed, so salubrious is this liquor, that not only the negroes, but all the different animals on the estate are fond of, and thrive wonderfully under it. The negroes, are formed into different gangs, according to their age and strength. The two principal gangs are followed

by black drivers, as they are called, who superintend the work under the book-keepers, and carry whips, as instruments of occasional correction, which it is the duty of the book-keeper, in the absence of the overseer, to see they do not unnecessarily or maliciously inflict, and only in a moderate degree.'

The houses of the negroes are in general comfortable: they usually consist of three apartments, and are provided with

'A small table, two or three chairs or stools, a small cupboard, furnished with a few articles of crockery ware, some wooden bowls and calabashes, a water-jar, a wooden mortar for pounding their Indian corn, and various other articles. The beds are seldom more than wooden frames, spread with a mat and blankets. The negroe's common food is salt meat, or fish boiled with their vegetables, which they season highly with pepper. Those in better circumstances live in a very comfortable manner; and all of them have it in their power from the abundance of excellent vegetables which the soil yields, to subsist plentifully. They receive from their masters, a weekly allowance of salted herrings; but there are few of them who depend solely on this supply of animal food. They rear abundance of poultry, hogs, goats, &c.; but they are not allowed to keep horses and cattle.'

If this statement be correct, the negroes seem, in respect to the means of subsistence, to be in a situation much preferable to that of the English peasant; but the latter has the sensation of liberty to alleviate his wants, and animate his toils. This difference alone seems to constitute a preponderance of happiness in favour of the peasant over that of the slave. Since the abolition of the slave-trade, the next step ought to be, to devise such judicious regulations as may *gradually, very gradually* abolish slavery itself throughout the islands, and *convert the negroes into free labourers*. However delicate or difficult the process may be by which this is to be effected, still it must sooner or later be attempted, or the negroes will finally assert their own liberty and independence; and force will extort what policy should grant. The present object of the planters ought to be by assiduous culture to *prepare* the minds of the negroes for the boon of liberty. This preparation might be greatly assisted by instructing the youth of both sexes in the duties of MORAL CHRISTIANITY. But we fear that the vicious example of the planters themselves, would operate forcibly in counteracting the wisest precepts which they might instil.

Chapter XXIII. treats of the diseases, &c. to which the

negroes are subject. Among the diseases which this unhappy race seem exclusively to experience, is called the *Guinea worm*. This is a worm which breeds in the flesh, commonly in the thick part of the leg. In chapter XXIV. we have some account of the Maroons, who waged such a destructive war on the planters in 1795; but of whom not more than five or six hundred are at present remaining in the island. In chapter XXV. we are told that

‘A female of colour thinks it more genteel and reputable to be the kept mistress of a white man, if he is in opulent circumstances, and can afford to indulge her taste for finery and parade, than to be united in wedlock with a respectable individual of her own class.’

Hence little short of nine tenths of the females of colour are reported to be in *keeping* by the whites. This is not only pernicious to morals, but tends in an alarming degree to increase the number of the people of colour, who are, at this time, much more numerous than the whites, and who, at present, debarred from some privileges which the whites enjoy, are likely soon to assert their equality with the former, if not to usurp the sovereignty of the island.

The present work contains a great deal of useful and interesting information respecting Jamaica. We have been considerably gratified by the perusal; and more so as the information which it contains instead of being copied from other books, seems to have been principally derived from personal observation. The author appears to be a judicious and impartial man; and it is with pleasure that we bestow on his performance the praise of candour and of truth.

ART. III.—*Satires of Boileau translated; with some Account of that Poet's Life and Writings.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Baldwin. 1808.

WE will enter into no question as to the demand which may probably exist for a translation of the works of Boileau. Certainly no apology can be required either by ourselves or the public from the author for the attempt he has now communicated to us: On the contrary we feel highly indebted to him for his design of presenting to us in our native language the works of a writer who stands deservedly high in the opinion of all men of letters for the benefits which he

has conferred upon his own. The endeavour appears to us, however, attended with difficulties which, if duly estimated before he began, might perhaps have deterred our translator from entering upon it. Whatever disadvantages attend on the transfusion of local and temporary satire from the language of antiquity into that of the present day, they are redoubled in the attempt to render the contemporary effusions of a foreign idiom by corresponding terms in our own. Perhaps this objection cannot be so well expressed as it is, we believe, readily felt. Perhaps no satisfactory reason can be given for the feeling at all. But, only reverse the order of translation, who can endure the thought of reading Dryden, Pope, or Swift, in a French version? Yet, should an able scholar undertake the task of rendering one of the "Moral Epistles" into Latin, however we may ridicule such an absolute waste of time and labour, there would be nothing repugnant to our feelings in the thought of reading his translation. There is an universality in the ancient languages which renders the interchange between them and our own easy and natural. The reverse of this is true with regard to the modern languages.

It may be said that these remarks, if they have any weight, extend equally to every other species of composition as to satire. But this is not true. The language of passion and feeling is universal. It matters not under what particular form of words or idiom of speech it is represented. Change the form and the idiom, the sentiment will remain unaltered. But in works of the description we are now considering, though it may be affirmed with truth that pictures of vice and folly are universal, that though you laugh at or abuse a fool or knave of Paris,

Mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur.—

Yet in the application there is always something individual and particular, so particular as to lose by far the most part of its force and poignancy in the transmutation of form. This is so far true (though for the reason above given it is not true to one half or quarter of the extent) with regard to the works of the ancients, that we believe no man would hesitate to prefer the *imitations* of Juvenal given us by Dr. Johnson to the very best *translations* of the same satires selected from the very best of his numerous translators.

On the same principle, it will be said, we must admit that Boileau may be *imitated* or *parodied* successfully at least,

if it be granted as that he cannot be *translated*. But here another inconvenience must occur. By generalizing the satire of Boileau, which is the first step towards an *imitation* of it, you bring us back to Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; for Boileau's satires are for the most part only imitations of the ancient masters, and have nothing original in them but the particular modes in which they are applied. Thus, except in a very few instances, an *imitation* of Boileau would turn out to be nothing more than the shadow of a shade.

Upon this discussion, however, there is no occasion at present to enter, since the work before us is avowedly not an imitation but a version, as close as the genius of the language could possibly allow. We have merely stated what are the difficulties attendant in our opinion upon the attempt, and shall leave our reader to judge whether, or in what degree, those difficulties have been surmounted in the present instance from the specimens which we shall lay before them.

The address to the king (Lewis the fourteenth,) which serves by way of introduction to the satires, may be easily imagined better adapted to the genius of French than of English poetry. The "*Jeune et vaillant Heros*" may kindle thoughts of real sublimity in the breast of a Frenchman; but to an English ear such lines as the following are extremely tame and prosaic, and excite only disgust at the fulsome adulation which they convey.

' *Heroic youth, whose counsels, deeply sage,
Are not the gradual fruit of tardy age;
Who canst, like Jove, sustain the sway alone,
Without a minister to share the throne;
Great prince, if hitherto my humble lays
Have not adventured on a sovereign's praise,
It is not that my heart denies to you
The grateful homage which is justly due;
But in such themes unversed, my trembling muse
Shrinks from the task, and gladly would refuse,
Lest her rash hand should soil the deathless boughs
Which fame has bound upon thy glorious brows.*

"Une vaine manie" is not "a foolish itch," and these lines which immediately follow are any thing rather than poetical. Even in the *sermo pedestris* of satire, the greatest attention should be paid to preserve the character of verse.

' Without indulgence of a foolish itch,
Thus to my genius I adapt my pitch,' &c. &c.

A little further on we meet with the following very droll apology for a rhyme.

‘I know that, in the crowd who seek thy smile,
Among the Pelletiers we may count *Cornilles*.’—

This, common sense must inform us, is truly execrable. It is in fact a desperate attempt to aim at rhyming in English verse on French proper names. It is what our author does perpetually and, though he is seldom so palpably inharmonious as in the above instance, yet no reader who has the least respect for either language will be able to endure such specimens as these :

‘And on this subtle point not even *Desmare*
Could shew more art or learning in the *chair*.’
‘And after all, perhaps converts as few
As St. Pol’s pathos, or as *Bourdaloue*.’

(Which last, besides being a bad rhyme, is gratuitously foisted in by the translator.—)

It is needless, however, to multiply instances of a particular error. We now proceed to the first satire.

Why is “*Damon, ce grand Auteur*,” metamorphosed into the drawer in Henry the fourth by the substitution of the familiar appellation “*Francis*?” It is true we are informed that Boileau’s *Damon* was typical of a certain François Casandre : but supposing the information to be perfectly correct, still, if Boileau chose only to shadow him forth under a borrowed appellation, his translator who values himself on the closeness of his version, should clearly have followed him in that respect.

The whole of this satire is a close imitation of the third of Juvenal’s : a much more exact one than that of Dr. Johnson in our language. The consequence is that the version before us may as easily pass for a translation of Juvenal, as of Boileau. For example :

‘Since in this place, where once the muse was blest
Genius no longer is a welcome guest,
Since Heaven hath here accursed the poet’s head,
And merit now has neither board nor bed ;
To some forsaken covert let me creep,
Or rock, unknown to bailiffs, in the deep ;
From all the ills of life take refuge there,
Nor weary Heaven with unavailing prayer.

There while these limbs their healthful power retain,
 And a few threads to Lachesis remain,
 Charter'd by nature freely shall I stray,
 Forget the past, nor fear the coming day.
 Let George live here, *whose talents for the town*
Exchanged a livery for a ducal crown ;
 Or he, the pride of some financial board,
 Who spoiled more realms than famine or the sword ;
 Whose wide demesnes in alphabetic row
 Might all the elements of language shew.—
 Let such in Paris dwell. But why should I ?
 I cannot forge, dissemble, steal, nor lie.
 I cannot truckle for a patron's pay,
 Watch the nice moment to be grave or gay ;
 And, grateful for all favours he bestows,
 Humbly accept his dinners and his blows.
 Let others barter praise for gold, and vend
 The sacred title of their country's friend :
I thank my stars that I have long been poor,
Honest, and proud ; or, if you will a boor
Who to all things their proper titles gave
Call'd a spade, spade, and Charles Rolet a knave.
 I cannot cater for the wanton heir,
 Nor lure coy beauty in the hidden share ;
 Abandon'd and obscure, I sadly roam,
 A lifeless shadow without friend or home.'

The two first lines which we have marked with italics in this quotation are faulty in misrepresenting an historical anecdote. *George* appears to have been a real personage of the time who was not 'raised from a lacquay to a ducal crown,' but one

Qu'un million comptant par ses fourbes acquis
 De Clere jadis Laquais a fait Comte et Marquis.

There is a great deal of difference between these two statements. The first would be an absurd exaggeration ; the latter was only the fact, but a fact quite gross enough to excite the poet's indignation.

His wide demesnes in alphabetic row, &c.

gives us no idea of the jeu d'esprit in the original ;

Qui de ses revenus ecrits par alphabet
 Peut fournir aisement un Calepin complet.

'Sooner shall frost enchain the babbling fount,
 Than by such arts I shall attempt to mount ;

Sooner the hypocrite forget to cant,
The quaker swear or pope turn protestant."

This is pretty well, but it is a parody, not a translation.
The original runs thus,—

On pourra voir la Seine à la saint Jean glacée,
Arnaud à Charenton devenir Huguenot,
Saint Sorlin Janseniste, et Saint Pavin Bigot.

The worst part of Juvenal's satire is the overcharged caricature of the *perils* of the town, on which he dwells with so much apparent satisfaction. It is; we think, no great proof of Boileau's taste or discrimination, that he has thought this very absurd passage worthy of being made the foundation of a distinct satire, the sixth.

The second is one of his most humorous satires, 'the difficulties of rhyme,' and upon the whole it is very well rendered by his translator, who has, however, mistaken entirely, we think, the character of the canon, who is in Boileau the mere prototype of his illustrious brethren in the *Lutrin*. It is complete in a single expressive couplet,

Passer tranquillement, sans souci, sans affaire,
La nuit à bien dormir, et la jour à rien faire.

This dignified state of repose is not at all suitable to the jollity into which the translator has inadvertently changed it.

'Like the smooth prebend, how might I incline,
And loiter life in mirth, and song, and wine?'

The third satire, founded on the eighth of the second book of Horace, is done with a great deal of French vivacity, which is clumsily transfused into our language. For instance, what can be more lively than the conversation.

'Moliere avec Tartuffe y doit jouir son role,
Et Lambert, qui plus est, m'a donné sa parole;
C'est tout dire en un mot; et vous le connoissez'—
'Quoi, Lambert? 'Oui, Lambert'—'A demain'—'c'est assez.'

This is not attempted by the translator, who has only (with a most execrable false emphasis on the word *Tartuffe*, and a yet more execrable rhyme at the close,)

Besides we shall have *Tartuffe* from *Moliere*.

Nay more, I have a promise from *Lambert*.

By the way, this translator is often exceedingly defective in his pronunciation both of English and French words, as in the above instance, and also in the following :

‘ All Paris feels with *Ródrique* for *Chimène*.’

Count thousand ancestors, or travel back,

Through time’s old round, and early words *ransack*.’

‘ Could scarce assemble a more *sélect* set.’

The fifth satire is a very spirited imitation, or parody, of Juvenal’s eighth, on the pride of birth ; and this translation has in general done justice to the original.

The seventh is on the same principle with the first of the second book of Horace ; but we conceive it to be very inferior to that which Pope executed on the same model.

Satire the eighth is the most original, and one of the best that Boileau has left. Its object is to expose the pride of human reason, by pointing out the most glaring instances in which the Lord of the creation sinks below the level of the rest of the animal world, which is at least very fair for the purposes of Satire, however extravagant in argument. There are few passages perhaps in the book which place the translation in a more advantageous point of view than the following :

‘ Reason you grant is that serene controul,
That firm disposure of the placid soul,
Which, undismay’d by noise, adjusts her course
In equal paces like a mayor’s state-horse.
Now search around, and tell me if you can
Where it is seen so seldom as in man.
When did the little ant forget her hoard
Of annual barley for the winter board ?
When saddening winds from chill *Arcturus* blow,
And nature sinks in wreaths of bedded snow,
She, lowly cowering in her still alcove,
Enjoys the feast while tempests howl above.
She ne’er was known, by varying humours crost,
In spring to loiter, or to toil in frost ;
In sweeping blasts to leave her shelter’d nest,
Or when soft *Aries* dawns retire to rest.
But man, for ever changing his design,
Forsakes each purpose, wanders from each line ;
Vainly he tries through eddying streams to steer,
He knows not what to wish nor what to fear ;
A thousand times forswears a thousand oaths,
At evening pants, and in the morning loaths.’

On the other hand, we question whether so many instances of gross carelessness (to give it the most gentle appellation) were ever crowded together in so short a space as in the twenty lines following :

‘ Who shall deny, you ask, his sovereign sway
Over the animals ? Perhaps I may.
But while all question I at present wave,
Whether the surly bear in his dull cave
Flies from the man, or the man from the bear ;
Or if, by *Ci-jers* sent to the *Barean* lair
To read the forest law of *Nubia*,
The lions might be ousted *Lybia* (!!!)
I ask this monarch who despotic sways,
How many monarchs he himself obeys ?
Love, hate, ambition, avarice and fear,
Chain him to toils more slavish than the tier.
Sleep just begins to sooth his labouring eyes :
‘ Bestir,’ cries Avarice—‘ to work—arise,’—
‘ Ah leave me for one moment yet ’—‘ rouse ! ’—‘ But
‘ The sun is not yet up, the shops are shut ’—
‘ No matter—wake ! arise ! ’—‘ then say for what ?
To sweep the seas from Lima to Surat ?
Sail to Ceylon for aromattick seeds ?
Or to Japan for beakers and big beads ?’

We entertain upon the whole, a favourable opinion of this translator's power of rhyme, and therefore regret the more that he should have committed himself by such gross and intolerable slovenliness. Such lines as the following should never be allowed to pass muster ; and it makes no difference whether they occur in a satire or heroic poem.

—‘ A clerk by common law
Snug in the pit, can snarl at *Attila*.’
‘ Against the *Cid* even cabinets league in vain.’
‘ His master's friend and in the family born.’
‘ His old hat stripped of binding slouch'd, and tore.’
‘ First she must hurry to a conference
Of sages o'er a microscopic lens.’

The tenth satire, which is by far the longest, being on the inexhaustible subject of *woman*, and the twelfth which is principally pointed against the *Tartuffes* of Lewis the 14th's court, may be distinguished among them all for severity of sarcasm, though they possess less of the lively French humour of Boileau than most of the others. We have no room to make any further extracts from either of them, or the re-

maining pieces. The translator (though we think him unfortunate in his choice of an author) we shall hope to meet again at some future period in a new shape. But we strongly recommend to him the useful practice of counting syllables on his fingers, which, had he followed in his present publication, we should not have had these words laid before us in the form of a perfect verse :

‘The labour’d, lifeless strings of Voiture.’

ART. IV.—*Notices sur les Généraux Pichegru et Moreau ; par M. Louis Fauche-Borel, Prisonnier au Temple pendant trente-trois mois. A Londres, pour l'Auteur, No. 9, Frith-street, Sono. 8vo. 1807.*

Accounts relative to the Generals Pichegru and Moreau. By M. Louis Fauche-Borel, for thirty-three Months a Prisoner in the Temple.

M. FAUCHE-BOREL, the author of the present work, was born at Neufchatel in Switzerland, but sprung from a noble family in Franche-Comté, which they left at the epoch of the reformation. At the commencement of the revolution, M. Fauche-Borel was proprietor of the principal printing-office in Switzerland; and he tells us that he enjoyed in the bosom of his family a portion of genuine felicity, for which he was indebted to his uninterrupted industry.

M. Fauche-Borel appears from his own narration to have been a very zealous and determined enemy to the French revolution, and to have taken a more active part against it than prudence would have suggested, or perhaps, than even his situation could justify. There seems to be a little too much egotism in some parts of his work; and if we were implicitly to rely on his own account we should take the printer of Neufchatel for one of the most important personages that have appeared on the anti-revolutionary theatre. We are far from thinking that M. Fauche-Borel has intentionally magnified the quantum of his hostility to the revolution, or of his services to the house of Bourbon; but we know what delicious colours self-love is apt to throw over the merits or exertions of individuals; and how much it is wont to swell the magnitude of what he does beyond the reality of truth. We do not assert indeed that this has been the case with M. Fauche-Borel, or that his statements have been at all exaggerated by vanity or discoloured by prejudice but we suggest the probability that this may have

happened even without his own consciousness of the fact; without any actual design to aggrandize or to misrepresent.

The following will shew what a zealous enemy the revolution had in M. Fauche-Borel, and how successful this gentleman thinks that he defended the cause of the anti-revolutionists.

‘I printed and distributed,’ says M. Borel, ‘both in France and Switzerland, a number of works tending to open the eyes of the people to the disastrous projects of the revolutionists. My exertions ameliorated, as I do not hesitate to assert, all the adjacent departments; and I was honoured with the reiterated complaints, and the special persecution of the commissaries of the Convention, I was sensibly affected by the sufferings of the victims of its fury; I made my house their home. I lavished on them every possible assistance, and confided more than 100,000*l.* to their probity. In a word, by my actions, my language, and the species of writings which issued from my press, I was the enemy of disorder, and the devoted friend to the principles of monarchy.’

The anti-revolutionary celebrity of M. Fauche-Borel seems to have incited the Prince of Condé in 1795 to employ him on a mission of singular delicacy and importance. This was no less than to sound the disposition of General Pichegru, who commanded on the Rhine, with respect to the re-establishment of monarchy. The general was, at this time, watched by four spies under the title of commissaries of the Convention. M. Fauche-Borel was accordingly several weeks before he had an opportunity of speaking to Pichegru, whom, he says, he found vehemently inclined to *establish order and happiness in his country*, - - - which words in the mouth of an emigrant usually means to *restore the Bourbons to the throne*. Surely Pichegru must have possessed as little policy with respect to himself as fidelity to the cause which he had sworn to maintain, if he could open his mind with so little reserve to a stranger, who, if he were known to him at all could be so only as a declared enemy to the new order of things in France. But M. Fauche-Borel informs us, that the republican general entered so fully into his monarchical views that the project which he had formed would have inevitably succeeded if it had not been for the treachery of the Count de Montgaillard, who was his coadjutor. To name the Count de Montgaillard, says the author, ‘is to indicate a traitor;’ but he forgets that his friend Pichegru, whose virtues he so highly extols, merited the same appellation. For whatever may be the cause, he who betrays a trust which he has undertaken to defend, and acts deceitfully towards

those whom he has sworn faithfully to serve, must come under the denomination of traitor; and merit, in a greater or less degree, according to the circumstances of the case, that opprobrium which while the moral sentiments remain as they are will always be affixed to perfidy, insincerity, and hypocrisy. In civil dissensions, let every man embrace that side which his mind and heart most approve; but that cause to which he attaches himself from principle, let him not desert from interest nor fear. Pichegru had chosen his side; he had vowed fidelity to the republic; he had fought its battles, and stood high in the list of those who had caused its triumphs. His morality and his glory were therefore deeply concerned in the preservation of an undeviating constancy. But if Pichegru, uninfluenced by these considerations, could enter into such an unreserved communication with a professed enemy of the republic, as M. Fauche-Borel pretends, he must have been not only a very base, but a very weak man. Whatever may be the cause, a traitor is a traitor still; and we do not believe that mankind in general are inclined to think well of him who violates the point of honour, even among thieves. Montgaillard was a traitor to the Bourbons, and Pichegru to the Convention; and as far as treachery was the characteristic of both, both are despicable.

M. Fauche-Borel tells us, that in order to prepare the way for the consummation of his plot, he had endeavoured to open the eyes of the French army by the distribution of writings adapted to the comprehension of the soldiers. These writings were artfully diffused among the troops, whose officers had been gained over by those means which are employed on such occasions.

But as money is a very essential requisite in conducting political intrigue, as well as commercial speculation, and, as the Prince of Condé had no superfluity of this article, he had recourse to Mr. Wickham, the English envoy in Switzerland, who was invited to furnish money to pay the agents in the plot. M. Fauche-Borel was accordingly dispatched into Switzerland, to make Mr. Wickham acquainted with the *loyalty and disposition of General Pichegru*. Mr. Wickham gave a very gracious reception to M. Fauche-Borel, entered very minutely into the details of the conspiracy, and supplied him with the money necessary for his mission.

M. Fauche-Borel after this fixed his residence at Strasburg, because it was near the head-quarters of General Pichegru, and offered an easy means of communication with the officers of the army of the Rhine. In order to cover his real intentions, he counterfeited a design of setting up a

printing-office in the city, and by way of making a shew of his patriotism, attended the sales of the national buildings, and bid for several; one of which he bought, and sold again at a loss. At this time he was on a footing of particular intimacy with the aids-de-camp of General Pichegru, with the chiefs of the staff, and the commandant of the town; and all the officers of distinguished ability or rank. M. Fauche-Borel informs us that he took advantage of his intimacy with some of the officers to impress them with the enormities of the republic, with the advantages of monarchy, and the necessity of a change. In order to render his intercourse with the officers more habitual and less suspected, he opened a warehouse of boots and shoes, which he sold at low prices, or on credit, and had recourse to many other similar contrivances.

That the intrigues, which M. Fauche-Borel was carrying on, might meet with no interruption, he tells us that he always kept within reach of the head-quarters of the army, and often in the town where they were established. Thus, he says, that he once spent a whole month at Manheim.

‘I was oppressed,’ says he, ‘with inquietude, with fatigues, and with cares; but I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that my labours were not entirely in vain. The opinion of the army was sensibly ameliorated, and its wishes and dispositions became too evident not to be discerned.’

The Jacobins perceived this and caught the alarm. M. Fauche-Borel soon became the object of general suspicion; he thinks that he was betrayed by the Count Montgaillard, whose only object seems to have been to make his perfidy turn to the best account; but, however this may be, M. Fauche-Borel was arrested at Strasburg on the 21st of December, 1795. He was scrupulously searched; his portfolio was taken from him, and he was thrown into prison. M. Fauche-Borel now felt himself in a very uncomfortable situation, but he derived solace in some measure from the idea that at the period of his apprehension his enemies had no proof against him. He had carefully suppressed all the correspondence which could lead to his conviction, with the exception of a letter from the Prince of Condé, which he had received that day. This letter was placed in a concealed part of his portfolio, and if this were discovered, he gave up all for lost.

M. Fauche-Borel, however, who seems to have been a perfect adept in the arts of intrigue, tells us that he had prac-

tised so successfully on the gaoler, that he had fixed him entirely in his interest, and that if he had been condemned to death, he would have favoured his escape and have accompanied him to Neufchatel. After having thus in some measure got the keys of the prison in his possession, he omitted no exertion to induce his judges to acquit him. For this purpose he engaged the first advocate in Strasburg, who was a man of talents and a great republican, to undertake his cause. M. Fauche-Borel convinced this gentleman so entirely of his innocence, and interested him so much in his favour, that he thought his accusers were only aristocrats in disguise.

On the third day after his imprisonment M. Fauche-Borel was reconducted to his lodgings, where the judge ordered his secretary to be opened, and his papers examined in his presence. 'If ever,' says he, 'I experienced the sensation of fear, it was on this occasion.' But fortunately the secret spring of his port-folio was not discovered; and the papers which were examined related to hardly any thing else but commercial speculations. His counsel made a zealous and able defence, and after nine days imprisonment he was acquitted and set at liberty. After this he remained some days at Strasburg, when after having received the final instructions of General Pichegru, he crossed the Rhine on the night of the 17th of January, 1796, and repaired to the head quarters of the Prince de Condé.

'As we were passing,' says he, 'one of the islands in the Rhine, we were saluted with a discharge of musketry from a French post; and one of the boatmen received a contusion in his knee. He was afterwards remunerated by a small pension from the Minister of his Britannic Majesty. I am sometimes induced to believe that as I was sincerely intent on doing good, and charged with a mission by which so much good was to be done, *Heaven interested itself in my preservation.*'

How prone is the human heart to such delusions! and how much does the author on this occasion betray either his vanity or his folly! Whatever might be the end which M. Fauche-Borel was attempting to bring about he was certainly for the most part labouring to effect it by no very moral means. Hypocrisy, perfidy, and every species of falsehood and of fraud were to be employed in the execution. He was to corrupt the probity of one, to purchase the treachery of another; to procure in short, by every means in his power, a sufficient stock of apostacy, perjury, and vice, to

replace the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors. Now we are of opinion that no end, however good or glorious it may seem, can justify the use of such flagitious means; and M. Fauche-Borel, therefore, must excuse us for believing that heaven did not consider him as such a special object of its preservation as he seems to imagine.

It was well for M. Fauche-Borel that he left Strasburg at this nick of time; for if he had staid a day longer he would certainly have been put to death, as fresh information and proofs were received against him from various quarters, and the Directory had sent one of their agents to prosecute the inquiry with redoubled activity.

‘Having,’ says the author, ‘fortunately reached the head-quarters of the prince, I did not remain idle there. However great might be the vigilance of the Jacobins, I eluded it every moment. The correspondence which was established on the Rhine was prosecuted with unparalleled activity, and notwithstanding what the Sieur de Montgaillard may say in his lies which are entitled *Memoirs, the prince of Conde and General Pichegru perfectly understood each other.*’

The author omits no opportunity of inveighing against Montgaillard, and he generally does it with so much bitterness that it seems to proceed less from public principle than personal malevolence.

When Pichegru quitted the command of the army he retired to Arbois, his native town, where he lived in a state of simple mediocrity, till he was called to take his seat in the legislative body. As the period of electing the *new third* approached, M. Fauche Borel informs us, that the English minister was applied to for immense sums in order to *organize the secret machinery of the elections*, and according to custom the money was embezzled by the organizers. ‘But,’ says he, ‘what is very singular is, that *the departments which had cost most furnished les députés les plus gangrenés*; the most gangrened deputies,’ meaning the least disposed to favour the interest of the Bourbons. This does not strike us as very singular when we recollect what he has just said, that the money which was to be spent in corrupting the constituents, was appropriated by the knaves who were entrusted with the distribution. When men engage in base and dishonest contrivances, they are necessarily obliged to employ unprincipled and nefarious agents, whose object is to cheat their employers, and to enrich themselves. The money which was expended by the English cabinet during

Mr. Pitt's administration, for visionary and counter-revolutionary projects, was greater than is commonly supposed. At least M. Fauche-Borel's book proves, that the gold of England was very liberally conceded to pay the emigrants for their intrigues, and to bribe the unprincipled civil and military officers under the new *regime* of France to betray their trust.

Our author, not discouraged by his hair-breadth escape at Strasburg, went to visit Pichegru in the town of Arbois. 'He was most *favourably disposed*, but convinced that he could do no good by means of the legislative assembly.' There was a strong party against the directory in the council of five hundred; but among them there were some traitors, who made Barras acquainted with what was meditated by the disaffected deputies. M. Fauche-Borel says, that the Directory had laid a plan for the assassination of Pichegru; but he was reserved for a different fate. The measures of the deputies were so ill concerted, and they exerted themselves with so little prudence against their opponents, and the agents of the princes were guilty of so many indiscretions, that the Directory obtained an easy triumph over their enemies, who were transported to Cayenne in South America.

On the morning of the 4th of September, M. Fauche-Borel tells us that he found his name posted up in the corners of the streets as one of the principal conspirators against the French government.

'I was,' says he, 'exposed to the most vigorous pursuit, and denounced to all the departments. I lost no time in quitting my hotel (Hotel du Nord, Rue de la Loi), and took refuge among several of my acquaintance, one after another; but the advertisements which they had seen chilled them with horror, and they implored me not to hazard their safety by remaining with them.'—'At last I found an asylum at the house of M. David M— with whom I had some connection in business. He lived in a large house, where numerous outlets and a spacious garden, offered many facilities of escape.'

This

'M. D. M— was intimately connected with M. B—, secretary to Barras, whom he was in the constant habit of seeing. I took advantage of this circumstance to form an acquaintance with him, and to my great surprize I found that his sentiments and disposition were far from according with the events in which his patron had taken such an active part, and which he had carried with such a high hand. I endeavoured to acquire every possible insight into the character and circumstances of Barras; and after several conversa-

tions, I could discern, that notwithstanding appearances, it was not impossible to induce the director, at a favourable juncture and on certain conditions, to co-operate in the re-establishment of the monarchy.

By this time our readers need not, we trust, be told by us, that M. Fauche-Borel is a gentleman of very enterprising genius; that he is well versed in the arts of intrigue, and that he is not to be deterred by trifling difficulties nor dangers from the prosecution of his scheme. It does really seem to us to be so extraordinary as to border on the marvellous, that at the moment in which M. Fauche-Borel is implicated in a conspiracy which threatens his life, when his name is posted up in the streets of Paris as a traitor to the government, when he is obliged to fly from one hiding-place to another, that he should in such a critical period form, and in part execute, a plan for corrupting the principles of his most inveterate enemy, and of bringing him over to favour his views of subverting the republic, of which he (Barras) was then at the head, and of restoring the monarchy which he had helped to destroy, and the restoration of which seemed to be utterly repugnant to his principles and his interest. But these apparent difficulties, though of such gigantic magnitude, could not repress the activity of such an indefatigable *intrigant* as M. Fauche-Borel. He had fixed his mind on drawing the director Barras into his toils; and, if we are to credit his own account, he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation.

After passing some time concealed in the house of his friend M. David M—, M. Fauche-Borel left Paris with a passport which M— had procured for him under the name of Borellon. By means of stratagem and disguise he eluded the eager pursuit of his enemies, and arrived in safety at Neufchatel. Here M. Fauche-Borel resolved to devote his time to his commercial and domestic concerns, which he had for the space of three years relinquished for the turbulent anxieties of political intrigue. But here he had been but a very short time, when he was pursued by the unrelenting vengeance of the Directory, and obliged again to quit his family and his business. He repaired under a feigned character to Augsburg, cherishing a more profound hatred than ever against the revolutionists, who had lately overrun Switzerland.

M. Fauche-Borel could not avert his thoughts from the hope of gaining over the director Barras to become the instrument of restoring the Bourbons. By letters and other

means he kept exciting the zeal and encouraging the co-operation of his friend M. D. M—, at Paris, by furnishing him with ample proof of the confidence with which he was honoured by Louis XVIII.

‘Before I quitted Hamburg,’ says M. Fauche-Borel, ‘to pass into England, I wrote to D. M—, and urged him warmly to accelerate the measures relative to the plot which we had planned, and to communicate every circumstance which he might have learned respecting it.’

‘The conduct of the Directory, as atrocious as it was absurd, had revolted all sovereigns; the Swiss were driven to desperation, and, if there ever were a period when every thing conspired to favour the success of the *good cause*, it was from the middle of 1798 to the moment when Bonaparte got possession of the government.’

Here M. Fauche Borel emphatically asks,

‘What were the agents of the King then doing in Germany and at London? Were they taking advantage of the propensity which was general among the French of all parties? Was it not certain that between the time when Bonaparte returned from Egypt and that in which he was made First Consul, every thing was prepared for a change, nay more, for a real and sincere return to a monarchical government? A few months before, one of the directors was convinced that it was impossible for him to keep his place amid the detestation of the people; but still he employed that vestige of power, which fear and habit had established in making a preliminary revolution in the directory, and had united himself with associates, who, from the nullity of their characters, could do nothing without his impulsion. It will appear doubtless, very astonishing, that a man who had constantly manifested his zeal for the revolution, who had been familiar with its horrors, and implicated in its enormities, who had in short been one of the murderers of Louis XVI. should have listened to any propositions which tended to the re-establishment of his brother. Nevertheless,’ says M. Fauche-Borel, ‘nothing is more true, and the fact is well known to the present Emperor of the French. Are not his conduct to Barras, to whom he owes his fortune and his elevation, and the exile in which he keeps him, a convincing proof of it?’

Did not M. Fauche-Borel produce *other proofs* than these, we should think them very unsatisfactory. But if we may credit the sequel, M. Fauche-Borel did actually succeed in engaging Barras to attempt the restoration of the Bourbons. Barras, we are told, convinced that his place was no longer tenable, alarmed by the defeat of the French armies in Ger-

many and Italy, and dreading the consequences of a sudden change, had engaged to take some steps towards the restoration of monarchy. The conditions, which Barras proposed, are said to have been 'security and indemnity to himself, and that all those whom he should name, should be included in a sincere and unalterable amnesty which Louis XVIII. should previously grant.' The channel of negotiation between M. Fauche-Borel, the agent of the French princes, and Barras, was through M. David M—, and the secretary of the director. When Pichegru effected his escape with the other deputies from Cayenne, he was made acquainted with the intrigue which M. Fauche-Borel had begun for the restoration of the Bourbons. Pichegru could not readily believe that Barras, who had signed his proscription, was in earnest in any design to restore the old family to the throne. But the author intimates that his doubts vanished during the progress of the negociation.

M. David M— repaired twice to Hamburgh to have an interview with M. Fauche-Borel. M. David M— demanded powers from Louis XVIII. to treat with Barras in quality of his envoy; and he at the same time demanded on the part of Barras letters patent signed by the king, which should give the director every possible assurance that his person and property should be safe, and that he should enjoy the favour of his majesty. The British government is said to have been made acquainted with these proceedings, and to have engaged to furnish all the pecuniary aid which might be wanted on the occasion.

M. Fauche-Borel made a journey to Mittau, and returned with the letters patent, which were demanded by Barras, and with the necessary powers for M. David M—. The author now repaired to Brunswick, in order to concert measures with General Pichegru. From Brunswick he wrote ten letters to M. David M—, to which no answer was returned. This filled him with inquietude; though he afterwards learned that his letters had been intercepted by Barras, who wished to ascertain the accuracy and sincerity of his confident, and whether there were any restrictions or reservations in the correspondence which were not communicated to him. To put an end to the suspense in which he was kept by the silence of M. David M—, M. Fauche-Borel determined to write directly to Barras himself, without the intervention of any third person. In answer to this communication a letter was brought to him from the director by M. J. B. Eyries, a courier of the Prussian minister, who had been the bearer of the letter from Fauche-Borel. It was in Barras's own hand, and was as follows:

'Sir, I received your letter of the 1st Fructidor. Bottot is drinking the waters. I have charged the citizen who brought me your letter, and who is the bearer of this, to confer with you. You may give him your entire confidence. Health and fraternity.

(Signed) 'BARRAS.'

We must confess that it appears to us too extraordinary to merit belief that such a man as Barras, in a question of such moment, and where his own safety and fortune were so materially interested, should repose any confidence in such a person as M. Eyries, who was the courier of a foreign minister; and should choose him as the intermediate agent and confident in such a momentous negotiation as this, supposing it real, must confessedly have been. We do not read that Fauche-Borel had any acquaintance with this M. Eyries, previous to his being the bearer of his letter to the director. But M. Fauche-Borel must be a man either of the most unrivalled sagacity, or the most unparalleled credulity; for he says, '*After a short conversation with M. Eyries, I discovered that he was an honourable man, and of the best principles.*' Now if M. Fauche-Borel *really* made this discovery after interchanging only a few sentences with M. Eyries, he certainly must be regarded as a man transcendantly gifted with the power of reading the heart. We have always thought that a man's principles could be discovered only from a long observance of his conduct, and particularly in a diversity of trying situations. But M. Fauche-Borel, according to his own account, can read a man's mind in his looks, and analyze his moral and political principles at a glance. If M. Fauche-Borel did not possess the sublime faculty of making such sudden discoveries in the interior of the heart, he must have been not less credulous than he seems to represent his friend Barras the director. M. Fauche-Borel afterwards enters into some farther tedious and complicated details respecting his negotiation with Barras. The author suspects that Syeyes, during his residence at Berlin, had come to a knowledge of the transaction through the medium of Count Haugwitz, to whom M. Fauche-Borel tells us that he had communicated it without reserve. This is not improbable, as we know from the Gallery of Prussian Characters, which are reviewed in the Appendix to the Critical Review for the present month, that this Count Haugwitz was wont to disclose the secrets of the cabinet to a Jew named Ephraim, who, like the generality of his brethren, seems to have carried his *secrets*, as well as his other wares, to the market where they would fetch the highest price.

M. Fauche-Borel thinks that Syeyes was the princi-

pal author of Bonaparte's return to France; through whose influence he intended to frustrate the counter-revolutionary plot of his brother director. But when Bonaparte did return, he triumphed both over Syeyes and Barras, and established his own power by cajoling the one by art and subjugating the other by force. He erected his *fortune*, as Fauche-Borel says, on the basis of a double fraud. If Bonaparte had not arrived at the time he did, it is certain that some change would have taken place in the government; for the directorial tyranny could not go on any longer; but the principal difference would have been that Barras would have been *first consul*, instead of Bonaparte. Had Barras thus been elevated to the supreme power, was it likely that he would have employed it in procuring the restoration of the Bourbons? We think not, though M. Fauche-Borel will undoubtedly be of a different opinion. At a period preceding the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, when the republican arms had experienced such multiplied defeats, and when we might have expected a sudden burst of popular resentment against the directory and of popular sentiment in favour of the Bourbons, Barras might have entered into a negotiation with the agent of the French princes for the restoration of the old family; but it is far from being clear to us that he intended to proceed any farther than to secure himself by a shew of zeal in their service in case their restoration should have been necessitated by circumstances.

On the morning of the day in which Bonaparte vanquished the directory and the councils, Madame Tallien, who was in her bath, was surprised by the intrusion of one of her Adonis's who was an aid-de-camp of Barras. She hastens to the Luxemburg where she was wont to be admitted at all hours, but every thing wears a new appearance, and she finds the strictest orders given to prevent all access to the directors. By the help of stratagem and importunity she at last obtains admission. She passes into the apartments of Barras, thinking to give him the first notice of the revolution which put an end to his power. But accustomed to revolutionary vicissitudes, he replies shrugging up his shoulders, '*what is it you want? ce b—— nous a mis tous dedans,*' this —— has shut us all up.'

Bonaparte, who was made first consul, banished Barras to his estate at Gros-Bois, and said ironically; '*Barras doit savoir que je n'aime pas le sang.*' Barras must know that I am not fond of shedding blood. After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire M. Fauche-Borel's correspondence with David M. ceased: and he was obliged to abandon the hope of

completing the work which he had begun ; or, as he would express it of *restoring* France to *happiness and repose*. Nevertheless M. Fauche-Borel seems to have possessed talents for intrigue which even the peace of Amiens could hardly charm to rest. He thought that much *good might be done* by bringing about a reconciliation between Pichegru and Moreau. The reader will probably recollect the denunciation which Moreau formerly sent to the directory against Pichegru ; but Pichegru was willing to ascribe this to the necessity of circumstances rather than to personal ill-will, and seems to have had no repugnance to a reconciliation with his brother general.—M. Fauche-Borel was chosen to be the bearer of his amicable intentions to Moreau, and though this new mission was not without its dangers, he did not hesitate to undertake the expedition. He left London on the 15th of June 1802, in the short interval of peace between this country and France.

As M. Fauche-Borel had some unpublished MSS. of J. J. Rousseau which had been left him by the late M. Dupeyrou, this served for one of the pretexts of his journey ; and ten days after his arrival at Paris the works were in the press. He tells us that he found Moreau unwilling to take part in any conspiracy, and he seems to confess that he was not at all implicated in that which a short time after proved fatal to Pichegru and furnished Bonaparte with a pretext for getting rid of Moreau. The intrigues of M. Fauche-Borel, however secretly they might have been conducted, did not escape the notice of the police, and he was accordingly arrested on the 1st July, 1802, and sent to the Temple. Here he underwent several examinations. No precise charge was brought against him, but it was thought that ' he could not have come from London without being entrusted with some special mission on the part of the English government or of the French princes.' After being confined for about a year and a half he made his escape ; but he had not recovered his liberty above four and twenty hours when he was apprehended a second time. Every effort was now made to obtain from M. Fauche-Borel some confessions relative to the conspiracy which was on foot, and particularly something which might implicate Moreau ; from the jealous dread of whom Bonaparte was most anxious to be delivered. But M. Fauche-Borel, does not appear, according to his own account, to have betrayed his trust. After this Pichegru had the imprudence to land in France and to proceed to Paris ; he was traced from one retreat to another till he was secured by the vigilance of the police. Pichegru was exposed, ac-

according to M. Fouché-Borel's account, to ten or twelve interrogatories; and he was at last privately strangled, in order to gratify the timid rancour of Bonaparte, who was apprehensive of the consequences of a more public execution. Moreau would also have been put to death, if the dread of the general discontent which it would have excited in France had not, in this instance induced the tyrant to sacrifice his malevolence to his policy. M. Fauché-Borel, though certainly not less guilty than many of those who suffered in the conspiracy of Pichegru, Georges, &c. was yet fortunate enough to procure his liberty, for which he was indebted principally to the urgent solicitations of the Prussian cabinet. M. Fouché-Borel repaired first to Berlin, where he was graciously received by the king; who said that he was well acquainted with his unwearied exertions in the service of the king of France, and who told him that he might rely on his protection. After the battle of Austerlitz he quitted Prussia with the sad *presentiment* that that country would soon experience the fate of Austria; and he came to London, where we believe that he still resides. We have thus given a brief account of the principal details in these *notices* of M. Fauché-Borel. We are inclined not to place implicit confidence in some parts of the narrative, which have a suspicious appearance, and seem not a little inconsistent; but the whole proves at least that the bookseller of Neufchatel has been an indefatigable *intrigant*, and that the *ex-king* of France has found in him on all occasions a very zealous and active servant. It is likewise clear from this production that the emigrants have been incessantly busy in their counter-revolutionary plots, and that this government has been rather too forward in lending its aid to the malcontents; that hence there has been more reason than has been commonly imagined for the violent clamour which has often been raised in France against the perfidious machinations of the British cabinet, particularly during the administration of Mr. Pitt, when English gold was exuberantly showered upon the continent.

ART. V.—*The Lectures of Boyer upon the Diseases of the Bones; arranged into a Systematic Treatise by A. Richerand, Professor of Anatomy and Philosophy, and principal Surgeon to the Northern Hospital at Paris. Translated by R. Farrel, M.D. 2 Vols. 8vo. Callow. 1807.*

PERHAPS this title may convey an imperfect idea of the

work, to which it is prefixed. Besides the *diseases* of bones, resulting from local or constitutional causes, the consequences of accidents and injuries, and the proper methods of treatment are comprehended in these lectures. They embrace therefore a very important and extensive branch of the art of surgery, and we doubt not that they will be well received by the profession.

The celebrity of the authors, it is properly observed by the translator of it, entitles it to attention. Richerand, the compiler of these lectures, a task undertaken at the request of his friend Boyer, and immediately under his inspection, has not confined himself to the mere duty of collection and arrangement, but has enriched the lectures by many of his own observations. As a work of this description is not readily capable of analysis, and such an attempt, if fully executed, would be suited to a very small class of our readers, we shall content ourselves with a few cursory remarks, and extracts from the parts which may appear new or interesting.

The diseases of bones in general are the same as those of the soft parts, but modified by the peculiar structure and properties of the subject. Bones inflame, slough, mortify, granulate, are absorbed, in short participate of all the diseases and actions of other parts. They seem subject to specific diseases, as cancer, scrofula, scurvy, syphilis, &c. But the diseases of these parts are very slow in their progress. Hence accidents or affections, which in other parts would produce acute diseases, in these put on the appearance of chronic affections. A simple wound, for example, may heal and reunite in two or three days, but a fracture of a bone may require twenty, or forty days, or it may be several months.

‘The circulation,’ says our author, ‘is effected by the presence of inorganised matter, (the phosphate and carbonate of lime) and all the vital properties are thereby rendered more obscure.’

It is better, we think, to say at once that such is the original and essential nature of this substance. In this respect the brain much resembles bone, though there is in the former substance no inorganised matter to which the slowness of action can be ascribed.

The general outline of the work is very shortly sketched in the following paragraphs:

‘The first order of diseases of bones comprehends their fractures,

wounds, exostosis, necrosis, and caries. The ricketty softening of the bones, their friability, and that morbid state known by the name of *spina ventosa* or *osteosarcoma*.

‘The second order embraces sprains, luxations, dropsy of the articulations, the diseases arising from preternatural substances generated in the articulations, white or lymphatic swellings, and ankylosis.’

The union of parts which have been divided either by disease or by violence, is one of the most beautiful and astonishing processes in nature. Bones by the solidity of their texture have afforded the opportunity of observing the various stages of this admirable provision of the mighty architect and preserver of animated beings. Duhamel considered the external covering of the bones, the periosteum as the organ of ossification. But facts are adverse to this hypothesis: and indeed the simple consideration that a process the very same in kind takes place in similar circumstances in any part of the body whatever is sufficient to refute it. From the blood and the action of the minute arteries are formed and regenerated every part of this wonderful machine, however various in its form, its physical properties, its structure and its functions: muscle, nerve, skin, membrane, cartilage, gland, bone, all are formed from the same vital fluid, by the action of the same series of vessels, each in its appropriate seat. If this phenomenon were not presented every day to our eyes, it would excite the utmost astonishment. We shall insert the concise account of it given in these lectures, not for the sake of surgeons, to whom it is familiar; but of the unprofessional reader who delights in contemplating the presence and agency of Deity in every atom of created nature.

‘When there happens a solution of continuity of the soft parts of our bodies, if the lips of the wound be not brought into immediate contact, the vessels become turgid, the vascular tissue extends forward, and gives rise to those small red conical tumors known by the name of granulations. This augmentation in the calibre of the vessels, and a certain degree of inflammation in the granulations which arise from them, are the means which nature employs to effect the re-union of divided parts. But it is not known, whether or not in this case, the fibres of one side become continuations of those of the other; if the vessels identify in like manner by anastomosing: or if an humour of a certain nature be effused between the divided parts, which it agglutinates together. The only thing certainly known is, that the cicatrix is organised, as has been proved by incontestable experiments.’

'There is a strict analogy between what takes place in the solution of continuity of soft and osseous parts. The irritation caused by the fracture produces the extension and turgescence of the vessels of the periosteum, of those of the bone itself, and of those of the medullary membrane, and then the only condition necessary to consolidation is that the fractured surfaces be placed in just contact. But this operation of nature, by which an organised substance is produced, is slower in bones than in soft parts, which are furnished with numerous vessels, and in which the vital properties are not impeded, as in bones, by the deposition of a saline inorganised matter. In examining a bone having a consolidated fracture, the place of the consolidation is *marked merely* by a line, and if the bone be split, the medullary canal is found narrowed at that part, and in some cases totally obstructed.'

'The production of granulations on the membrane, which lines the bone, accounts for this narrowing or obstruction of the medullary canal, one or other of which takes place according to the greater or less activity of the vessels of that part. This theory, suggested by the striking analogy between the fleshy and osseous parts, supported by observation of the phenomena of the generation of callus in animals, has this farther advantage over all the others, that it stands uncontroverted by any fact: on the contrary, it is confirmed by all the facts hitherto observed. Thus it offers a very natural and easy explanation of the difference of time required for the formation of callus in youth and old age, by the different proportions of the phosphate of lime which the bones contain at these periods.

'The generation of callus is then an operation perfectly analogous to the cicatrization of wounded soft parts; its being more tardy is owing to the difference in the activity of the vital principle in these, and in bony parts. During a few days immediately subsequent to fracture, the inflammation exists only in the neighbouring soft parts, and the bone seems perfectly inert, but its texture is soon after perceived to soften, in that part, and the fractured surfaces become covered with granulations produced by the enlargement of the blood-vessels. This growth takes place without any secretion of pus, and the consolidation is effected by a process as little understood as that of cicatrization. Instead of pus the enlarged vessels secrete and deposit a calcareous phosphate, which gives a solidity equal to that of the rest of the bone.'

The art of the surgeon, therefore, where the fracture is simple, is confined to placing the bones as nearly as possible in their natural position, and to retaining the broken extremities in proper contact. In some of the bones this is a business of considerable difficulty, and various artifices have been used adapted to the particular situation and relations of the affected parts. The ingenious Desault introduced an apparatus adapted to the fracture of the clavicle. In order to place and retain this bone in its just position, it is necessary

to employ the humerus as a lever of the first species ; its inferior extremity is to be brought-forward, inward, and upward ; thus the shoulder will be carried in a direction precisely opposite. Desault's contrivance was intended to place a cushion in the arm-pit to act as a fulcrum to the lever. The arm being brought into the proper position, was retained in it by bandages going round the body. The contrivance answered its end very well, when first applied ; but it was easily deranged, and caused a troublesome friction. In place of this Boyer has invented another apparatus : we have thought we shall do our professional readers a favour by extracting the following description of it :

‘ It consists of a girdle of linen cloth, quilted, and six inches broad, which passes round the trunk on a level with the elbows, it is fixed on by means of three straps, and as many buckles fastened to its extremities. At an equal distance from its extremities are placed externally on each side two buckles ; that is, two anterior and two posterior to the arm. A bracelet of quilted linen cloth, five or six fingers broad, is placed on the lower part of the arm of the side affected, and laced on the outside of the arm ; four straps fixed to this bracelet, that is, two before and two behind, correspond to the buckles on the outside of the girdle already described, and answer the purpose of drawing the lower part of the arm close to the trunk ; the more so, as the straps, by being two before and two behind, prevent the arm from moving either backward or forward. With this apparatus, as well as with the preceding, the cushion must be applied under the arm.’

This description is illustrated by a plate, which it, however, scarcely requires. There are also one or two others, very well executed.

Fractures of the femur have in all times been a reproach to surgery. If the fracture be in the neck of the bone, or if it be oblique in any other part, the great strength of the muscles is perpetually dragging the inferior part of the limb upwards ; the limb thus becomes shortened, and the patient is lame for life. Besides this, the head of the thigh bone participating all the motions of the trunk of the body, though the bone be ever so well set, it is very difficult to retain it in the proper position. These difficulties have been perceived even in the infancy of the art ; but the attempts to overcome them were ineffectual. The bed of Hippocrates, and the Glossocomon of the ancients, engraved in the works of Paré, were too complicated for practical purposes. The method used by Avicenna, and adopted by Petit, Heister, and Dun-
verney, with slight modifications, were insufficient for the intended object : so that it is candidly acknowledged by

Mr. Benjamin Bell (see his *Surgery*, vol. vii. c. 39, s. 12) that an effectual method of securing oblique fractures in the bones of the extremities, and especially of the thigh bone, is perhaps one of the greatest desiderata in modern surgery.

A machine for this particular purpose was invented by that excellent surgeon Mr. Gooch of Norwich, (not Mr. Hock as is said in these lectures) and improved by Aitkin, which certainly in a measure fulfils its intention. But this apparatus has the disadvantage of acting immediately on the inferior part of the thigh, and on a small surface; nor was there any thing to oppose the falling outward of the foot and knee, nor the inclination of the hip to the same side.*

Desault had a clear idea of the object to be aimed at: he saw that it was essential to effect such a disposition, that the pulvis, thigh, leg, and foot, should constitute but one whole; and under the different motions of the body preserve the same mutual relation. He attempted to obtain and unite these advantages by long splints, two of them passing the whole length of the leg and thigh on each side, and a third is placed on the anterior part, and extends from the abdomen to the knee: bandages were so adjusted that whilst they drew the leg downwards they forced the exterior splint, and, consequently, the pelvis and superior fractured portions of the thigh upwards. This contrivance often succeeded, but it likewise frequently failed; it has some essential defects, which it is not in our power in this place to enumerate. Boyer has contrived an apparatus which is conceived to answer every purpose. We would willingly extract the description of this ingenious instrument, but we fear that without the aid of the accompanying plate it would hardly be intelligible. The inventor has by a happy combination united the advantages of Gooch's and Desault's apparatus, and he seems to have overcome their defects. He uses long splints like Desault, but regulates motion by means of a screw after the manner of Gooch. The apparatus and method is so formed, that the extension is gradual and in the direction of the bone; and none of the muscles which surround the fractured bone are compressed. Professional men will do well to put its merits to the test of experience, which often detects inconveniences, which are either unnoticed or unobserved by an inventor.

The natural diseases of bones offer many curious obser-

* These instruments are delineated in plate LXXN. and LXXXIII. of Benjamin Bell's *Surgery*, 7th ed.

vations. Some are occasionally congenital: the bones of the foetus, while in the womb, have been affected with rickets; in Fourcroy's Journal, may be found the description of the skeleton of a rickety foetus. This disease seems intimately connected with scrofula; the swelling of the mesenteric glands, the colour of the skin, the flaccidity of the muscles, and other symptoms observed in rickets, are common marks of a scrofulous diathesis. We meet with a very good description of the changes produced in the shape of the several bones, which may be all traced to the combined action of the muscles, the weight of the body, and in some cases, the impetus of the circulation. But on the subject of the proximate cause, we have many questions, without one satisfactory answer. It is certainly singular, that though, in rickets, the teeth become loose from the softening of the alveolar processes, the teeth themselves preserve their hardness; but we might ask whether we may not be deceived, by having no accurate measure for determining the different degrees of hardness of these bones. The rules given for the treatment, whether medical or dietetical are sensible, and promise as much relief as can be expected in a disease whose origin is hidden in obscurity. One of them is singular enough; we shall transcribe it, without pretending to give an opinion of the confidence to be placed in it.

'I am confident that much benefit might be derived in these cases from making the patient laugh heartily every day, by tickling him; in this convulsive motion, the organs contained in the cavities of the thorax and abdomen are agitated and pressed in every direction, and the motion of the fluids in their small vessels is accelerated.'

To the advice with regard to the use of mechanical means for correcting the effects of rickets, we subscribe entirely. We wish it to be duly attended to.

'It is nearly useless to attempt using any machines with very young children, and it is also impossible to confine them to their back in bed; besides, it would be extremely injurious to keep them confined in this posture: the continued extension of the limbs; and the inactivity of the muscles, would add to the general debility, and consequently increase the disease. Splints then, applied to the limbs, strong leather boots, and the apparatus for the spine, are really useful only in cases in which the patient is of a certain age, and when the progress of the disease is gradual, and the strength not too much exhausted; and even in most of these cases, the inac-

tivity necessarily occasioned by these machines is productive of disadvantages, which are not compensated by their good effects. Apparatus of this kind are fitter for correcting vicious attitudes contracted by healthy children, than deformity arising from rickets.'

The great hazard of wounds of the articulations has been insisted upon by all the ancient writers; and the same terror pervades the writings of most modern authors. In these lectures we find a less formidable view of the subject: though it is not denied that they are often attended with serious consequences, yet they have often been found to heal with great facility. As this is a point of considerable practical importance, we will extract a few of the examples by which it is proved.

'A man was wounded in the elbow by a piece of glass, which penetrated into the cavity of the joint. The glass was extracted, and the lips of the wound were brought together, and supported by adhesive plaster; his recovery was quick, and not interrupted by any unfavourable circumstance.

'Another man was wounded by a small sword in the same joint; he was carried to the hospital *de la Charité*. On examining the wound it was found that the capsule of the joint was opened. This wound healed like the most simple puncture.'

The same good fortune has attended some, where the external air had evidently been freely admitted:

'A *Massacreur* of the second of September, who seized by the hair a prisoner of the *Abbaye Saint Germain*, received on his wrist the blow levelled at the head of the victim. The posterior part of the articulation was entirely opened, and the convexity formed by the scaphoides, semilunaris, and pyramidalis, abandoned the ends of the bones of the fore-arm. He was admitted into the hospital *de la Charité*; the lips of the wound were immediately brought together; the hand was kept much extended by means of a splint; the skin, tendons of the extensor muscles, and the capsules, all healed by the first intention, and, at the end of twelve days, he was discharged, quite cured.

'A boy employed in the kitchen of the hospital *de la Charité*, had the articulation of his wrist opened by a piece of a vessel of delf ware; the lips of the wound were brought together, and the patient recovered in a very few days.'

At the same time it is not denied that dreadful consequences have ensued from the wounds of joints. Sometimes this has happened from that unfortunate meddling spirit, which has so much infected the half informed, who, instead of

confiding in the powers of nature, seem to delight in counteracting her wise and beneficent intentions. Such has been the effect of introducing dressings within the joint. A man had received a wound from a sabre, which opened the articulation of the wrist; one of the monks, who directed at that time the hospital de la Charité, filled the wound with charpie; an enormous swelling took place, gangrene supervened, and the patient died. If the wound suppurates the danger is as great; the cartilages exfoliate, the ends of the bones become carious. If, therefore, the cartilages, or ends of the bones have been wounded, much danger may be apprehended. We meet with some striking examples in the work before us of this species of danger. It is clear then that the prognosis in such cases must be doubtful. Indiscriminate apprehensions of the worst event are ill founded. If the wound be small, superficial, simple, without contusion; if no vessel or principal nerve be wounded, and if the joint has not been exposed to the ambient air for any considerable time, we may be allowed to hope for a favourable termination.

In the treatment of white-swelling we have no consolation held out but the wretched one of final amputation. The application of acrid substances to the surface of the knee is mentioned as an experiment rather to be guarded against than to be encouraged: though a history is on record of so distant a date as that of Fabricius of Aquapendente, in which such an application effected a complete cure. This patient had certainly great good fortune; but we cannot conceive that much danger need be apprehended from imitating such a practice. The addition of a superficial inflammation even to a carious joint, could not very much aggravate the sufferings or the hazard of the patient; and though it did, if amputation must be the ultimate resort, it can be of little moment should it be found right to perform it a little sooner than would otherwise have been necessary. With the effects of making and keeping up a discharge from the vicinity of the diseased parts, these writers do not seem acquainted. They think that Mr. Benjamin Bell defers the operation too long. This must be owing probably to difficulty of giving precise rules. The proposal, which seems to have originated with the English surgeons, and in a few instances to be practised by them, is duly considered: we mean the operation of cutting off only the carious extremities of a diseased joint. We must confess that this operation seems to us more terrific than amputation itself; and as it is only adapted to cases where the affection

is confined to the ends of the bones, and extends but little to the soft parts, it will not be easy to prove that it would not have been better for the patient to have had a chance of a natural cure from ankylosis. 'Since this period,' it is said, 'many English surgeons say they have performed it.' Is this a sly way of declaring their own incredulity?

We shall conclude our account of these lectures with another short extract which will give some very simple but useful information to parents, nurses, or others, who have the charge of young children. Weakly children are subject to two species of deformity of the lower limbs. The legs either become bowed, or the knees are turned inwards, in which case the feet are necessarily turned outwards. These opposite deformities require an opposite mode of treatment.

'When a child from having been put to walk too soon, or from any other cause, shall be inkneed or bowlegged, nothing is to be done in the first case but to have the internal edge of the sole of the shoe made somewhat thicker; and in the second the external side. The constant adduction and abduction of the foot, if this simple precaution be attended to, influences in time the knee, and insensibly makes it straight. This treatment will certainly be successful, if the child be young; (it ought to have been added, *and not out of health*) his bones, flexible at this time, will yield easily to the force used to straighten them.'

Not the least useful part of this work is a very minute and copious index. We have no objection to the mode in which the translator has executed his task, except that here and there we are offended by a Gallicism;—the very worst fault of all translations, since it gradually corrupts the purity of our tongue. Dr. Farrel has also introduced a note or two of his own; but they are very unimportant.

ART. VI.—*An authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André, Adjutant-General of his Majesty's Forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. Counsellor at Law, late Member of the Convention of the State of New York. To which is added, a Monody on the Death of Major André, by Miss Seward. 8vo. 8s. Matthews and Leigh.*

THIS narrative commences with the following extract from the Political Magazine for 1781.

‘When Major André went to consult with General Arnold, he was carried to the house of a Mr. Smith, brother to the Smith lately appointed chief justice of New York, by General Robertson; and also brother to a Dr. Smith, who lately lived in Downing-street, Westminster, and who is said to have gone off the morning that the soldiers fired on the rioters, and whose negro woman was hanged for being concerned in the burnings. While Major André was communicating with General Arnold, he lived at the house of Smith, and wore Smith’s clothes, and when he set out from Washington’s camp, Smith attended him till within about twelve miles of Knightsbridge, where André told him he knew his way perfectly well. Just after Smith left him, he was taken, and at that very time, he had on Smith’s clothes. Washington has tried Smith for being concerned in what they call Arnold’s conspiracy; but the trial has turned out a mere farce; for Smith has not suffered any punishment. The people at New York therefore believe, that Smith betrayed André to the rebels, and are of opinion that he never can clear up his character any where but at the gallows.’

This statement Mr. Smith calls an unfounded calumny; and the object of his work seems designed as much to vindicate his own character from the charge of treachery, as to exhibit a correct account of the circumstances which led to the capture and death of the accomplished and unfortunate Major André. We cannot compliment the author on the perspicuity of his narrative; and it is with some difficulty that we have been able to trace the thread of the principal facts through the maze of his subordinate details. In 1779, General Arnold was appointed to the command of the important post of West Point on the Hudson’s river in the province of New York. At this period General A. was a frequent visitor at Mr. Smith’s house, about eighteen miles below West Point called Stony Point, which was the usual rout of communication between the eastern and southern states. Early in September, 1780, Mr. Smith informs us, that from the elevated site of his residence, which commanded an extensive view of the river, he observed frequent flags of truce passing and repassing; and on asking the cause, Arnold informed him, that they were designed to arrange the preliminaries of an accommodation between Great Britain and America. After this, Arnold, according to the confession of Mr. Smith, became more communicative, expressed his detestation of the *French alliance* with the colonies, and his dissatisfaction with congress; and we think that it would not have required much sagacity in Mr. Smith to have discovered that Arnold was meditating that desertion which he soon after contrived to execute. Mr.

Smith, however, professes a perfect ignorance of the general's treacherous intentions. But if Mr. Smith were not an actual accomplice of Arnold, he appears to have been a very officious and credulous dupe. At the request of Arnold, Mr. Smith undertakes to convey a flag of truce from his house at Stony Point, to a British sloop of war which was lying in Haverstraw bay, on the eastern bank of the Hudson. The professed object of this mission was to bring a Colonel Beverly Robinson, an American loyalist, to an interview with the general in order to explain some pacific propositions with which he was entrusted. But the manner in which this transaction was conducted must naturally have excited suspicion in any breast. The boat in which Mr. Smith was to be sent to the sloop, was not to take its departure till night; at the special request of Arnold it was to be manned by Mr. Smith's own tenants who *had been used to the water*; and the *ours were to be muffled*, in order more effectually to elude the water-patrole of the republicans, whose object was to prevent all communication between the disaffected Americans and the British ships. When Mr. Smith arrived at the sloop, Colonel Beverly Robinson, who was to have returned with him on shore, pleaded indisposition, and dispatched in his stead a Mr. Anderson, for whom General Arnold in his letters to Colonel Robinson had sent a pass. This Mr. Anderson proved to be Major André in disguise. Mr. Smith proceeded with this gentleman in a boat to the western shore of the river to a spot called the Long-Cleve, which Arnold had appointed for the interview, and when they arrived, they found the general *hid among firs*.—This and other circumstances were surely sufficient to have awakened the suspicions of Mr. Smith, if he had been sincerely attached to the cause of American liberty, and to have convinced him that Arnold, instead of being honestly engaged in a pacific negotiation, was clandestinely carrying on a treasonable correspondence. On meeting, a long conference ensued between Mr. Anderson (Major André) and Arnold; at which Mr. Smith says, that he was not suffered to be present. In the evening, Arnold came to the house of Mr. Smith, and proposed that he should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture sloop of war. This, Mr. Smith was at that time unable to do owing to an attack of the ague which he then experienced. But Arnold requested Mr. Smith, on his recovery, to accompany Mr. Anderson part of the way back by land to New York, and at the same time requested him to accommodate Mr. Anderson with one of his coats instead of the British

uniform which he had on ; and with which he could not travel in safety. To this Mr. Smith consented ; and the general took his leave. Mr. *Anderson* appeared much dejected when alone with Mr. Smith ; who tells us that the unfortunate youth ' cast an anxious look towards the Vulture (which was at anchor in the opposite bay) and with a heavy sigh wished he was aboard.' Arnold had furnished him with a passport to New York ; for which place he set out in company with Mr. Smith. Mr. *Anderson* betrayed evident signs of anxiety and agitation on the way. Mr. Smith says,

' We slept in the same bed ; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night ; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance, when summoned to mount his horse.'

' We rode,' says Mr. Smith, ' very cheerfully towards Pine's bridge, without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension : here I proposed to leave my companion ; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable ; in short, I found him highly entertaining ; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government, (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces). He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres : music, painting, and poetry, seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the flowery colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on the part of the Americans with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant ; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field-contest, between as many British in number, as those under the command of Count Rochambeau, at Rhode island, whose effective force he seemed clearly to understand ; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds, from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw bay.

The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that, we at length found ourselves at the bridge before I thought we had got half the way; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him.

Mr. Smith left his fellow-traveller at Pine's bridge, to pursue his route alone.

'He was,' says the author, 'afflicted at parting, and offered me a valuable gold watch, as a keepsake, which I refused.'

Major André had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New York militia, who were on a scouting party between the out-posts of the two armies. Instead of immediately producing his pass, which would probably have caused them to let him proceed without further molestation, the major

'Asked where they belonged to. They answered to *below*. Not suspecting deception, he replied; *So do I*; and declaring himself a British officer intreated that he might not be detained, being on pressing business.'

Finding his mistake, he endeavoured to bribe them to compliance by the proffer of his watch;—upon this they commenced a search on his person, and found his papers lodged in his boots; the coat which he had borrowed of Mr. Smith, which was crimson with vellum button holes; and Prussian binding, aggravated the suspiciousness of his appearance; and they conducted the unfortunate prisoner to lieutenant-colonel Jamison who was stationed in the neighbourhood.

'When Major André was brought before him, he passed under the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jamison granted.'

This gave Arnold an opportunity of making his escape, which he had however hardly time to effect, before colonel Hamilton arrived with orders for his arrest. The papers which were found in the pocket-book of Major André

'Were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the

works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of the state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war by the commander in chief.

Thus far the unfortunate André was implicated in the treachery of Arnold; and the name which he feigned and the disguise which he assumed, concurred to strengthen the impression that he was a spy sent by the British to abet the base designs of the American commander. But we do not think that André himself, in the perilous office which he undertook, was actuated by any other impulse than a sense of duty; and when we consider the disgrace which is inseparable from the character of a spy, we lament that a young man of Major André's generous feelings and honourable mind should have hazarded his life in such an inglorious enterprize.

Had not the treachery of Arnold been defeated by the capture of Major André, the consequence would probably have been the ruin of the republican cause in America.

'On the loss of West Point, the troops under Washington would have been exposed, with the remainder of his army, to the united attack of the royal forces by land and water, and general ruin to the American cause must have been the result, as Washington would have been taken with the garrison, a circumstance which appears from his letter to a friend on that occasion, couched in the following terms:—"How far Arnold meant to involve me in the catastrophe of this place, does not appear by any indubitable evidence, and I am rather inclined to think he did not wish to hazard the more important object, by attempting to combine two events, the lesser of which might have marred the greater.'

He goes on to say

'A combination of extraordinary circumstances, an unaccountable depravation of mind in a man of the first abilities, and the virtue of the three militia men threw the adjutant-general of the British forces (with full proof of Arnold's intention) into our hands; but for the egregious folly and bewildered conception of Lieutenant-Colonel Jamison, who seemed lost in astonishment, and not to have known what he was doing, I should have gotten Arnold.'

We cannot too highly commend the frankness and magnanimity which Major André displayed in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. He did not palliate any thing relating to himself; but he scrupulously concealed whatever might criminate others. A court martial was summoned to sit on the affair; and they adjudged that

Major John André ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and to suffer death according to the law and usage of nations. No exertions were left untried by the British interest to prevent the execution of the sentence ; but these were frustrated principally by the artifices of General Green, the president of the court, who is said to have entertained the most inveterate animosity towards Arnold, and who concealed from Washington some of the propositions which were made by the English in order to save the life of the unfortunate captive. When Major André found that no hope was left, he wrote the following letter to General Washington.

‘ Sir,

‘ Tappan, Oct. 1st. 1780.

‘ Buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

‘ Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency, and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

‘ Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's most obedient

And most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRÉ,

Adjutant-general to the British army.

On the morning of the 2d of October this interesting young man was led out to the place of execution. The complacency of his countenance shewed the unaffected dignity of his character and the heroic composure of his mind. The glow of commiserating admiration pervaded the ranks of the American army, and hardly an eye was left without tears.

‘ When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped as if absorbed in reflection ; then quickly turning to the officer next to him, he said, “ What! must I die in this manner ?” Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, “ I am

reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode; it will be but a momentary pang!"

In a letter which Washington wrote to a friend soon after the Major's execution, he says,

'André has met his fate, and with that fortitude which was expected from an accomplished man and a gallant officer; but I am mistaken if Arnold is not undergoing at this moment the torments of a mortal hell.'

Bushrod Washington says of André, that

'possessed of a fine person and an excellent understanding, he united the polish of a court, and the refinements given by education, to the heroism of a soldier.'

Colonel Hamilton, who was aid-de-camp to General Washington, and who was afterwards killed in a duel with Colonel Burr, bestows this eulogy on André:

'To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. His knowledge appeared without ostentation; his sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem as they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite, and insinuating.'

But the most beautiful tribute of esteem that was ever offered to the worth and the genius of Major André is from the pen of Miss Seward, whose animated monody is printed at the end of the volume, and is by far the most elegant portion of the contents. The sweet strains of genuine poetry with which the Muse of Litchfield has so often gratified the public ear, are too well known and too much admired to need our praise. But some parts of this monody on Major André are so highly poetical and so much superior to most of the modern verse which we are condemned to read, that we cannot resist the pleasure of enriching this article with two or three quotations. The opening is finely conceived and highly finished;

'Loud howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
Thy genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
And groans of Anguish, mid the shrieks of War!
Hears the deep curses of the great and brave
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave!

O'er his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
 And throws his *victor-garland to the winds;
 Bids haggard Winter, in her drear sojourn,
 Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn;
 With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
 And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's shrine.
 Bid steel-clad Valour chase his dove-like Pride,
 Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side;
 Where long she sat, and check'd the ardent rein,
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er the embattled plain;
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
 Rais'd her white arm, and stay'd th' uplifted spear;
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,
 And glut with gore th' insatiate dogs of War!—
 With one pale hand the †bloody scroll he rears,
 And bids his nation blot it with her tears;
 And one, extended o'er th' Atlantic wave,
 Points to his ANDRÉ's ignominious grave.

The following eulogy on the moral and intellectual excellence of Major André, leaves all his panegyrists in the shade :

* * * * *

How gaily shone on thy bright morn of youth
 The star of Pleasure, and the sun of Truth?
 Full from their source descended on thy mind
 Each generous virtue, and each taste refin'd
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane.
 Bade thee ask †all his gifts, nor ask in vain;
 Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest
 Of pointed wit, that diamond of the breast;
 Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay;
 And hence thy pencil, and his colours warm,
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm,
 Whose transient glories beam on Beauty's cheek,
 And bid thy glowing ivory breathe and speak.
 Blest pencil! by kind Fate ordained to save,
 HONORA's semblance from || her early grave,

* *Victor-garland*.—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

† *Bloody-scroll*.—The court-martial decree, signed at Tappan for Major André's execution.

‡ *All his gifts*.—Mr. André had conspicuous talents for poetry, music, and painting.

§ *Early grave*.—Miss Honora S—, to whom Mr. André's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consumption a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. André had been dissolved by parental authority.

Oh! while on * JULIA's arm it sweetly smiles,
And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
Fondly she weeps the hand, which form'd the spell,
Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell!

In the following animated lines we discern the warmth of that friendship, the ardour of that benevolence, and the regrets of that sensibility which have from the earliest youth to the present day been enshrined in the mind and heart of the amiable author of this animated monody:

' Dear lost companion! ever constant youth!
That Fate had smil'd propitious on thy Truth!
Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow
Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow!
Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
And Hymen strew'd thy palm with all his flowers;
Drawn to thy roof by Friendship's silver cord,
Each social Joy had brighten'd at thy board;
Science, and soft Affection's blended rays
Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days;
From hour to hour thy taste, with conscious pride,
Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely bride;
Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
Thy fair HONORA's least engaging grace.
Dear lost HONORA! o'er thy early bier
Sorrowing the Muse still sheds her sacred tear!
The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
By zephyrs fann'd, by glist'ring dew-drops fed,
In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.
Oh! when such pairs their kindred spirit find,
When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,
Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
And Fate's dark billow rises o'er the wreck.'

Few lovers were ever more constant than the unfortunate and ill-requited André. The consecrated preference of his heart for Honora was extinguished only with his life. On his first arrival in America Major André was taken prisoner by the enemy, and stripped of every thing except the picture of Honora, which he concealed in his mouth: 'Preserving that,' said he, 'I yet think myself fortunate.'

The letters from Major André to Miss Seward, which

* *Julia's arm.*—Mr. André drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S—, on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the year 1769, one for himself, the other for the author of this poem.

are printed at the end of her monody, evince great sprightliness, sensibility, and elegance.

We have not noticed the account which Mr. Smith has given of his own arrest, captivity, sufferings, and escape, which enter very largely into the ingredients of his narrative. A portrait of Major André is prefixed to the volume; but as we never saw the original we cannot pretend to appreciate the resemblance.

ART. VII.—*Mathematics simplified, and practically illustrated by the Adaption of the principal Problems to the ordinary Purposes of Life; and by a progressive Arrangement applied to the most familiar Objects, in the plainest Terms; together with a complete Essay on the Art of surveying Lands, &c. &c. By Captain Thomas Williamson, Author of the Wild Sports of India. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

THE author professes his book to be designed for two classes of readers; the one, mechanics, to whom a practical knowledge of the mathematics would be serviceable in their occupations, and the other 'such as mean to follow up the study to its fountain-head.' That this book can be serviceable to mechanics, or more serviceable than other previous publications, we are not inclined to think: but for the use of such as mean to proceed in the study of mathematics, we are decidedly of opinion that it is calculated to retard, if not prevent, their future progress.

The first part consists of the constructions of the principal problems in geometry, and two or three of the theorems, with remarks (which the author terms applications) annexed to each; the second part treats of land-surveying (in which he shews the description and use of a new instrument *invented by himself*!), and also of draining, levelling, and planning. From this summary of the contents it will appear that, whether from the contempt in which (for reasons best known to himself), he holds mathematicians, he is resolved not to use words in the same sense as they do, or from some other cause which we venture not to suggest, Captain Williamson does not use the term mathematics to express that comprehensive circle of sciences usually understood by the term, but merely the practical part of geometry.

He sets out in bold contempt of mathematical usage, and in defiance of logical precision, by defining a point, not as

void of parts, but as consisting of *small dimensions*. He seeks to justify this deviation from admitted practice by charging the established definition with being 'too vague for the uninstructed, and contrary to the conviction of *the proficient*.' Here then we find an author complaining of the vagueness of one definition, when he substitutes another, than which nothing can be more vague. What '*proficient*' the author has been in the habit of consulting, to whose conviction the definition is contrary (the phrase is the author's) it would be some satisfaction to know. That the definition in present use is just, we believe that no man knowing any thing of the subject, and possessing moderately clear conceptions, can doubt.

The definitions are given in a stile so indefinite, that a tyro, we think, would be able to give them better at an extemporaneous examination. For instance :

'A rhomboid differs from a rhombus in having its opposite sides and its opposite angles equal ;' 'a *circle* is formed by a line which ultimately, *by its uniform inclination to a circular course*, comes round to the same point ;' 'two lines drawn from the centre of a circle are called an angle.'

If they could hear the redoubtable captain thus parade, Archimedes and Euclid might repose in peace, but Hawney and Ewing, if they were alive, would perhaps prick up their ears.

Of a square he says,

'It is that figure which has four equal sides, and of which all the four corners are right angles ; hence the opposite sides must inevitably be parallel, and each side must be perpendicular to its neighbours.'

Upon this definition we must be allowed to make two remarks, which will apply to numerous passages where the same want of judgment is discernible. First, then, the calling angles corners, is childish, because any man who could not understand the term angle, when it had been clearly defined, (which here, by the bye, it is not) could not be expected to understand the following part of the book. And, secondly, it is injudicious to draw inferences which the reader could not deduce from what has gone before ; and it is still worse to clothe those inferences in such language as implies that he ought to be able to deduce them : we deprecate the result to the student ; if he is industrious, it will be that he wastes his time and labour in the vain endeavour of seeking

for the reasons of those inferences, and becomes disgusted at once with the study, as he is discouraged by believing himself incapable of comprehending what he is expected to comprehend by the author. Several definitions in this book also vary, not only from other authors, but from the meaning afterwards applied to them by Captain W. ; this observation particularly applies to segments of circles, isosceles triangles, parallelograms, &c.

After the definitions follow the geometrical problems, of which our limits will allow us to observe only, that the constructions of the greater part are, as indeed they ought to be, merely compiled ; and those which are not compiled are the very worst we ever met with. They are ill-arranged, they want order and method, and what the captain terms the applications might, in many cases, be transferred from one problem to another, with equal propriety : no information of any value is to be found in them. In this part of the work several theorems are inserted (which the author calls problems) not demonstrated, but explained : to the 47th of Euclid; however, (which he assures us, with as much pomp as ignorance, is 'designated the *pons asinorum*,) he has annexed Euclid's demonstration, which he, no doubt, supposes may be understood by intuition, for on what other principle the reader of an elementary treatise can be supposed to understand the demonstration, without knowing the propositions on which it is founded, we cannot conjecture.

The remaining part of the book treats chiefly of land-surveying, in which there is nothing new but the rejection of the Theodolite and the Gunter's chain, and the substitution of an instrument of the writer's own invention, which he calls 'the standard triangle,' for the one, and a cord of one hundred feet for the other. He has no other complaint against the Theodolite than its cost ; if any thing deserves to be transcribed because it is pre-eminently ridiculous, his reason for rejecting the chain has great pretensions to be presented to our readers :

'My objection arises from the fraction in every link, which though not the least difficulty to a proficient, certainly presents an impediment to the novice, and makes the work rather prolix.—The inventor would, perhaps, have derived considerable satisfaction, (though I felt chagrin and regret,) could he have heard a young man of no despicable understanding, and some education, say, in answer to my question, *whether he understood surveying?* "Oh, no, Sir, that is more than ever I shall be master of; for I do not understand Gunter's scale (chain) and Mr. C— says I never can do without it." page 191.

We have the author's word for it, and we do not see reason to doubt this young man's existence; but although the author has complimented, in print, the young man on his education, and understanding, we earnestly advise him not to be vain upon the strength of these eulogies, since we can assure him that no mathematician will, from this anecdote, admire his intellects nor their improvement: for what must we think of a man, studying mensuration, who *cannot* understand fractions? The very intent of Gunter's chain was to avoid fractions in the reduction of land measures into acres (which is the general design of surveying); and Captain W. may be convinced by turning to the pages of his own book, for we do believe he knows what a fraction is, that his measure of one hundred feet gives a greater number of fractions, and those more difficult than the chain gives. Of his standard triangle (the invention of which no man will dispute with him) it would not be easy to describe the construction and use, without diagrams. It is, however, a paltry instrument, and his mode of taking the sights the most clumsy, and liable to the grossest inaccuracies of any mode we have ever seen, or heard of. He seems to have forgotten that any instrument may be made cheaply, if it consists of inferior materials, and is constructed in a slovenly manner: the surveyor might graduate a Theodolite for himself more easily than one of these triangles; it is the precautions taken to secure accuracy that make the Theodolite, and other instruments expensive. Further, the plummet which he uses as a level, is known to be liable to great objections in practice.

It would be a tedious, as well as an ungrateful task, to point out the vagueness, inaccuracies, and improprieties of the language in '*Mathematics simplified.*' Captain W. does not appear to be in the least sensible of the scrupulous and necessary attention which mathematicians pay to precision of phrase. But these defects of language, however highly to be censured in an elementary book, yet are of less importance than actual errors in fact and principle, which, either through carelessness, or ignorance, he has fallen into; he asserts page 10,

'There cannot be any crooked line whose parts are not parts of circles.'

Page 47 he calls a geometrical, an arithmetical mean proportional: page 108 he gives a general rule for measuring solids, which will be correct for no other solid than a parallelopipedon, and at page 110 he declares similar plane

figures to be to each other as their sides, instead of the squares of their sides.

The plates have by no means so much merit as those in the author's previous and splendid publication, 'The wild Sports of India:' on the contrary, they are executed in a very wretched and confused manner, and there is a long list of *errata*, with respect to the plates which reflects little credit on the artist.

ART. VIII.—*A Standard of the English Constitution, with a retrospective View of historical Occurrences, before and after the Revolution. Inscribed (with permission) to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. By James Ferris, Author of 'Strictures on the Union with Ireland.'* 8vo. 6s. Clappie. 1807.

WITH a noble confidence in the powers of his own mind, though at the same time 'with the greatest deference and respect,' Mr. Ferris, after declaring his conviction that his royal highness the Duke of Kent, 'possesses every requisite that should adorn a mind expanded by general information and critical research,' proceeds to announce that 'therefore he can with safety approach an exalted personage of acknowledged talents, whose name gives lustre to every branch of literature.' [p. iv.] We should be sorry to encounter the degrading opinion which the author must necessarily feel for every one, who received his labors with less indulgence than he expects from the illustrious critic, to whom they are dedicated. His general remarks, called the introduction, are written with a manly spirit, though not in a very pure style; and his hints about unnecessary bloodshed, and encroachments on established constitutions by the overweening ambition of monarchs, are worthy of serious consideration. His historical views are little more than rhapsodical panegyrics on our frame of government. 'Happy island! whose laws have no respect of persons! Even James I. were he now upon the throne, could not grant his favourite a pardon for all manner of treasons, murders, felonies, and outrages whatever already committed, or which should hereafter be committed by him.' 'Happy island, how peculiar is thy lot!' Sometimes, however, his exclamations are worded with a strictness and caution which may alarm weak minds; for instance: 'The habeas corpus is a barrier which the prince can never pass'—we could not

wish for more desirable intelligence; but, softly—something follows—‘*without consent of parliament*; the consent of parliament will never be obtained’—a most consoling promise, after what we have seen consented to, if it were absolute and unreserved, but alas! a limitation is annexed which awakens all our fears, for this consent *may* possibly be granted ‘in the *last extremity*,’ and of that extremity who shall be the judge? Another condition is subjoined in the same sentence, which indeed seems to contemplate an impossible event, and to bring in question what was never doubted before:—the author says ‘*while the representatives are independent*.’ [p. 29.] Were they ever otherwise? There is not a finer passage in the work than the eulogy on the English judges.—‘The subtle arts of pleaders cannot entangle them; the brilliancy of rhetoric cannot dazzle them; the low chicanery of attornies cannot puzzle them, &c. When the *hounas* are at a fault, the *old sportsman* can generally guess *which way the game is gone*—their commission being ‘*quamdiu se bene gesserint*,’ they have nothing to fear by acting uprightly.—The renunciation of the power of the crown over the judges during the present reign incontestibly proves the patriotic disposition of our justly beloved and highly venerated monarch.

‘As much as Englishmen are indebted to a Shaftsbury for the Habeas Corpus Act, much, very much indeed, are they indebted to a North, during whose administration this change in respect to the judges took place in this country.’ p. 35.

We may take this opportunity of correcting a common, but mistaken opinion, that the change in the judges’ commissions from ‘*durante bene placito*’ to ‘*quamdiu se bene gesserint*’ was made, as Mr. Ferris states, in the present reign. In fact, that important constitutional improvement was enacted under William the third, by a statute passed in the twelfth year of his reign. In the first year of his present majesty it was provided by parliament, in consequence of a recommendation from the throne, that the judges’ commissions should not be *vacated by any demise of the crown*. This useful alteration has been often confounded with the far more important one, above mentioned, regulating the tenure, by which the judges held their office. It imposed a wholesome restriction on future sovereigns, but involved no ‘*renunciation of rights during the present reign*.’ We may add too that Englishmen are not indebted for this benefit to a North, but to a Bute, who was minister when the measure was adopted.

ART. IX.—*The Plants, a Poem. Cantos the First and Second, with Notes; and occasional Poems. By William Tighe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 156. Ss. Carpenter. 1808.*

TWO Cantos are here submitted to the public of a poem, which may be concluded in two more. The title of the third part, if completed, will be *THE VINE*; and of the fourth, *THE PALM*. The object of this attempt is not only to bring together the most remarkable circumstances relative to each plant, from which the separate cantos derive their names, and to combine many of the ideas of association which the review of each subject may naturally awaken, but also to consider the *Rose* as the emblem of Love, the *Oak* of Liberty, the *Vine* of Friendship, and the *Palm* of Religion.—Preface.

The first canto opens with an address to love and to the nightingale, in which the poet takes advantage of a beautiful eastern fiction representing that musical bird as the lover of the rose. From considering its various tribes, emblems, and attributes among the eastern nations, he is led to the introduction of the Syrian rose into France in the time of the crusades by a certain Count of Brie, in Champagne, who, planting it in his native place handed it down to posterity under the name of the Provins rose, called by corruption, the rose of Provence. Its various modes of propagation and treatment are next described, and a few verses are devoted to an absurd superstition of the middle ages respecting the palingenesis or resuscitation of the rose from its ashes by the art of alchymy.

The poet then touches on the medical uses of the rose, and introduces the episode of Milto, an Ionian damsel, who, as Ælian informs us, cured herself of a swelling in the neck by an application of rose-leaves, and afterwards became the mistress of the younger Cyrus. Hence he wanders to 'Conserve of roses,' and the 'Essential oil,' in which he supposes Venus to have immersed her favourite Paris after his duel with the injured Spartan. The durability of the perfume thus preserved leads him into reflections on the short-lived fragrance of the flower itself, which are no bad specimen of the general tenor of the versification.

'Far otherwise the tender flowers: they fade,
And lose their languid essence in the air,
E'en on Nerina's love-inspiring breast;
Or, loosely nodding o'er the plaited locks
Of Mira, bending in the brilliant maze
Of animated dance; or waving o'er

The airy robe, in all the negligence
 Of grace, when festive music wakes to joy
 The troubled dream, and lethargy of life,
 For one short hour. How soon, in one short hour,
 Closes the gleam of pleasure, and the dawn
 Of hope! Ye shepherds, in Arcadian vales,
 Cease the light courses of your airy dance;
 And from your arms, and drooping heads let fall
 The rosy bands, which youth for grateful love
 Had twined; fall at the tomb of her, the late
 Companion of your sport, where first your eyes
 Catch the sad scroll, "I too was an Arcadian."*
 So fell from Proserpine o'er Enna's mead
 The blasted flowers, when down the dark descent
 'Gan roll the infernal car. Poor fading flowers!
 How soon you fail, like all we love! emblem
 Of joys you crown'd; when smiles are sunk in woe,
 And mirth's fantastic form dissolves in air.
 The self-same hands that o'er the bridal couch
 Have throng'd to scatter roses, shall return
 To mock with tributary flowers the grave,
 And bind, in weeping wreaths, the urn of death.' p. 28.

We will not quote the ensuing verses which seem to us a little jesuitical; since we cannot be persuaded that any poet sits down to write verses with a firm belief that they will live no longer than a rose.

The remaining part of this canto is principally taken up with a very pretty story of Pliny's relating to Pausias of Siccyon, who took up the art of flower painting from the constant observation of the works of his mistress Glycera who earned her livelihood by weaving chaplets. This story would have been more interesting and more poetical, had it been less dilated.

This detail of the mode in which Mr. Tighe has treated the first part of his subject may serve in a great measure as an example of that which he has used in the second also. Here *freedom* is the allegorical object, as *love* in the other. Of course the British navy comes in for its full tribute of patriotic verse. Enchanted woods, the forest of Arden, and the idolatrous shades of Jewish, Grecian, and Druidical superstition form the subjects of the principal digressions. Dante's celebrated 'Grove of Suicide,' is well imitated, and contrasted with the beautiful retreats of Windsor Forest.

* "Et in Arcadiâ ego," is the inscription on a tomb, in a celebrated picture by Nicholas Poussin, which some Arcadian shepherds are examining with mournful interest.

' Not so thy forests, Windsor, freely wave
 Their luxury of foliage, where secure
 The stag conducts his timid herd, or braves
 The willing combat for the prize of love.
 In careless ease amid thy cool retreats,
 The thrush and ring-dove unmolested court
 The woodman's song, and shepherd's early pipe.
 And if of evil ought within thy bounds
 Can stray, the fairies, from their nightly haunt
 In copse or dell, or round the trunk revered
 Of Herne's moon-silvered oak, shall chase away
 Each fog, each blight, and dedicate to peace
 Thy classic shade. They save from in bred worms
 The pregnant seed ; they watch the tapering germ ;
 And when the cherished sprout above the green
 Shall pierce, they shall salute in frolic dance
 The infant tree, and sing the joyful birth,
 Quaffing in acorn cups the honied dew.' p. 84.

The author wanders from Windsor to the woods of Mississippi and the Apalachian wilds, and then re-crossing the Atlantic, ends his course in his native country.

' Here, on a humble seat, unseen, beneath
 Yon ivied rock, or where the russet thatch
 Shelters an artless hut, let me retrace
 The dream of life ; or, if that dream arouse
 The melancholy train of phantoms doom'd
 To haunt the restless circle, sadly trod
 By human recollection, let me awake
 The genius of the wood ; with him restore
 The memory of lapsed ages ; see the wolf,
 Sole tyrant of the forest, from his lair
 Spring to the chase, and on the heathy rock
 Arrest the panting fawn ; behold again,
 Around the blazing heap, a naked band
 Consume the monstrous elk, by savage wiles
 Ensna'd ; or image scenes, where Danish swords
 Have dy'd the stream in blood ; or where the lone
 And patient Anchorite bath told his beads,
 While yet the woods of Erin could enshroud
 Her thousand saints.—Why, Erin, are thy hills
 Unclad, thy mountains of their robes bereft ?
 Shall the cold breeze, uncheck'd, pour o'er thy plains
 For ever ? has the fiend of discord chased
 Thy ancient Dryads to some peaceful shore
 Remote, and left thee bare and desolate ?
 In vain the British oak shall plough the sea,

Protector of thy liberties, if thou
 Neglect the lenient hand to bind thy wounds.
 'Then may thy happier scenes revive, and all
 Thy sylvan nymphs and deities return,
 The sacred woods above thy rivers bend,
 And grateful harps, upon Lagenian hills,
 Or where the Atlantic or the Northern main
 Swells in the bosom of thy winding bays,
 Record the living Oak ; thy sons, no more
 Clear the dark wilderness of western worlds,
 Or bathe their restless hands in kindred blood ;
 While Commerce shall unfurl her social sails
 To every wind, circling from every sea
 Thy verdant shores secure ; and Fame adorn
 With civic wreathes the guardians of thy peace.' p. 110.

Mr. Tighe's versification, as our readers will perceive from these specimens, is generally smooth and correct, his language pure, and upon the whole poetical ; yet instances not unfrequently occur of defects in all these points which we would advise him to observe and avoid. He is not careful enough about avoiding the recurrence of open vowels, which are faulty in all poetry, but in blank verse (which altogether depends on the extremest nicety of melody) inexcusable.

'And to all
 The empyræal conclave gave new laws.'

Nothing can be more weak than the effect of one verse running into another without any attention to cadence, which however occurs in instances innumerable. It is so in the line just quoted. So also in the following :

'The European plunderers ; not from
 The realms of *Cathay*.' (Cathay)

'Above all low affections and the vile
 Bent of the selfish intellect,' &c. &c.

It is still worse where, in addition, the run of the verse is further impeded by a wrong accent.

'And bristle o'er her tender stem ; emble'ms (émblesms)
 Of varying pain ;
 How soon you fail, like all we love ! emblem
 Of joys you crown'd ;' &c. &c. &c.

The accent of proper names is very often faulty, or at least uncommon, which is, perhaps as bad.

'Of Chàmpagne, or of Meaux, or Burgundy.'

'Their gilt pagodas Chínese matrons rear.'

'The Chínese freely quaffs the air impure.' &c. &c.

Once or twice a line occurs which has not even so much pretension to verse as the proper number of syllables confers.

'A Persian canopy awaits thee : thy charms
Shall bind the captive Cyrus.'

Among the smaller pieces added to the volume, the 'Lines in praise of Coffee,' make us imagine that Mr. Tighe would write in rhyme a great deal better than in blank verse. His sonnets are elegant, and give us a favourable impression of his powers in the alternate stanza. We select the following, with which we shall conclude this article.

'Ah whither fly?—no, not the madrigal
By Amaryllis to the smooth lute sung;
Nor perfumes from her amorous tresses flung,
Amid the enchanted dance; nor giddy hall
With revels mad, and pleasures ever new,
Shifting their fairy guise; nor hunter's horn;
No, nor the grey light of the virgin morn,
That from the wild flower sips the mountain dew,
Delight.—Can happiness her banners wave
O'er this devoted earth!—Then whither fly?
To thy dark shores, unknown eternity,
Lin'd with the trembling phantoms of the grave?
Ah no!—Still clinging to the world, my soul
Aghast thy blackening tide sees onward roll.'

ART. X.—*Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806, with an Account of some of the Greek Islands. By Thomas Macgill. 2 Vols. 12mo. 9s. boards. Murray. 1808.*

THE author in his preface describes himself as having been 'engaged almost constantly in the pursuits of commerce,' and as having had '*in fact no leisure for those of literature.*' We suppose therefore that of the following travels some of the materials may have been furnished by the cursory observations of Mr. Macgill, and that the rest have been supplied by fancy or by books, and thrown into the

present form by some gentleman who has had more leisure for the undertaking than Mr. Macgill. We are led to form this conclusion not from the confession of Mr. Macgill, but from the internal evidence of the work itself, in which we find many relations not very agreeable to truth, and many things described which Mr. Macgill never could have seen except from the benefit of *second sight*, which many of his countrymen are said so abundantly to possess. In the first sentence of his preface Mr. Macgill says, 'With *diffidence* the following sheets are offered to public notice;' but at p.v. he resums a little of his native assurance, and says, 'it is with some degree of *confidence* that these letters are submitted to public view.' The three first letters are chiefly occupied with some account of Venice, and of the distress which has been brought on the more wealthy inhabitants of that once flourishing city by the different exactions of Austria and France. The author likewise describes his visits to Ancona and Loretto. In the fourth letter Mr. Macgill visits Trieste, sails among the Greek islands, lands at Scio, and afterwards travels by land to Smyrna.

As a proof of the profound information in which Mr. Macgill deals, we extract the following :

'The merchants of Trieste are not the most upright characters in the world; many of them are Greeks, who carry on commerce more on speculation than on real capitals.'

If Mr. Macgill had never been at Trieste, he might have given us as exact an account of the merchants of that place or of any other part of the world :

*** 'For several days,' says Mr. Macgill, 'we were on the north-west coast of the Morea, and had Mount Olympus in sight a considerable time.'

Mr. M. must surely have had very telescopic eyes! **** At p. 37, vol. i. Mr. M. says, that 'the Venetians are not bad sailors.' But at p. 46, the author exhibits the following specimen of their seamanship :

'Being in bed,' says he, 'one morning about four o'clock, I heard, the captain, who was a rigid Roman Catholic, come into the cabin, and striking on his breast, called on the Holy Virgin in the most energetic manner, "Santa Maria, Santa Maria, what have I done to merit this treatment? Save me, save me." I looked out of the state-room and asked him, "What was the matter?" "What," cried he, "did you not feel us strike? We shall be on shore presently." I

sprang out of bed and ran to the cabin windows, when I found we were about a quarter of a mile from the land in very deep water, and that the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass, but a gentle counter-current was carrying us along shore, and the captain was afraid of a promontory of land, which was still at a considerable distance.'

Mr. Macgill was, we suppose, employed as a traveller for some mercantile house in Scotland; but if he had been invested with the highest diplomatic character, he could not have been treated with more ceremony and respect than he affects to have received on the following occasion:

'ON MY ARRIVAL AT ZIA, the governor and all the different consuls visited ME, and invited ME in the most cordial manner to partake of every pleasure which the place afforded, during MY stay here. In return for this piece of kindness MY captain' (we have just seen this gentleman, though *no bad sailor*, quaking with fear at the sight of a promontory) 'gave a dinner on board his vessel to *all the first men in the island*.'*** 'Such a day was never seen at Zia.'*** 'In the evening WE accompanied *his Excellency* and suite back to town.'

A little farther on Mr. Macgill tells us that the inhabitants of Zia 'are both filthy and indolent,' and that 'the only decent looking families are those of the Imperial and British consuls.' At p. 49, Mr. M. says that

'as the fair sex in Turkey have not the same *freedom of speech*, which is allowed to females in other countries, they probably use it to keep their jaws in motion.'

This assertion is false, the language vulgar, and the wit contemptible.

Mr. Macgill does not vouch for the following tale, but we suppose the author thought that it contained a piece of drollery that would give a zest to his book:

'An English gentleman who had resided in the Levant for a number of years, usually makes Scio his favourite place of abode on account of the fineness of the air; he is said to indulge himself with an air-bath, by walking *some hours in a state of nudity on the top of a high mountain*.'

At p. 52, Mr. M. says, 'he cannot positively assert that the ladies in the Levant wear the breeches, yet they certainly are decorated with articles of that nature.' At Scio the author asserts that 'the religion is chiefly Roman Catholic;' but had he known more of the matter he would have found the

worship of the Greek church much more prevalent. On the King's birth-day Mr. M. made incontrovertible demonstration of his loyalty, for he gave 'a few bottles of old rum to the crew, who,' though bigoted Catholics, 'invoked all their saints to bless the *favourite of God*, meaning *George the Third*.' Mr. M. also adds, that on this same day as a salute to the *favourite of God*, he let loose a pair of turtle doves, which he had brought from Italy, 'that they might return to land and prosecute their loves at liberty.' At p. 58, 59, we have a frivolous, and we will venture to add, false account of an *umbrella* being purloined from a British by a French consul. At p. 59, Mr. M. corrects our *historical ignorance*, for he says, that 'Elphinstone with the Russian fleet under his command, burnt that of the Turks,' &c. We had always thought that Orloff had commanded this fleet; and so *we think still*.

At p. 62, 3, we have the following attempt at the sensational and picturesque :

'Nothing interrupted the solemn stillness which reigned around, save the notes of Philomel, or the breeze which gently whispered through the boughs of the lofty elm or the gloomy cypress.'

We suppose that Mr. Macgill purchased this well-sugared sentence from the odorous pen of some conceited novelist in Grub-street. At p. 92, Mr. Macgill favours us with a specimen of critical sagacity, and a spice of classical lore :

'A garden is also shewn near Smyrna, called the garden of Homer; but as there are many people of that name here, it is probable that the garden belonged to one of their ancestors, who has been mistaken by posterity for the poet; on the banks of the river *Melicè* (Males) about an hour's ride from the village of Bournabat, is a grotto called, Homer's Grotto, in which it is asserted he wrote his *Iliad*; and from its charming and retired situation it is not impossible he might make use of it as a retreat from society, and from the scorching rays of an ardent sun.'

But a little farther we learn from our consistent and communicative traveller that Homer could not have been much at his ease 'in this charming situation,' for he says, 'the interior is so low that it would be impossible to stand upright in it.' Perhaps the *flatness* of some of Homer's lines may be owing to this cause; we leave this suggestion to be pursued by the philosophical Mr. Macgill. A little lower down, p. 73, the voracious traveller says, 'As the hyenas have of late made a den of this grotto, it is no longer safe to enter it.' Thus then

it appears at last that Mr. Macgill, who does not seem to have been fond of facing wild beasts, had never been into the interior of this grotto; in which he tells us, as if from ocular inspection, that '*it would be impossible to stand upright.*' Mr. Macgill's book is not very deficient in these palpable self-contradictions. Mr. M. tells us that the lower castle of Smyrna is mounted with many pieces of ordnance of an astonishing calibre. He adds, '*I have often crept in and out of them;*' it is very fortunate that no hyenas had fixed their dwelling in these pieces of ordnance, or the world would have lost that fund of *instruction* and *amusement*, which it now possesses in these travels of Mr. Macgill.

In a former part of the Letter V. Mr. Macgill, who is fond of talking about Homer, says,

'This city (Smyrna) boasts of having given birth to Homer; *it is ascertained*, that at one time he had a school here,' &c.

We wish that Mr. Macgill, when he speaks so positively on a disputed fact, would give us his authority; but perhaps this point of Homer's keeping school in Smyrna has been sufficiently *ascertained* by the *ipse dixit* of our traveller.

'After quitting the narrow dirty streets of the city (Smyrna) the ride is uncommonly pleasant over a fine plain, well cultivated and planted in many parts with lime trees, *which have stood several centuries*, but which are still beautiful as well as venerable, and yield fruit abundantly.'

Mr. Macgill does not tell us how he ascertained the age of these trees; but we suppose that he acquired his knowledge of this fact by *as much research* as he ascertained that of Homer the author of the Iliad having been a schoolmaster at Smyrna.

At p. 80, Mr. M. tells us, that if any subject of the Grand Signior

'reveal to the government where a treasure lies concealed, he is sentenced to the bastinado or some other torture, until he confess that he has participated in his discovery.'

Those who are better acquainted with the Turkish government know that this assertion is not true. Besides the story is its own confutation. In p. 83, Mr. M. says, that the Turks '*regard all those who are not of their faith as infidels.*' The Turks are not exclusively noted for this propensity. In p. 84, he says, that the churches of the Greeks '*are protected by Russia;*' and that, where the Jews have

no synagogues, '*they are at liberty to pray in the Turkish mosques.*' We are compelled to give a flat denial to the truth of both these assertions. At p. 106, Mr. Macgill mentions an entertainment which '*was given on board the Braceal fifteen months ago,*' that is, fifteen months before his arrival at that place. But in the next page, Mr. Macgill, whose memory sometimes deserts him, makes himself a party at this feast; that is, to use an Ironicism, in speaking of a Scot, he is *present* in his *absence* at a feast which he describes without having seen, and of which he partakes without having tasted one of the contents :

'All,' says Mr. M. meaning all the preparations for this feast, which was celebrated fifteen months before he had any idea of the matter, '*had the appearance of enchantment; for we had formed no idea whatever of what was going forward on this side; but the excellent fare soon convinced us that it was reality.*' The ladies sat down to supper first and we waited on them; when they had finished they retired to their cabin, and we took their places. The monsieurs were quite electrified; a large ham and an extraordinary round of beef rivetted their eyes, they seemed to say, *no wonder these men fight.*'

This is but a sorry piece of wit, Mr. Macgill; but we suppose that it was the best which your store would furnish on such an occasion, when you were making yourself one of the heroes of a scene which you never saw, and astonishing the monsieurs by eating large slices of beef and ham, fifteen months after they had been consumed.

If we may believe Mr. M. he enjoyed abundance of good cheer at Smyrna; so much indeed that we wonder how he could ever prevail on himself to leave the place, if we had not recollected that he could not otherwise have shone in the hemisphere of authorship at London and Edinburgh. Mr. Macgill informs us, p. 114, '*that fishing at night is very amusing, and much more destructive.*' He was concerned in several nocturnal fishing excursions, in which he seems to have had some marvellous escapes from the predatory incursions of the Turks.

'We have more than once been fired at,' says he, '*in the night, but from the darkness never could ascertain by whom; but on hearing the ball whiz through the air, we could judge in what direction it came, and always returned the favour.*'

Page 117, we learn that in the Greek islands, the men are all inclined to be thieves, that '*many of them are actually*'

pirates, and *being Greeks are destitute both of faith and humanity.*' Our classical partialities will not suffer us to let this pass without animadversion.—What would Mr. Macgill think of our moderation if we were to say that *being a Scot*, he was destitute both of candour and veracity? P. 120, Mr. M. says that the Turks dread the yellow-fever much more than the plague, and with far greater reason, as the plague can be communicated only by *contact*; whereas the former taints the air.—At p. 121, he says that in times when the plague prevails, some simple and effectual precautions are adopted by the Christians. Among these he tells us that '*if bread is bought, it must be hot*;' but the truth is that it must be cold; as the first furnishes a much more ready vehicle for propagating contagion than the last.

At p. 125, we have the following account of the stork; which, making due allowances for Mr. Macgill's propensity to exaggeration, is not uninteresting.

'The stork, which abounds in Turkey, destroys the locusts in great quantities; these birds are great favourites with the Mahomans; they build their nests in the roofs of their houses, or on high trees in the neighbourhood of their villages, where they remain quite tame, and free from molestation; they live upon vermin, and reptiles, and destroy snakes innumerable. In shape and size they resemble the heron; the legs and the beak are red and very long, the body and neck pure white, and the wings jet black; notwithstanding this they appear very ugly birds. They pay an annual visit to Turkey; they arrive in vast numbers about the middle of March, and always in the night: they arrange their progress very systematically: they send forward their scouts, who make their appearance a day or two before the grand army, and then return to give in their report, after which the whole body advances, and on its passage leaves, during the night, its detachments to garrison the different towns and villages on their way. Early in October, they take their departure in the same manner, so that no one can tell from whence they come, or whither they go. They are known in the night time to leave all the villages, and have been seen in the air like immense clouds: they leave none behind but those who, from infirmity or accident, are unable to fly. A person who, at the season of their departure, was in the habit of coming from the interior, told me, that, on his journey the year preceding, he had seen thousands and hundreds of thousands of them near the banks of a river, and that they annually assemble there, and when the general sees that his whole army is collected, he at a given moment sets them in motion, leaving a detachment, no doubt, to bring up the stragglers.

In Letter X. Mr. Macgill proceeds on his journey from

Smyrna to Constantinople, during which he dolefully relates how 'he experienced what it was to be out of Great Britain.' At Magnesia, Mr. M. was taken ill, and could obtain no medical assistant except one, *the smell of whom*, as he tells us, *made him sick*. At p. 132, Mr. Macgill gives the following instance of the vigilant police, which is observed in Axarra under the administration of Karosman Oglu.

'A cotton factor, when at a distance from any of the coffee, or guard houses, was overtaken by sleep, and tying his horse to a tree, lay down under its shade, to indulge himself in a nap. When he awoke, his horse, and the riches which he carried with him, were gone: application was made to the prince, who at that time chanced to be at no great distance from the spot where the theft was committed. He severely reprimanded the factor for his carelessness in lying down to sleep in so exposed a situation, when he might have gone on to a coffee-house. The factor's answer pleased the prince, and evinced the general confidence which was placed in his administration.—'Who would be afraid to sleep where Karosman Oglu governs?' He was ordered back to the tree under which he had taken his nap, to lodge for another night. In the morning, when he awoke, he found to his astonishment a man hung upon the tree, and his horse and property in the state he had left them when he went to sleep the first time.'

Mr. Macgill tells us, p. 135, that '*Axarra is something of a city*,' and that '*it ought always to be laid down as a rule in travelling in this country to follow the guide*.'

In Letter XI. we again find Mr. M. at Smyrna, and preparing to set off on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus.—At the time of his departure, Mr. M. affects the soft lullaby of melting prose.—'*A gentle zephyr bore away on its wings the sultry particles of a southern wind*.'

There is something pretty in the following relation, which we quote as we are friendly to the principle which it inculcates; and wish that the same benevolent sympathy which seems to animate the Turk in this instance were more operative in the bosom of the Christian.

'Near this hut we saw an old camel who was passing the evening of her days in plenty and tranquillity; for it is a humane principle of the Turks, that *an old servant ought never to be deserted when age or sickness has disabled him from being any farther useful*. Here she lay basking in the sun's rays, beside a plentiful fountain, or browsing in the verdant shade, as fancy or appetite dictated, whilst the children of the village playing around her, are taught by parents called savage, to be grateful for past services, and to respect and venerate old age.'

At Ephesus, where we find Mr. Macgill in Letter XII, he gravely tells us that '*no traces are to be seen of Demetrius the silversmith, nor of any of his fellows, who served the Great Diana of the Ephesians with shrines.*'—Mr. Macgill sometimes affects the sublime; and seems on these occasions to be no mean adept in the art of *sinking in prose*.

'The morning appeared clad in sable, and clouds full of rain topped the surrounding mountains; but long ere the lazy god of day arose in the east, the youthful prince paid us a visit in our hovel, preceded by a savage band, one of whom *carrying a golden axe*, demonstrative of his despotic power, paraded before him.—We proposed coffee to his *royal highness*, but he preferred a *tumbler of rum*, which he drank off with great relish.'

Mr. Macgill intends the following, as we suppose, to convince us that he has read the book of Ecclesiastes.

'A gleam of sunshine fell upon the prince, which a hasty cloud soon threw on the ruins of Ephesus, while the distant thunder seemed to murmur, *is not all vanity?*'

In Letter XIV. we again meet with our traveller at Constantinople, where he tells us that he found the company at the different ambassadors '*so ceremonious and insipid that he DECLINED attending them.*' We are dubious whether he ever had an opportunity of declining the *ceremonious insipidity* of diplomatic hospitality.—But yet Mr. Macgill informs us in Letter XV. p. 189, that '*several of the ambassadors here are very respectable men;*' a little lower, however, he says that these respectable men have carried on a trade in protections, by which they made more than by their appointments.

In Letter XVII. p. 208, Mr. Macgill displays his geographical knowledge, and informs us that Taganrock is situated nearly at the mouth of two rich rivers, namely, the Don and the Volga. But it happens unfortunately for the accuracy of our traveller's statement that the mouth of the Volga is in the Caspian, and that of the Don in that part of the Black sea, which is called the sea of Azoph.

In Letter XVIII. Mr. Macgill in describing the state of society at Taganrock, he favours us, among other things, with the following description of the Russian baths, which, if it be correct, we recommend to the animadversion of the society for the suppression of vice.

'In these baths, that is to say, in the warm ones, both sexes meet promiscuously in a state of nature, and after washing, and no doubt admiring one another a considerable time, they plunge into cold water, &c.'

In Letter XIX. Mr. M. proceeds from Taganrock to Edessa; in the next we have a description of this flourishing town. In Letter XXI. he embarks for Constantinople, and in Letter XXII. he gives a rather interesting account of the commerce of that metropolis.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with a description of the Turkish capital. In this volume as in the former, we have discovered misrepresentations and mistakes. Mr. Macgill has often copied from Eton, and Eton is not an infallible authority. If Mr. Macgill had consulted the more faithful account of the Turkish government, institutions, manners and customs to which he might have had access in the excellent work of Mr. Thornton, he might have corrected many errors into which his ignorance or his haste has caused him to fall.—Mr. Macgill has collected some interesting information, and has brought together some amusing particulars, but the true and false, that which is credible and that which deserves no credit, have been so blended together, that we should think ourselves deficient in our duty to the public if we had passed them over without reproof. Consistency and truth are indispensable requisites in the narrative either of the traveller or historian.

In Letter XXIII. vol. ii. Mr. Macgill says that he had been present at Constantinople at the audience which Lord Elgin had of the Sultan, when the ceremony of paying the janizaries was performed. On this occasion the author says, that

'This farce continued *some hours*, when his lordship, with just indignation declared that, *if it was not concluded immediately he would return home.*'

On the first perusal of this we were convinced that this statement was erroneous; and we were at least certain that neither Lord Elgin nor any other British ambassador would offer such a deliberate insult to the usages, however trivial or tedious, of a foreign court.—We have since seen a gentleman who was *actually* present when Lord Elgin had his first audience of the Sublime Porte, and he informs us that Mr. Macgill has here related what never happened. The praise of *accurate description* cannot be bestowed on the following passage:

'Each infidel,' meaning the ambassador, and his attendants, 'was adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence; in this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.'

A dreadful fit of nausea seized us, as we cast our eyes over the following sentence, which Mr. Macgill no doubt thought indescribably fine, but which to our taste possesses all the properties of the most drastic vomit :

'The moon shone bright, and cast a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress, the most death-like stillness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion, for the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.'

When our readers after passing the night in a brilliant assembly of fashionables and dancing themselves off their legs, wish to have their exhausted sensibility excited, we advise them to take a row on the Thames till the oar beats in agreeable cadence to their breast.

Page 19, vol. ii, we are told that '*the slaves in Turkey are healthy and good looking*;' from which we should suppose that slavery improves the health and the look of slaves; at p. 26, he says that '*the Turkish ladies have fine teeth, as they eat nothing which can injure them*;' he should have added except fish, flesh, fowl, and abundance of sweet meats. At p. 42, we read that

'It is a custom with the Turks, when a prince or great personage dies, for their attendants, immediately upon the event, to beat the physicians and surgeons out of the house.'

At p. 44, we are told that on the funeral procession of a Sultan, the bier is supported by the Muftis, *each one lending only the point of his forefinger.* Mr. Macgill seems fond of talking nonsense about the oar, after mentioning the practice of the young Franks, or Greeks serenading their mistresses from their barges, he says,

'The instruments played on by these lovers, are the lyre, the lute, the guitar, the violin, and the hautboys; at intervals the voice is emphatically introduced, to which the *beat of the oars forms a fine cadence.*'

Mr. Macgill, like many modern writers sometimes en-

deavours to be *fine*, by expressing a common-place thought in a very *sentimental* way ; thus when he is going about his business he says,

'We found that the shadows were lengthened and prepared to depart.' *** 'As a continuation of our excursion we have been visiting Kakhana or the sweet water.'

This is not KAK-hana but Kiaghut-hana, or the paper manufactory. Mr. Macgill would almost make us believe that he has been favoured above other Europeans with a knowledge of the interior œconomy of the seraglio.

'The throwing of the handkerchief probably originated in the belief that the Sultan throws one to the lady he chuses to select; but I have been assured *even by those who had access to the HARAM*, that this is a great error.'

From the account, which Mr. Macgill gives of the process of purification which he underwent at the Turkish bath, we should suppose that he had never been thoroughly washed before since he was born. He says that he was rubbed down with a hair cloth like what is used for cleaning horses ; that '*a sort of calcareous matter in incredible quantities*' was drawn from his skin ; and that '*the substance came off in rolls as thick as macaroni*.' We do not believe that this resemblance would have occurred to any other person but Mr. Macgill ; we quote it as a tolerable specimen both of his delicacy and his taste.

Mr. M. says p. 108, that the Turkish females indulge in the bath to such excess, that '*their flesh appears as if it were falling from their bones*.' We do not believe this. Speaking of two antient obelisks of granite, in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, he says that

'The pedestals of both of are white marble, and have been finely wrought in relief, but these the barbarians have mutilated in a terrible manner, and *the inscriptions are totally obliterated*.'

They were legible in 1803 ; and there is little doubt but so they still remain.

In the XXXVth letter, we find Mr. M. visiting the tomb of Achilles and the Troad, where he tells us, as a piece of interesting and *appropriate* information, that '*he procured a basket of cherries and a sallad on which he dined*.'

We shall now close our observations on the volumes of Mr. Macgill. They will no doubt be considered as amusing by

those who read only to *kill time*; but they will not satisfy the desire of those who require solidity of information, correctness of judgment, or simplicity of style.

ART. XI.—*Sketches of Character, or Specimens of real Life.*
3 Vols. Longman. 1808.

THE author tells us that

‘To give a genuine colouring to his *Sketches*, he has borrowed much from living originals, and many of the scenes represented are taken from real life; yet as personality was not his object, he has taken care, so to disguise his characters, by name, rank, &c. that the originals need be under little apprehension of being exposed; nor is his general satire to be affixed to any but those whom the cap fits.’

The novel itself is on the whole a very spirited and natural performance; the dialogues and conversations are given with much freedom and elegance; and the characters in general are excessively well designed and executed. The story in itself is very trifling and claims little merit; but, such as it is, is well told. Amongst a number of curious and entertaining scenes we have a good description of a table d’hôte, which we will extract:

‘Temple was punctual to the dinner hour, and as the company took their seats according to the time of their coming to the house, he found he could not obtain a place next Emily, but endeavoured to get as nearly opposite as he could.

“First come, first served, Sir,” said Mrs. Hancock, seating herself above him, “I came isterday, so here I squats; ’tis in the rules, and ’tis vell there *be* rules, else we should be all at sixes and sevens, higgledy, piggledy: not but what ’tis all as good this hind of the table as the t’other—every bit—and I see summut as I d’love—b’il’d pourk and pease pudd’n—and please the pigs I’ll have some.”—“She’ll please herself for once then,” said Mr. Armstrong, “Monsieur St. Foix, what soup is that, pray?”—“Indeed, it look noting I can very much recommend.”—“It’s veal, Sir,” said Mrs. Snelgrove; “a knuckle of veal boil’d down.”—“It looks as if dere was too much made of it.”—“So it do, Sir,” cried Mrs. Hancock, “and I take it, Monsieur Count, ’tis what you call soup meager, eh?”—“Pardon, madam, dat is quite anoder ting.”—“Now, Sir, if it bain’t taking too great a liberty, might I ask, whether you ever eat a frog? ’cause I’ve heard tell such stories of fricassees in your country, of cats and mice, and all sorts of varmints, tuods and frogs, and what not, that for my part, I could never bring myself to think

'twas all true—so I should like to know for sartin—hope no offence, Sir.”—“Madam, you be very misinformed; we eat no sush tings, and *au contraire*, should consider it a breach of good breeding to talk of sush *varmint*s at dinner.”—“Vell, now, I thought as 'twasnt true, though my sister Grimshaw, ou'd 'sist upon it as 'twas—fegs! there's a thief in the can'le,” continued Mrs. Hancock, taking a pin from her side to remedy the defect; “and now, neybour Temple, hand my plate for some more pourk—near the handle, please, 'cause 'tain't done in the middle.—Oh, law, you put your thumb in my mustard—never mind—Oh, you ha'nt—now for some pudd'n—there—that's vell.”—“Is there no such thing as a made dish of any kind that's fit to eat,” said Mr. Armstrong, with a distressed countenance, looking round the table; “Mr. Temple, I'll beg the favour, Sir, of knowing what is under that cover by you.”—“A custard-pudding, Sir.”—“Law, Squire T.” cried Mrs. Hancock, “the gentleman don't mean that there kiver—'tis this'n—law, and if it bain't hog's-pudd'n!—wish I'd know'd it afore; 'vever, I must have some present—Mr. Armstrong, ou'd'e like some hog's-pudu'n?”—“Hog's pudding, Madam!”—“And a very good thing,” observed Sir Edward, “when 'tis hot.”—“Ah, Sir, but that looks quite cold,” said Mrs. Cottle, taking up a cover, “Mercy, mercy, here are sheep's hearts.”—“Ah, nasty!” exclaimed Mrs. Snelgrove. “And here's a mammock of a hash,” said Mr. Armstrong; but, added he, whispering to Miss Snelgrove, “they'll never catch me, at a boarding-table, eating hashes, or bread puddings, and I can hardly bring myself to a soup since the invention of digesters. I warrant there's one in this house. I vow there's n-thing I can see fit to eat.”—“Why, Mr. Armstrong,” said Mrs. Wheeler, (the hostess) timidly, “you've nothing on your plate.”—“No, nor likely to, Ma'am.”—“Dear me, Sir, I'm sorry there's nothing you can fancy.”—“There's plenty, too,” observed Mrs. Webb, who was contentedly feasting on boiled tripe.

“There's too much dinner to-day,” said Sir Edward, in a friendly tone to Mrs. Wheeler.—“less of it, and better of the sort another time, my good lady.”—“Quality, not quantity for me,” squeaked Mrs. Cottle. “The boiled things are raw, and the roast are as dry as a stick,” said Mr. Armstrong; “do let us have some of that pork fried.”—“Yes, sure, Sir,”—“That's a waste, too,” said Sir Edward. “And do tell the cook,” continued Mr. Armstrong, “to pepper it well.”—“Let there be a piece for me,” added Mrs. Hancock, “without any pepper; 'ton't do for my cough—though I be fond of spices, they bain't fond of me—for I be but a poor body for health, though I look so rumbustious—I was bad enough o'conscience isterday evening; I was bad in my bowels, Sir, and a'ter I went to bed I grew wus and wus; I thought I should have died in the night: 'tis going about they tell me—and here I'm come to Bath,” continued she, sucking a chicken bone, “to have my bad leg pump't upon.—Did you call for bread, neybour Temple—here, you shall have mine. I ha'nt bit it—come I'll have the crust and you shall have the peth—excuse my paws,

hands were made afore knives and forks—if you bain't going to drink no more of that there beer, I'll thank'e for't—one good turn deserves another you know—there's just enough for me now, and by'n by I'll have a good swig a'ter my cheese—why neighbour you don't eat—I must have some more pa'sly and butter—not over my bacon, squire—'tisn't 'il'd, is it? ah 'is, what a pity; it quite spiles one's dinner. What nice looking potatoes these be;" continued she cutting one in half with her knife—"Law it grates against the steel—they bain't done—stick your fork in some cabbage for me, will'e, squire; that's vel." "Here's the fried pork, Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Wheeler. "Ah now, this looks well," said he, helping himself plentifully—"there's some sense in this—will any lady like some?—it's very well season'd. What say you, Miss o'Connor?" said Mr. Dixon, briskly stretching across the table to reach her plate, "allow me to anticipate your wishes"—"Ah," cried Mrs. Hancock, "she do look as if she wanted summut, poor young lady—with a hempty plate afore her."—"Sir Edward won't you take some?"—said Mr. Armstrong, helping himself again, and continuing to eat voraciously with his head down to his plate. "Vell, if Miss on't, nor Sir Edward, nor nobody, I vill—dy'e hear Mr. Armstrong—I'll take a mouthful of your fry, Sir, I'll help'e to hempt the dish if you bain't going to heat it all—thank'e, Sir,—Oh, ga!" cried Mrs. Hancock, with a wry face, "it tastes as if a drop o' taller had fell upon it."—"Damn it, madam," exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, in a rage, "you turn every body sick."—"Don't cuss at me, Sir," "I did'nt, ma'am." "Oh, don't you say so," continued Mrs. Hancock, shaking her fore-finger at him, "for you *know* you did."—"Well there's enough said," replied Mr. Armstrong, sending away his plate. "There's a forfeit for you, Sir," said Mrs. Cottle, "for speaking a bad word, before the ladies have left the table."—"So there is" cried Mrs. Hancock " 'tis the fist—and the gentlemen bain't to smoke neither, which I am glad of, for I can't abide the smell of bacca," &c. &c.'

Our readers may no doubt think that we have given them a very sufficient specimen of an English table d'hôte, and will bid adieu to the volubly vulgar Mrs. Hancock, without much regret. But as a little fashionable conversation may be a good contrast we will select that which may be stiled a specimen of quizzing:

'Lady Aucherly perceived another gentleman, who was unknown to her: his appearance and physiognomy were by no means prepossessing; concluding it was Lord Dalzell, she endeavoured to look on him with complacency, but finding him to be a Mr. Whittington, she now saw him as he really was, a conceited, well made, well dressed little man, with a smart face, neatly trimmed whiskers, pert eyes and a prominent chin. On being introduced he made her ladyship *five or six* short, quick, successive bows, and accompanied his conversation with the same species of respect.

"A little coxcomb," whispered Miss Smith-Bouverie to Maria—"I can't bear him, he's so conceited—and so much pride"&c.——

"What unfortunate devil's this you're abusing?" enquired Lord J. Bently. "A certain coxcomical little gentleman you've just been talking with."—"Oh, Whittington?—the most ridiculous puppy I ever knew—I love to quiz him—here, Whittington—these ladies have been admiring your figure—I mean your seals—you've a dozen haven't you—they're very handsome—and your buckles are extremely elegant indeed." Mr. Whittington made his bows.

"Lord John seems a judge of these matters," said Maria. "Yes, but on Whittington I'm sure to see whatever is elegant—I can't err in praising his taste." Mr. Whittington repeated his bows. "Look how he bows—ha! ha!—he gives us a *feu de joie* of them, ha! heh! heh!"

Mr. Whittington joined in the laugh, "you're very facetious Lord John." "Well, but Mr. Whittington," said Miss S. Bouverie, who enjoyed quizzing him, "how could you be so extravagant in such baubles; only consider what good you might have done with the money—now how much better it would have been to have given it to the church-wardens of your parish for the benefit of the poor—what self-approbation that would have secured you."—"To say nothing," added Lord John "of having your name stuck up in the church with an inscription in gold letters, informing all the congregation, that a worthy Mr. Whittington gave five pounds per annum to the poor of the parish *for ever*."—"I must take your advice another time," said Whittington; "look who have we here?" Mr. Mansel and his feline lady—he'll be jealous of you, Whittington. "How so?"—"How so? Why the devil, can you deny that you've not a partiality for cats, ha! ha! ha! you're a descendant I think of the famous Lord Mayor of Bow Bell memory—let me inspect your arms—ah—yes—a *chevron or between three cats rampant proper*.—I told you so, Miss St. Clair." "I assure you," said Whittington, "they are leopards heads,"—"a modern alteration—the feline species is preserved—the crest is very evident a kitten *saltant*, ha! heh! heh!—mind, when you are ennobled, take an African King and Queen for supporters, and for your motto, "*a Cat may look at a King*," ha! heh! heh! we shall presently see what good friends you and Mrs. Mansell will be—you'll help her to all the dainties; perhaps she'd like a devilled mouse, suppose you run into the stable and catch one—&c. &c."

Our readers in fashionable life will allow this to be a very fair specimen in the art of quizzing *before dinner*. We will also give another specimen of the talents of our author in conversation:

"I wonder," continued Mrs. St. Clair, "it did'nt occur to Mrs. Smith Bouverie, that she must appear absurd with an artificial

flower stuck upon a diamond bandeau.—There are certain classes of ornament which should never be confounded—but some people never consult taste.

“Or propriety,” said lady Aucherly, referring by a side look at some young ladies in mourning, “their mother, Lady Vassal, has not been dead more than a month.”—“Ah, great want of judgment,” returned Mrs. St. Clair, “to be so soon at a ball—and dancing too!”

“Their dress,” added lady Aucherly, “betrays as much want of feeling.—Whimsical mourning, glittering with black bugles, seems rather to celebrate than mourn the event.”

“I’ve been often diverted,”—said Mrs. St. Clair, “at a funeral sermon, to see a set of mourning bonnets, decorated with black crape roses, merrily vibrating with the grief of their wearers.”—&c.—“How graceful the divine Vavasour is to night!” said lady Aucherly, “would any one suppose that affected pair of eyes were ever employed on a page of divinity!” A reverend top! returned Mrs. St. Clair, “I guess his graces are more conspicuous here, than in the pulpit.—Those Miss Percivals would do well to take lessons of him, I never saw girls so deficient in elegance of manners—and who because it happens to be the fashion to expose beautiful Grecian forms, imagine it to be equally fashionable to shew all the world their poor skinny long arms, with inoculation marks and boney elbows. In short,” returned Mrs. St. Clair “there’s nothing so absurd as blindly following a fashion which exposes personal defects.”—“Their mother,” continued lady Aucherly, “is still more ridiculous, exhibiting that old bosom of hers, with rows of pearl reposing between her brown wrinkles.” Ha! ha! ha! it’s too bad—and twelve Cæsars hanging round her neck—her whole figure seems spotted with cameos—I don’t condemn her rouge—that’s allowable—it improves her musty complexion; but her flaxen wig is truly comic——.”

Amongst the various characters described we have a colonel’s lady, who is soldier-mad—a Lady Aucherly, who is eminent for her elegance of manners and refined dissimulation—fashionable Bond-street loungers, and quizzing men of quality.

ART. XII.—*A Vindication of the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching, in a Letter to a Barrister, occasioned by the first Parts of his Hints to the Public and the Legislature, with a Postscript containing Strictures on his second Part. By John Styles. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Smith and Williams. 1808.*

IS this the worthy Mr. Styles, who so very lately practised that ‘pious fraud,’ of gulling the unwary, by adver-

tising himself and his 'Essay on the Stage,' by means of hand-bills posted about London, and throughout the country addressed 'to the admirers of the stage;' and who artfully secreted the name of the publishers of his book, lest the well known methodist shop, from which it issued, should lead to detection? Thus this upright gentleman endeavoured to sell his vapid phillipic against dramatic amusements, by duping every passing reader of his hand-bills to believe that the subject was so treated, as to be acceptable to the admirers of theatrical exhibitions. When this trading preacher pocketed the purchase money he no doubt laugh'd in his *evangelical* sleeve at the success of the imposition.

Is this that same worthy plagiarist Mr. Styles who gave such early proofs of his honesty, that at the appearance of his very first production, 'the Novel of Miranda,' he found it necessary to preface it, even at that time of day, by a vindication defending it from the charge of being, what he tells us it had been 'insolently, and ignorantly termed, a gull upon the public?' From the above specimen of the integrity of his riper years, we should judge that the charge of gulling the public, was not brought against him without reason.

A work more shamefully replete with virulent personalities, than the present we never remember to have witnessed. The worthy Mr. Styles is manifestly both low-born, and low-bred: vulgarity is his native element, and he is not able to move out of it. In the present instance, he comes forward as a defender of evangelical religion,—the cant term for calvinistic methodism; and in this character he has pilfered from the stalest writers in behalf of the scheme of calvinism, what has been copied again and again, vamped up, and retailed till the ear is disgusted with the fulsome repetition! But all this farrago of ignorance and dullness is pressed again into the service, and proffered to the ignorant as an answer to the 'Hints' of the barrister? and the entire want of reason and of argument is made up by a plenitude of foul-mouthed scurrility which would better become the mouth of a hired bully, than any thing in the shape of a public preacher.

The true state of the case is, that the *evangelical* host are in great alarm. They find that the vitiating tendencies of those false doctrines with which they have so long duped the ignorant, while they have enriched themselves, are so clearly exposed, and so pointedly reprobated by the barrister, that the secret schemes of spiritual pride, and secular selfishness which they had, so long and so closely planned have been laid bare!—They are conscious that this has created in the minds of a vast body of serious and reflective persons of

every class throughout the kingdom, the most anxious apprehensions for the safety of the establishment which was instituted for the express preservation of *moral order*, and *moral virtue* in the nation. The leaders of the *new spiritual power* in the state, as they have been justly termed, seem to stand aghast at beholding themselves and their proceedings thus suddenly and unexpectedly exposed! They feel it to be of the last importance that something should be said to soften this discovery, to calm the fears which it has excited. Their followers had it seems many of them, even in the lowest classes too much plain sense and moral worth to be the dupes of their interested leaders, when the fatal path which they were unconsciously treading was placed before their eyes. There have been, we are well informed, many recent separations from the sect, and the fears from this cause increase daily. This makes these new spiritual priests use a tenfold vigilance to keep up the delusion; no art, no effort, no stratagem is left unemployed to keep the bandage round the eyes of the credulous flock. The writer of the 'Hints,' is classed with the worst of infidels, the work itself is kept with the utmost care out of the Calvinistic circle; their own reviews are set to work to vilify it with every term of abuse, and to cry up and circulate every thing in the shape of 'an answer.' But every other review in the republic of letters is consigned to reprobation for the share of attention which they have shewn, and the importance which they have assigned to it. 'The reviewers,' says this worthy scribe; 'are implicated in the same guilt, and their critique on this pamphlet (the Hints) proves with what avidity they snatch at every opportunity to evince their enmity to the gospel of Christ!' But this venom of detected hypocrisy will vent itself in vain. We shall ever, we trust, in common with all our fellow-labourers in the field of literature, be found at our post. In the exercise of our literary and moral superintendence, we shall remit no exertion to prevent the propagation of errors which tend to bring truth, honesty, and every virtue into disrepute. We have most assiduously laboured, and no consideration upon earth shall prevent us from labouring to rescue the deluded multitude from the fangs of methodistic fanaticism and imposture.—

Such rancour and fierceness as this man exhibits in every page we have never seen equalled. The terms 'Assassin,' 'dagger,' 'dirk,' 'stiletto,' seem so familiar to his pen, that his language sounds to our ear more like a meditation upon murder, than a vindication of evangelical religion.

We learn that Mr. Styles has lately found it convenient

to move from the Isle of Wight, where he had to pay dearly for slanderously vilifying a clergyman of the establishment, and that he is gone to try how far methodism can be *turned to account*, at *Brighton*. But alas, we fear that the trade is rather dull *there*; and that he

‘inly murmuring miserably groans
To see the empty dish, and hear the sounding bones.’

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 13.—*The Legislature alarmed, and the Barrister unmasked, occasioned by the Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effects of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister. Part the Second. By Vigil. 8vo. 1s. Williams and Smith.*

WE have heard of thieves, who, when closely pursued, have turned upon their pursuer, and charged him with the robbery. The same species of manœuvre has been practised upon the barrister, by those persons who have come forward to reply to the statements which he has laid before the public of the principles, and the progress of what he justly denominates ‘the new SPIRITUAL POWER.’ They feel it impossible to evade the force of his charges, and they perceive the impression which his Hints are calculated to produce upon the public mind, and as their only possible way of escape, they turn upon their assailant, and with hardened effrontery, charge *him* with being the enemy of Christianity and hostile to the established church. But the trick is too stale to impose on any man who has the good fortune to retain the use of his understanding. VIGIL seems to have written the pamphlet before us for the mere purpose of advertising the *title* prefixed to it, which seems intended like the pamphlet itself, to convey as much slander as could conveniently be foisted into it. For a single *argument*, or a single sentence of any kind, to the purpose, we have looked in vain. The barrister is associated with Tom Paine, ‘the GODDESS OF REASON, imported from the French revolutionists, must be adored at *his* imperial mandate,’ he has ‘a predilection for *popery*,’ he is smiting the present administration through the sides of the HIBERNIAN SOCIETY; ‘he appears to be an infidel,’ ‘his mind seems as callous as a millstone,’ ‘though he speaks fairly, yet the poison of ass is under

his lips,' after all this, and much more of the same stamp, which sets truth, and decency alike at defiance, the writer comes to a close *very curiously and very consistently*, in the words following.

'I conclude intreating this *advocate* for GOOD WORKS to lay aside his weapons of malice, and to unite *with me* in those excellent collects of our national church used on *quingagesima*, and the fifth sunday after trinity. 'O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without *charity*, are nothing worth; send thy holy ghost, and pour into our hearts *that most excellent gift of CHARITY*, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is *counted dead* before thee, grant this for thine only son Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.'

We fear this malignant methodist whoever he is, must for the present be *counted dead*, on the score of *charity*, and as to *his doings*, as far as we can judge of them from the performance before us they certainly 'are nothing worth.'

ART. 14.—*An Essay on future Punishment. By R. Wright. 8d. D. Eaton, 187, High Holborn. 1808.*

MR. Wright is the author of numerous publications which are well adapted to promote the best interests of rational Christianity. The present performance tends to rescue the great attribute of the **MERCY** of the Deity from reproach, and to make an impression on those who peruse it with attention that must be favourable to their progressive advances in unsophisticated piety.

ART. 15.—*The Office of Reason in Religion. By John Clarke, DD. Minister of the first Church in Boston, Massachusetts, and Author of the Answer to a Question: Why are you a Christian? 12mo. 3d. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.*

IN this little work the necessity of employing reason in the interpretation of the scriptures and in the province of faith is shown with much force of argument and perspicuity of illustration.

ART. 16.—*Essay on the Nature and Discipline of a Christian Church. By R. Wright. 3d. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.*

THIS is a very sensible and judicious little tract and merits extensive circulation.

ART. 17.—*Divine and Moral Precepts, for the Conduct of a Christian towards God and Man. By John Hamond: supposed to have been the Father of Dr. Henry Hamond, author of the celebrated Annotations on the New Testament and other learned Works. And written for the instruction of his Grandson. Published by the Rev John Plumtree. Prebendary of Worcester. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1808.*

MR. Plumtree informs us that he lately met with the MSS. from which this little work is printed in Worcestershire, where the amiable, temperate, and judicious theologian Dr. Henry Hamond passed

the latter years of his life. The father of this Dr. Henry Hamond was Dr. John Hamond, physician to Henry, prince of Wales son of James the first. Mr. Plumptree thinks that Dr. J. Hamond, was the author of these precepts which he intended for the instruction of one of his grandchildren. We are in possession of a little volume in small 12mo. entitled, "Meditations, miscellaneous, holy and humane, by J. H. 2d. edition, London, 1639."—We are inclined to think that the work is the production of one of the Hamonds. They are both excellent in their kind, but perhaps there is more point and cogency of expression in the last. The following will serve as specimens of the sound piety, good sense and practical discretion which are to be found in this volume, which is edited by Mr. Plumptree.

"Let not your religion depend upon opinion; for then you will side with it as a party in a faction. So will you be ready to run from opinion to opinion. Let your religion be more in your heart than in your brain. Heaven hath many tongues that talk of it, but few hearts that rightly affect it. A holy tongue excuses not a profane heart. Be not carried up and down with every wind of doctrine. CREEDS DO NOT MAKE CHRISTIANS; nor are opinions, be they ever so new, signs of new affections. Beg of God not to leave you to a deluded mind, nor give you over to the error of your heart." * * * "Without godliness there is no internal comfort to be found in conscience, nor external peace to be looked for in this world, nor eternal happiness to be hoped for in heaven." * * * "Never separate piety from honesty." * * * "Custom in sin will take away the conscience of sin." * * * "Sin when it is in the doing, seemeth to minister some pleasure;—but when once committed, the short pleasure thereof vanishes away, and long-enduring sorrow cometh in its stead." * * * "Pleasures are as one hath well observed, Junos in the pursuit, but clouds in the enjoyment." "Let your servants be such as you may command, and keep none about you but such as you give wages to; have no more than you can well employ; for one idle servant is far more expensive than ten that are well employed. It is vain in philosophy, and unwise in house matters to do that by many, which may be done by few." * * * "If thou trustest any servant with thy purse, be sure to take an account of him before you sleep. Whatsoever he thus gaineth by thee, he will never thank thee for; but will rather smile at thy simplicity. Besides it is the way to make them thieves, who might otherwise have been kept honest." * * * "Be not too severe with your servants lest they love you not; nor to remiss, lest they fear you not; nor too familiar lest they misinterpret this, and prize you not."

ART. 18.—*Observations on Seduction and Prostitution, and on the evil Consequences arising from them; extracted from Matthew Henry's Exposition on the Old and New Testament. By Mary Smith, a Penitent, late of the Magdalen Hospital, and published for her Benefit; with a Poem by Mr. Pratt on the same Subject. Second Edition. To which are prefixed preliminary Observations, and an Address to the Legis-*

lature, containing some proposed Measures for the Suppression of Seduction, and female Prostitution. 2s.6d. Hatchard. 1808.

MARY Smith very laudably proposes by the circulation of this work to 'deter others from falling into the snares of seduction;' and hopes 'by the profits arising from the sale to settle herself in a business which may provide for her future wants in this world.'

ART. 19.—*An Attempt to shew by what Means the United Kingdom and the World may be saved from Subjection to France, without the Abolition in Great Britain and Ireland, of all Distinctions on Account of Religion. 7s. 6d. Hatchard. 1808.*

THERE are many judicious and sensible observations in this performance, and the author appears to possess a candid, though not a very comprehensive mind. Examples of his good sense and his candour may be found in many parts of his work, and particularly in the following reflections. 'It is possible that subjects in arms may have justice on their side; that far from being the violators they may be the defenders of the rights of society; and instead of revolutionary anarchists, the assertors of constitutional freedom. In such cases when those invested with supreme authority cannot but be conscious of the badness of their cause, they ought on no principle of policy, to evince a greater degree of persevering animosity against subjects in arms, than against any external enemy who carries on war on honourable terms. And it is becoming every regular government to prevent the horrors of civil discord, by yielding early to the popular sentiment, when in its nature just and reasonable. Every true patriot will firmly support the throne, but at the same time be far from inculcating the doctrine of complete non-resistance on the part of the people.' We cannot bestow such unqualified approbation on the remarks which the author makes on the Irish catholics. 'Will any man assert,' says he, 'that the Irish catholics are deprived of the common rights of subjects, or that they can charge their government with intolerance and persecution?' We will ask in return, are not the Irish from the profession of some speculative tenets which they believe true, exposed to various civil disabilities? Are they not consequently deprived of the common rights of subjects? And may they not fairly accuse the government under which they live of intolerance and persecution; but the author will say that 'the Irish catholics are allowed the free exercise of their religion;' but even this permission if rightly considered, furnishes an additional proof of the inconsistency or the injustice of the government. For if the practice of the catholic worship be an object of legal permission, why should those who make use of that permission, be on that account subjected to peculiar legal disabilities? If the catholic worship may be legally professed and practised, why should the Catholic

be punished by political restrictions, for professing and practising it as the laws permit? If the Catholic religion be really such as to prevent him, who professes it, from being a trusty privy counsellor, an upright judge, an equitable chancellor, an honest member of parliament, the deleterious effect which it must have on the moral principles, would render the individual equally base and unworthy in the subordinate offices of political society. Such a religion, if such were its influence, ought instead of being tolerated, not to be suffered even to exist. Those who professed it ought like people infected with the plague to be placed in a state of total insulation from the rest of the community. But if catholicism be a different religion, *if it be worthy of toleration*, then we say, that *the toleration, instead of being partial*, ought to be complete, and that the Catholics themselves, who may legally worship God, as they please, ought not to be debarred from any of those rights which other subjects enjoy, only because they worship God as conscience dictates, and as the laws permit. According to our view of the subject a partial and restricted toleration is more irrational and absurd than no toleration at all. We may assign reasons for not tolerating, but we can assign no sufficient reason for tolerating a worship, and then for punishing those who only exercise the right which the tolerating law concedes.

ART. 20.—*The Madras School, or Elements of Tuition, comprising an Analysis of an Experiment in Education, made at the Male Asylum, Madras, with its Facts, Proofs, and Illustrations, to which are added Extracts of Sermons preached at Lambeth; a Sketch of a National Institution for training up the Children of the Poor; and a Specimen of the Mode of Religious Instruction, at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. By the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, F.A.S. F.R.S. Ed. Rector of Swanage, Dorset, late Minister of St. Mary's Madras; Chaplain of Fort St. George, and Director and Superintendent of the Male Asylum at Egmore. 8vo. Murray. 10s. 6d. 1808.*

WE have expatiated so long and so fully on Dr. Bell's and Mr. Lancaster's improved modes of education in former numbers of our Review, that we shall do little more than exhibit the title of this performance. Dr. Bell has comprised in this valuable volume the substance of all that he has done, and most of what he has written on the subject of education. To those who wish to become fully acquainted with the system, or to assist in promoting the intellectual improvement of the lower classes we earnestly recommend the perusal of this interesting work.

ART. 21.—*Sir John Carr against Hood and Sharpe. Report of the above Case, tried at the Sittings after Trinity Term, before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, on Monday, the 25th of July, 1808. Taken in Short Hand by Thomas Jenkins. 1808. 8vo. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe.*

THIS is a very important trial, as it materially concerns the

liberty of the press; and with the liberty of the press the dearest rights of Englishmen are intimately connected. Without freedom of political discussion, civil liberty will soon be only an empty name; and without freedom of literary discussion, and critical remark, there must be a rapid and incurable depravation of the public taste. Ignorance and dulness, shielded from exposure by the formidable protection of the law, would shew themselves with an unblushing front, and arrogate those honours which are due only to knowledge and to genius. The decision of this trial has however established on a solid basis, the general rights of criticism, it has proved that ignorance may be exposed, falsehood detected, sophistry refuted, and absurdity ridiculed. Lord Ellenborough merits immortal honour by the opinion which he delivered in the charge to the jury on the subject of this prosecution. 'Every person,' said his lordship, 'who writes any book, and publishes it, of whatever description it may be, commits it to the public; any person may comment upon it, upon its principle, upon its tendency, or upon its style, may answer and expose to ridicule its character if it be ridiculous, and may do the same thing with the author, as far as he is embodied in the work.'—'It is contended that this work of the defendants should not be suffered, because it ridicules immoderately, the works of this plaintiff. Why, Gentlemen, if the thing itself be ridiculous, if the principle of it be bad, or though the principle be unobjectionable, if the work itself be ill-digested, bad composition, written with bad taste, or otherwise defective, so as to deserve the character of a 'bad book,' IT IS DOING GREAT SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC TO WRITE IT DOWN; such works cannot be too soon exposed, the sooner they disappear the better.'—'After Mr. Locke had published his essay upon government against that of Sir Robert Filmer, I dare say this sheriff, Sir Richard Phillips, would not have given a shilling for the book of Sir Robert, if it were a publication of the present time. What then, could any body maintain an action against Mr. Locke for his publication, for writing down the name of Sir Robert Filmer? Certainly not: Mr. Locke did great service to the public by writing down that work, and indeed any person does a service to the public who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as never ought to have appeared. It prevents the dissemination of bad taste by the perusal of trash; and prevents people from wasting both their time and money.'

The jury, highly to their honour, were so impressed with the egregious folly of the prosecution, and with the total want of any evidence to establish a single particle of the allegations, that without a moment's hesitation, they returned a VERDICT FOR THE DEFENDANTS.

POETRY.

ART. 22.—*The Resurrection, a Poem; by John Stewart, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Love.* London. Longman and Co. 1808.

THE work is dedicated to the honour and glory of Jesus Christ, and the poem itself betrays throughout a want of judgment equally lamentable. The first book treats of the natural proofs of a future state, and the counsel of God with regard to man's redemption. The history of that event follows in the second and part of the third book, the latter concludes with remarks on the beneficial influence of christianity on conscience, on oppression, annihilation, suicide, duelling, &c. In the fourth book we find the author on his voyage to the heavens; in the first of these he finds Milton, Vida, Sidney, Falkland, Nelson, Wolf, Tertullian, Titus, Charles the Martyr, Paley, Hervey and Wesley, Burgh, Howard, Fox, Chatham, and Pitt. In the middle heaven are the twelve Apostles, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nanzianzen. Thence he descends to the abode of unhappy spirits. The fifth book describes the last day, the destruction of the earth and sea, the final separation of the good and bad, and the beginning of eternity. This author appears to be more deficient in judgment and taste, than in imagination and the power of elocution. We find some Greek in the notes, according to the prevailing fashion; we therefore presume to recommend a more diligent study of the classical models, accompanied with a careful perusal of Aristotle, Longinus, &c. which if they prevent Mr. Stewart from publishing for the present will enable him to write for the future. The following quotation will shew that there is no want of natural ability:

' The summer sky, still partial tinges shed,
And edged the horizon with its faintest red;
Sunk in the western wave, the fires of day
Had long long ceas'd on ocean's lap to play,
And solemn midnight saw the evening star,
Shoot its long track of splendour from afar,
Tip with its trembling beams the streamlet hoar,
And softly gem the silver-sanded shore;
The balmy winds were lulled in slumber deep,
And the swift eagles nestled on the steep;
And sweetly fell on Bethlem's fields, the dews,
That paint all nature, in reviving hues,
While the gay shepherds, 'neath the fine topt rock,
Attuned their pipes, and watched the snowy flock,
When through the shadowy veil transparent shine,
The smiles of day, refulgent and divine,

And thus an angel voice ; Rejoice, rejoice,
A saviour born demands your grateful voice, &c. &c.'

BOOK II. P. 39.

ART. 23.—*Eccentric Tales. In Verse. By Cornelius Grambo, Esq.*
8vo. Tipper. 5s.

FIVE shillings in boards!!! We murmured this over in our minds two or three times, and then betook ourselves to solve the following problem in arithmetic. If a small volume of foolish verse be worth five shillings, what would a volume of good prose be worth? We tried it by the RULE OF THREE, but we were so perplexed for want of some common measure of value between sense and nonsense, that to use the school boy's phrase, we could not bring out the answer. Instead thereof we present the reader with a specimen of the crown imperial, which this poetical florist gives in exchange for as much solid silver coin,

' Search through this spacious palace, and behold
Whilst others arms appear in burnish'd gold,

' The British find no room, *but here ;*
The exile smiled, as on the monarch ran,
He loved his country, though a banish'd man,
And answered thus the royal sneer,

' How great, how wise ! For this in my belief
Your *costive* Majesty finds much relief,

Whoe'er advised it was no fool ;
Were they exposed 'twould be a grievous case
For, Sire, the British arms in any place
Would bring a Frenchman to a st——'

At such a crisis, we could not recommend a better pocket companion than this volume of verse.

ART. 24.—*Pathetic Tales, Poems, &c. by J. B. Fisher, Author of the Hermitage, Mort Castle, &c. &c.* 8vo. Longman. 1808.

MR. Fisher says that he was at an early period of his life a victim to the caprice of fortune, and that his poverty rather than his will consented to the present publication. We fear that Mr. Fisher's poetry is not very likely to improve his fortune, nor to alleviate his poverty.

ART. 25.—*Verses by the Rev. R. N. French of Foremark, Derbyshire,*
8vo. 7s. 6d. Longman. 1808.

MR. French has produced some pretty verses, but we have not discovered any that rise above mediocrity.

- ART. 26.—*Scripture Versions, Hymns, and Reflections on select Passages. By J. Waring. Designed for the Use of young People. 3s. 6d. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1808.*

THE design is good but we cannot bestow much praise on the execution.

- ART. 27.—*Little Odes to great Folks, with a dedicatory Dithyrambic to Sir R—ch—rd Ph—ll—ps, Knight. By Pinder Minimus. With Notes critical and explanatory, by Sextus Scriblerus. 8vo. 1808. Oddy.*

WE have seldom been condemned to peruse more despicable trash.

- ART. 28.—*The Imperial Conspirator overthrown; or Spanish Poison for Subjugation. The last Act of a long Tragedy. A serio-burlesque Performance. By P. H. Edwards, Esq. 8vo. Hughes. 1808.*

IN this work the author has given Napoleon a poetical quietus. In the following lines does he allude to the present ministers?

‘ Now as he’s gone, perchance we may be called
To strict account, a thing we do not wish.’

MEDICINE.

- ART. 29.—*The Pharmacopeia of the King and Queen’s College of Physicians in Ireland. Translated into English, with Observations, Indexes, &c. &c. By Thomas Morrison, Surgeon. 8vo. Dublin. Printed for the Translator, No. 27, Dame-Street. 1807.*

A GENERAL spirit of reformation seems to pervade the incorporated medical bodies of the united kingdom, which is doubtless a pleasing sign that these societies are not unheedful of the objects of their incorporation, and that public utility is the base on which every establishment should be founded. Perhaps furnishing the public with a good dispensary is one of the most important of these objects. A work of this nature is not a proper subject of criticism. We will therefore content ourselves with a few cursory remarks.

Preparations which are more strictly chemical are the first in order in this Pharmacopeia. After these come the preparations which our predecessors would have called galenical not arranged in very particular or scientific order. One chapter we observe which is not admitted by the London or Edinburgh colleges; it is entitled extemporaneous preparations. It contains principally the decoctions and infusions, and other articles which it was found inconvenient to comprehend under the other titles. The college have adopted in the chemical department very nearly the nomenclature of the modern chemists. But to this they have

not adhered with perfect strictness. Thus we see they retain the name of kali for the vegetable alkali, though it is a name unknown in the systems of chemistry, and liable to some solid objections. Among substances recently introduced, we observe aqua-sulphurati kali, aqua sulphureti ammoniæ, sulphuretum ferri, and hydro-sulphuretum ammoniæ. Some of the names we think to be of an inconvenient and unreasonable length; for example, tinctura acetatis ferri cum alcohol and tinctura muriatis ferri cum oxydo rubro. But upon the whole we regard this production as very creditable to the learned body from which it has emanated. The translation of Mr. Morrison seems faithfully executed, which is all that such a work is capable of. It contains also a copious appendix on subjects connected with pharmacy, and the materia medica. This we think would more properly have formed the basis of a separate publication.

NOVELS.

ART. 30.—*Memoirs of Maria, Countess d'Alva; being neither Novel nor Romance, but appertaining to both. Interspersed with Historic Facts and Comic Incidents, in the course of which are introduced Fragments and Circumstances not altogether inapplicable to the Events of this distracted Age, and to the Measures of the foresighted Defenders of our Holy Faith. By Priscilla Parlante. 2 Vols. 8vo. Miller. 1808.*

IF this production be neither novel nor romance, it becomes an exceedingly difficult task to determine how it is to be entitled. We do assure Miss Parlante that we have read it through with great attention, and are utterly unable to discover what else she would have us call it. For some time we fancied (misled, it should seem, by an insinuation in the title-page), that it must contain some occult satire on what is now passing in the world, and we proceed to assign in fancy, the absurd and whimsical names of Develorio, Roguerum, Orrondo, Quadrago, Scarzino, Thurlbear, Bellrante, Rapid, Quirk, &c. &c. to divers members of the present administration; however, if any allusion to politics was intended, it is so very subtle as to have entirely escaped our utmost penetration. We have been equally unfortunate in our endeavour to detect a single 'fragment or circumstance,' (unless one or two disjointed and unnecessary observations of Miss Parlante's can be so called) 'not altogether inapplicable to the events of this distracted age, and to the measures of the foresighted defenders of our holy faith.'

History is, indeed, now and then brought into aid the impressions of fiction; but not in so prominent manner as to justify the pompous enunciation of the title-page; and as to comedy, though it seems to have been sometimes attempted, it does not

extend beyond a few passages of mistaken Scotch jargon, or of extremely repulsive vulgarity.

In short, we can find nothing to distinguish this book from any other of the numerous productions of the day, which under the generic term, novel, or romance, are designed to harrow up the soul with terror, or melt it in all the soft overflowings of delicate sensibility.

Had the Countess d'Alva made her appearance before us in that simple shape, we could only have said that she is an unjustly persecuted lady, who suffers under every accumulation of calamity and horror with unshaken fortitude, and unaltered meekness, and fervent piety, and is in the end duly rewarded (*secundum artem*) with the hand of the gentleman for whom she is evidently cut out from the very beginning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31.—*Letters from a Portuguese Nun to an Officer in the French Army. Translated by W. R. Bowles, Esq. 12mo. As. 6d. Oddy. 1808.*

THE title page of this work has probably deceived others, as it did us, into a supposition that it was the history of some romantic amour real or fictitious, which has taken place in Portugal, during the present unprincipled occupation of that country by the French. Such a narration might derive from time present, an interest which does not attach to a similar event that occurred in the year 1663. To compensate for this, we are told in the preface, that these letters have never been read without emotion; that on the continent they had excited a great and general interest, and that in the French language, they have been translated into twelve editions. We know that there exists on the continent, a taste for sickly sensibility, which in this country is cherished by few. We are in this instance of the opinion of the many, and pronounce the contents of this volume in the highest degree dull and wearisome. It is not a tale told in letters, like many of our best English romances, or like the history of Abelard and Eloise, it is not diversified by a single incident, but is merely a mass of sentiment, and that of the most trite and common-place order.

ART. 32.—*Men and Manners, or concentrated Wisdom, by A. Hunter, M.D. F. R.S. 12mo. 3s. Mawman. 1808.*

‘TO those who are wise, as well as to those who have no wisdom, this work is dedicated by the author,’ Dr. Hunter of York, who is well known to the literary world by many ingenious publications. The present volume consists entirely of short de-

tached sentences or aphorisms, eleven hundred and forty-six in number, which may be perused with amusement at an idle hour, and many of which may be treasured up and reflected upon with advantage. The only method of conveying an idea of the work to our readers, is by making a few extracts.

‘Never enter an auction room, for there you will be tempted to buy what you do not want.’

‘If you mean to buy a house, that you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the tradesmen’s estimate.’

‘It is a merciless act to confine an unfortunate and industrious man in a jail. Ask yourself if it be not revenge?’

‘Never write a letter when in a passion.’

‘A wise man has almost as many prejudices as a fool.’

‘You must not expect others to keep your secret, when you cannot keep it yourself.’

‘Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.’

‘When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate: when made a duty, there is nothing more easy.’

‘If you are disposed to grow fat, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut.’

‘If you have lost your love, and think there is not such another in the world, consider that there is as good a fish in the sea, as ever was taken out of it.’

‘What maintains one vice, would maintain two children.’

‘He who is always his own counsellor, will often have a fool for his client.’

‘He that hinders not a mischief when in his power, is guilty of it.’

ART. 33.—*A Vocabulary, English and Greek, arranged systematically to advance the Learner in scientific as well as verbal Knowledge. Designed for the Use of Schools. By Nathaniel Howard. 1808. Longman. 12mo.*

THE Greek language is so copious that few persons ever master the vocabulary. The present work is well calculated to expedite the knowledge of those terms of natural history, of art and science, which are commonly the last learned, and the first forgotten.

ART. 34.—*The Child’s own Book, or Infant’s Pleasing Instructor, containing a Variety of Lessons suited to the Capacity of Children. Liverpool. F. B. Wright. 1808.*

THE lessons are well selected.

ART. 35.—*Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow, to which is annexed a copious Index to many Passages relating to this Bird, in ancient and modern Authors. By Philochelidon. Second Edition with Additions. 1808. 8vo. Phillips, George-yard, Lombard-Street.*

PHILOCHELIDON has condensed into this pamphlet a good deal of curious information relative to the swallow, and in an index he has referred to all the authors, whether ancient or modern by whom it is mentioned. After stating the different opinions on the subject, he concurs with the idea that swallows are birds of passage. 'If these birds lay concealed in winter,' says he, 'in the same countries which they inhabit in summer, they would probably make their first appearance in spring, in mild weather, and would most likely appear sooner in early than in late seasons, which is quite contrary to experience. For several years past I have observed that chimney swallows have appeared first in cold weather. I have sometimes seen them as early as April the 2nd, when the mercury in the thermometer has been below the freezing point. On the other hand I have often taken notice that during the continuance of mild weather for the space of a fortnight in the month of April, not so much as one swallow has appeared. It is a well known fact that the swallow, like most other birds of passage, appears earlier, and departs later in the southern than in the northern parts of Great Britain, and it must have been observed by every one who is attentive to natural history, that towards the latter end of September, swallows, *hirundines rusticae*, as well as martins, *hirundines urbanae*, congregate in great numbers, and are frequently seen sitting on the tops of houses, and on rocks near the sea. These meetings usually continue for several days, after which they suddenly disappear.'

ART. 36.—*Report of the Proceedings under a Writ of Enquiry for Damages, in an Action in the Court of King's Bench, in which the Right Honourable Lord Boringdon was Plaintiff, and the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Paget, K. B. Defendant, executed before the Sheriff of Middlesex, and a Special Jury on Tuesday the 19th of July, 1808. Taken in Short Hand by Mr. Gurney. 8vo. 2s. Stockdale. 1808.*

THE circumstances of this case are too well known for us to say any thing on the subject. It may be questioned whether the publication of trials for adultery do not tend to vitiate the public morals, and to excite to, rather than deter from, the commission of the crime.

ART. 37.—*The Dramatic Appellant, containing the Barons of Elbenburgh, a Tragedy; Albert and Rosalie, a Melo-drama. The Wager,*

a Musical Entertainment, William Tell, a Tragedy. No. 1. to be continued Quarterly. 5s. Hughes.

THE object of this work is to enable those authors whose dramatic pieces are rejected by the managers of the theatres to appeal from their decision to that of the public. That the managers sometimes reject pieces, which are fit for representation, while they occasionally accept others which have no dramatic excellence is undoubtedly true; and as far as such a publication as the present may render the managers more deliberate in their judgment, or more discreet in their choice, it may tend to benefit the public taste. But we cannot say that any of the pieces in this number of the Appellant are such as discover any want of taste in our theatrical censors in not bringing them on the stage.

ART. 38.—*Calligraphia Græca et Poecilographia Græca: a Work explaining and exemplifying the Mode of forming the Greek Characters, with Ease and Elegance, according to the Method adopted by Dr. Thomas Young, and exhibiting a copious Collection of the various Forms of the Letters, and of their Connections and Constructions. Written by John Hodgkin, Engraved by H. Ashley. 1807. Payne. Folio 18s.*

THE Greek scholar will find this work an useful addition to his library. One of the plates contains the various forms of the Greek alphabet from the age of Cadmus to the fourteenth century of the Christian era; comprehending a period of near three thousand years. The eleven last plates exhibit the various abbreviations and constructions of Greek words and letters which are found in inscriptions, MSS. and books. Some of those were communicated by that late prince of Greek scholars, professor Porson, and others which are copied from those which Villoison found in the Lexicon of Apollonius. This production is embellished with the most beautiful Greek characters, which the scholar may copy with advantage, who wishes to make a proficiency in the calligraphy of that language.

ART. 39.—*Old Nick's Pocket-book, or Hints for 'a ryghte, pendantique ande mangleine Publication,' to be called my Pocket-book. By Himself. 8vo. Sherwood. 1808.*

THIS volume professes to be the production of one unknown to Sir John Carr whose fame he stands forth to defend; if so the knight has an honest friend in Old Nick, who here *roasts* My Pocket-book, and calls its author *over the coals*, with more temper, and occasionally with more justice than we should have expected from his Satanic Majesty.

ART. 40.—*Observations on the Influence of Soil and Climate upon Wool; from which is deduced a certain and easy Method of Improving the Quality of English Clothing Wools, and preserving the Health of*

Sheep; with Hints for the Management after Shearing, an Inquiry into the Structure, Growth, and Formation of Wool and Hair; and Remarks on the Means by which the Spanish Breed of Sheep may be made to preserve the best Qualities of its Fleece unchanged in different Climates. By Robert Bakewell. With occasional Notes and Remarks by the Right Honourable Lord Somerville. 8vo. 1806. Hardings.

MR. BAKEWELL'S principal object in this work, which is of great national importance, is 'to point out the means by which the value of English clothing wools may be greatly increased, and an annual saving to a very large amount in the flock of sheep may be obtained.' The author affirms from the deductions of long experience, that 'by the application of a well chosen unguent, wool may be defended from the action of the soil and elements, and improved more than can be effected by any other means except an entire change of each breed.' He says that by this practice the wool will 'become finer, and the quantity be increased;' and that it will be found to "preserve sheep in situations, where without it they would inevitably perish." * * * 'Where the practice of greasing sheep has prevailed, the great quantity of tar which was always combined with the unguent, prevented the advantages of its application to the wool from being discovered, and the breed of sheep on which it is most practised is naturally the worst which exists in Britain, for the production of wool. It is only in Northumberland, and in some parts of the neighbouring countries, that flocks of fine wooled sheep have received the benefit of greasing with a mixture, in which the tar used was merely sufficient to give it tenacity.' Mr. Bakewell adds that 'many cloths made from greased Northumberland wool have been sold as cloths made from good Spanish wool, and have equalled them in their texture and softness; ungreased wools equally fine and manufactured in the same way, would have made a cloth, the value of which would not have equalled the former by at least 30 per cent.' Lord Somerville has enriched this valuable work with some judicious observations.

ART. 41.—*An Abstract of the History of the Bible for the Use of Children and Young Persons, with Questions for Examination, and a Sketch of scripture Geography, illustrated with Maps. By W. Turner. 12mo. Longman. 1806.*

USEFUL for schools.

ART. 42.—*Petit Tableau, ou Elemens de la Constitution des Loix, du Gouvernement, du Royaume-uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande. Mis a la Portee des Jeunes Gens, avec l'Explication des Mots le plus difficiles en Anglois au bas de chaque Page. Par N. Wanostrucht, Docteur en Droit, Auteur de Plusieurs autres ouvrages relatifs a l'instruction de la Jeunesse. 12mo.*

DOCTOR Wanostrucht, whose reputation both as a teacher,

and compiler is deservedly great, has presented the youth of the rising generation with an acceptable manual of the English constitution and laws, explained in a manner the most simple, and intelligible of any that we have hitherto seen.

ART. 43.—*An Essay on national and sepulchral Monuments, by William Wood of Cork-Street, London. 4to. 2s. 6d. Millar. 1808.*

NATIONAL monuments may be employed as incentives to patriotic exertion and heroic enterprize. They operate on the conduct by putting in motion that strong and generous passion of the heart, the desire of posthumous fame; or of surviving in the grateful recollection of our fellow creatures, and of being honoured and beloved when we are no more. In the more early ages of society, before mankind had made any great proficiency in literature, public monuments of brass or stone, afforded at once the best encouragement to noble deeds, and the most permanent meed of fame. But in an age like the present we are of opinion that the best, the most durable and the most satisfactory monument of great, and good actions, is furnished by the PRESS.—This is a monument, which unlike the edifice of marble or of brass, is susceptible of loco-motion; and may be rendered palpable to the eye of reason, and the eye of sense, not only in every part of one country, but in every country in the world. No monuments are composed of such indestructible materials as those which are constructed by the genius of the typographic art.—Though they may be partially destroyed, yet they may at the same time, be indefinitely multiplied, and perpetually reproduced.—But as books are repositories rather for the spirits than for the bodies of the dead, and as the mortal part of the brave, the good, and wise, must have some terrestrial abode, we think that the interest of the country may be promoted by appropriating some distinguished place of burial to the illustrious dead.—If some splendid and costly sepulchre were constructed by the nation, on purpose to contain the mortal remains of none but those who had benefited their country by their courage, their wisdom, or their virtue, it would undoubtedly operate, as an encouragement to exertions of military, of moral, and intellectual renown.—Mr. Wood proposes to erect national monuments in two or three elevated situations of easy and general resort; which should be characterised at once by durability of material, simplicity of form, and magnitude of dimensions.—The form which Mr. W. recommends is that of the pyramid; on which he would place *colossal lions* on suitable pedestals at the angles.—As inhabitants of the most polished and civilized country in Europe, we are not friends to the exhibition of such savage beasts on a tomb, which is to receive the ashes of none but the brave, the good, and the wise.—The pyramidal form seems to deserve the preference as far as the idea of solidity only is regarded; but we should prefer some structure which is more in the Grecian style, and in which strength might be combined with elegance.

ART. 44.—*Sequel to the useful Arithmetic, an Attempt to explain and exemplify the Nature, Principles, Operations, and proper Application of the higher Branches of the Science of Numbers including appropriate Exercises, Questions, Contractions, and Tables, designed to succeed the former Tract, and a complete System of Arithmetical Instruction.* By Adam Taylor. Longman.

THE execution does not ill correspond with the intention, which is expressed in the title page.

ART. 45.—*Midas; or, a serious Enquiry concerning Taste and Genius, including a Proposal for the certain Advancement of the elegant Arts. To which is added, by Way of Illustration, a Fragment of antient History.* By Antony Fisgrave, LL. D. 12mo. 7s. Murray. 1808.

IN this *serious* enquiry, the measure by which the author, whose gaiety is grave, but whose gravity is not gay, proposes to advance the elegant arts is by placing the arts dependant upon genius 'under the immediate protection and superintendancè of an authority regularly and legally constituted. That this conservative power shall be vested in a supreme council or high court of criticism; possessing full powers to examine and determine all cases respecting the productions and performances of genius, to enforce obedience, to punish contumacy, and from whose decrees there shall be no appeal. That all works of art, recently executed, shall, before they are presented to the public, be regularly submitted to the inspection of this court, or to its sub-committees, (responsible to the same) to be duly examined and valued, whereof proper testimonials will be given; that all other works of a more ancient date shall in like manner be caused to pass before this tribunal, there to receive such stamps or marks as will enable the possessors, venders, or purchasers thereof, to know at once their precise value, so that the traffic in such precious wares may be completely protected from fraud. And as the faculty of taste extends its cognizance to whatever comes within the province of genius, to all the ramifications of art, all its productions of every species shall be placed under the superintendancè of this court; a regulation intended expressly to guard against the insidious introduction of bad taste, by avenues remote, and unguarded. Accordingly all poets, painters, musicians, &c. divided into classes, agreeable to their respective merits, shall receive certain honorary degrees, together with their licence of practice, from the same source; and whoever shall presume to act without this high sanction, shall be deemed empirics, and treated as unauthorized and irregular practitioners. The members of this supreme court, as I have before intimated, should consist of a competent number of gentlemen, distinguished for their superior taste, or the exquisite state of that faculty wherewith such persons are enabled to ascertain the merit and quality of ingenious works with the utmost precision. No other than persons so qualified shall, on any account, either of rank, fortune, or high station, be deemed eligible to a

seat. They shall be perfectly independent; and holding their office for life: upon the demise of members, all vacancies shall be filled by the court from the most worthy of their own order; by which means the purity of the body will be preserved, and the good effects of the establishment cease only with the resolution of the social system, whereof it is a part.'

The following is the author's definition of genius which he says, 'cannot be made more clear if volumes were written to explain it.' 'In the arts of design (selecting them as an example,) genius is that faculty which enables its possessor to give a mimic existence to the objects, circumstances and scenery of nature, whether it be animated or otherwise. This wonderful faculty of imitation, though capable of being enriched and improved by diligent exercise, is intuitive. The mind of an artist must be considered as a kind of mirror, upon which the images of external objects are received; if its surface be true, the more correct and excellent will be the reflected shades, which genius through the agency of the artist, from time to time gives back and embodies, either simply or combined, accordingly as the faculty may from its peculiar character, be disposed.'

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

The Exodiad, a Poem.

Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Dr. Bancroft's Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry.

Dr. Jackson's Do.

Dr. M'Grigor's Do.

Keate's Observations, &c.

Proceedings of a Medical Board.

Fischer's Picture of Madrid.

Miles's Letter to the Prince of Wales.

Frier on Aneurism.

Noble's Blackheath, &c.

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ART. I.—*The Erodiad, a Poem, by the Authors of Calvary and Richard the First.* 2 Vols. 4to. Lackington. 1807.

IF the present age is deemed inferior, to that which preceded it, in the production of poetic power, it must be allowed to be superior in the pride of poetic pretension. That species of poem, for the execution of which, Milton, with an awful sense of the magnitude of the labour, prepared himself from an early period of his life; and which Dryden, with all his mighty powers, only contemplated at a distance as a work which, with the genial fostering of the public patronage, he might, perhaps, be so bold as to undertake, is now become an every-day exhibition—a task which a host of our contemporary verse-makers consider themselves, with unabashed intrepidity, as qualified to accomplish. If we respect only the title-pages of poems, we shall be induced to distinguish the present age as the age of heroic poetry. Within the space of a few years, we have seen a succession of epics pass quietly from the press to *their own place*, at the grocer's or the trunk-maker's. Having *strutted or fretted their hour*, in the author's closet, or the printer's work-room, *they are now heard no more*; and their names will probably be known to the next generation only as they are preserved in the recording page of periodical criticism. To specify the immediate objects of our reference might give pain, at the same time that it is unnecessary: for our present readers cannot be at a loss to recollect them; and to those who may hereafter turn over our pages, a list of these ambitious and mortal poems, the numbers of which encrease almost with the day, can be of very inconsiderable importance. The writers of most of these works in verse may possibly console themselves for their ill-success by imputing it to the defective taste of an unpoetic age; and

to the judgment of the present age, in the labours of the muse, no high compliment can, in truth, be paid, since it has not prohibited the popularity of some wild and obscure rhapsodies, which have been formed in defiance of every principle of legitimate composition. But we will venture to predict that the age, in which our modern epic bards shall obtain the popular regard, will never arrive; and that, without a sufficiency of the ethereal spirit to prolong their existence, the most which can be hoped for them is that they may be preserved, like mummies, in the cabinets of the curious; and, to shew that such things have been, may occasionally be exhibited to the inquisitive eye of the virtuoso of a distant day. By this proëmium, however, we would not be understood as intending to anticipate the sentence of the 'Exodiad,' the merits of which we will endeavour justly to appreciate, and to submit with the most perfect impartiality to the judgment of our readers.

What first occurs to us, in our observation of this poem, is the singular circumstance of its being the production of two friendly and united muses:

'We are conscious,' say our authors, in a short advertisement prefixed to their work, 'that instances of poetical partnership are extremely rare, and in the epic line this of ours very probably stands alone. We need not however blush to confess what was our motive for this singular coalition; for it originated in that unreserved communication of ideas, which mutual confidence and long intimacy warrant.'

'In the same spirit we have proceeded through every period of our labours, in which we do not wish to point out our respective rights to either praise or blame, nor could we if we would.'

In the multitude of counsellors, as the wise man informs us, there is safety; and in the conduct of the great concerns of nations, where a variety of complex and frequently jarring interests are to be ascertained and combined, it is obvious that the result of collective wisdom and knowledge must be more properly the subject of confidence than the decision of any individual mind. But in those works of the human brain, for the perfection of which a certain unity of sentiment and of power is indispensably requisite, the effort of contributory talents will rarely be found successful. Without the effect of that perfect harmony and symmetry, which are necessary for a great poetic creation, the produce of co-operating minds will almost always exhibit much of the disarrangement and discord of a chaos. In the present day, indeed, it has been asserted by some German scholars, who

wish to find their way to celebrity through the by-path of paradox, that the *Iliad* was produced by different rhapsodists, existing, indeed, in the same country, but separated by distinct periods of times. The support of this hypothesis has answered a double purpose to its advancers, for it has enabled them to display, at once, the stores of their literary affluence, and the acuteness of their critical research. But by any man, who is capable of appreciating the perfect identity of power, with the complete uniformity of sentiment and of diction, which pervades this wonderful poem, the position of these affecters of paradox must immediately be rejected; and must be classed with those attempts of literary insolence to impose upon our credulity that the sixth book of the *Æneis* contains a representation of the mysteries of Eleusis, or that all the great classics of antiquity, which time has spared to us, are nothing more than forgeries executed by the ingenuity of some of the middle ages. It is true that, in our country, we have witnessed the production of some superior dramas by the coalition of two wits; and it may be thought that the drama, exacting as it does above all other compositions, a rigid unity of design, would be peculiarly impatient of this partnership of working talent. But the drama, as it must be recollected, is more easily separable than other poems into nearly equal parts; and will, of course, admit of a more equal division of labour: while the fable and the business of the scenes are adjusted by the judgment of one,—the characters may be drawn and the dialogue be supplied by the knowledge of life—by the wit and the fancy of another. The epic indeed, consists of the same parts with the dramatic poem: but that which constitutes the principal member of the latter, occupies a relatively inconsiderable place in the organization of the former; and he who, in the construction of an epic poem, designed nothing more than the meagre outline of the story, would be found to have contributed so little towards the accomplishment of the work as to be able to support his claim to a very small portion of the honour resulting from the success of the poetic adventure. The epopee, therefore, as less susceptible of a just partition of labour in its formation than the drama, is less capable of being properly executed by the incorporated efforts of more than one mind. This is our opinion; and founded, as we believe it to be, on the essential nature of the things in question, we conceive that it cannot be refuted by the evidence of facts. The work, indeed, now under our review, is the first instance, as far at least as our knowledge or recollection will authorize us to decide, of a poem of the epic species,

in which the experiment of united authorship has been fully tried: or the first in which every part of the production has been indiscriminately executed by the dexterity of two pens. Its authors are solicitous that we should regard the whole as the result of their blended labour; and as not ‘distinguishable,’ with reference to its respective parents, ‘in member, joint, or limb.’ Of this we are assured by the advertisement, from which we have already made a citation; and of this, also, we are prevented from doubting by the following passage, in unambitious verse, from the close of the seventh book of the poem:

‘And if, when past the time that shall consign
Us and our cares to the oblivious grave,
If still a kind surviving friend should wish
To keep some brief memorial of our names,
This may it be! that as throughout the course
Of this *co-equal work* our conscious hearts
Ne’er form’d one wish for solitary praise,
So do we hope that after-times may hold
Our compact undivided and entire,
And let our friendship be our greatest fame.’

What friendship, a name which we must necessarily most highly honour, is thus desirous of joining together, we will not assume to separate. But that feat, which the human sensibility of the critic may not allow him to perform, has been effected, as we apprehend, by nature: or, in other words, the evident disparities of the poem have disappointed the affectionate purposes of the friendly writers. In every extended work of the mind of man, in which the fancy is principally engaged, there must be, as we are fully aware, considerable inequality of excellence. No imagination is, at all times, in the same state of vigour: it will be relatively luminous and dark; and whilst in one hour, it will suggest the ‘thoughts that breathe and the words that burn,’—in another, its efforts will be less happy—neither glowing with soul, nor brilliant in array. Something also of inequality will be found inseparable from the work itself; of which parts will be repugnant to poetic ornament, and parts will provoke into action all the powers of the muse. Unequal composition, from both these causes, is discernible in the *Iliad*; and, from the same causes, unequal composition, not perhaps so frequent in its occurrence but, greater in its degree, is distinguishable in the *Paradise Lost*: but in the lowest of the inferior passages of these poems the unity of authorship is manifested by a certain identity of sentiment

and manner, which cannot be mistaken. When Homer and Milton fall into transient slumber, their countenances, it is true, lose a portion of their waking animation : their features, however, still retain their discriminating character ; and in their assemblage may still be traced the footsteps of the actuating divinity. But in the subject of our present attention, not only inequalities but discrepancies of composition, the evidences of a distinct genus of mind, if we may so express ourselves, are strikingly apparent ; and without the information in the title-page, we could have pronounced the *Exodiad* to be, not a Pallas, springing in vigorous integrity from one creative head, but a creature produced by an union of two very different elements, like one of those that are said to be born of the slime of the Nile and the beams of the sun. If we were called upon for the proof of what we thus assert, we could adduce many parts of the poem which evidently betray a difference of parentage. We will not indeed pretend to assign the languid or the sprightly offspring to its particular father : and we shrink from a task so invidious as that of allotting the measured prose of the *Exodiad* to one of the tuneful friends, and the poetry to another : but satisfied that composition of such a distinct character and complexion could not result from the same mind ; and leaving the success and the failure unappropriated, in a kind of co-parcenary, as a lawyer would call it, between the younger and the elder bard, we shall proceed to examine the work before us in its abstracted state, and without any reference to its authors.

The term '*Exodiad*,' then, as employed for the title of this poem, the subject of which is not the departure of the Israelites from Egypt but their subsequent march through the desert, strikes us as a very egregious misnomer : for of the great events, which preceded and accomplished the deliverance of the people of God from their Egyptian yoke, no information is supplied during the course of the poem, excepting what is casually and inadequately suggested in a speech made by Moses in the first book. The poem, in short, opens on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, and concludes with the death of Moses on the summit of Pisgah. If its authors, therefore, were resolved to coin a title for it on the suggestion of their lexicon, we think that the '*Eremiad*,' would have been better suited to their purpose than the '*Exodiad*;' a term which is calculated to mislead other readers, as, in the first instance, it actually misled us.

With respect to the fable, or action of this poem, we must pronounce it to be destitute of that degree of unity,

which just criticism imperiously requires, not only in the dramatic and the epic, but, in every extended poem which is not purely descriptive. We may allow that the Exodiad has a legitimate end; since Moses, who may perhaps be regarded as it's hero, assures us, a little before his death, of the final establishment of the elect nation in the country which had been promised to them; but that it has a beginning, such a beginning we mean as is required by the critic for an epic poem, is a point not so certainly to be ascertained. At the opening of the action, the Israelites are arrayed on the eastern shore of the Red-sea; and soon afterwards, we are informed that the same miraculous interposition, which for them had divided and suspended the sea, had closed it on their pursuers, and had thus destroyed Pharoah and his host: but of the events, which led to this great catastrophe, we are not indulged, as we have already intimated, with any specific or clear information. We are, therefore, in want of knowledge which we ought to possess; and the poem is consequently destitute of that beginning, which leaves us nothing to require before it. If we are all acquainted with the previous history we are indebted for our acquaintance with it to another page than that of the poets, and have a just right to complain of the imperfection of their work. But, passing over this question, as liable to be contested, we will venture to assert that the fable of the Exodiad is without a proper middle.--The causes and effects in the poem are not so closely and firmly linked together as to be productive of poetic truth; and some of the intervening incidents may be regarded as neither retarding nor accelerating the progress of the principal action. The episode of Jethro, for instance, and the battle with Amalek might, certainly, be rescinded with advantage to the integrity of the fable. These events, however, as being historically true, might not be considered by the poets as omissible at their pleasure; and the defect, which, as critics, we are compelled to remark, may be ascribed by them to the necessity of their subject: but we think that the introduction of these events might have been more artificially managed; and have been brought into closer if not vital connexion with the great action of the poem. As it is now arranged, the Exodiad must be regarded as a history in verse rather than as a poem:—as a work in which events are related in the order in which they happened: but in which one event is not necessarily generated by that which precedes it, or productive of that which follows it;—in which, in short, all the lines are not drawn in true and accurate perspective to one common point of sight.

The characters or manners of the piece, though not struck out with any great vigour of invention, are delineated with sufficient discrimination, and are preserved with sufficient consistency. But, with exception to the character of Moses, which could be found only in the sacred page, they present us with nothing new; and shew us only our old acquaintances, 'who fought at Thebes or Ilium,' converted by their names and their worship of Jehovah into members of the family of Abraham. The portrait of Korah, however who is made, in his person, the representative of the Thersites of the Iliad, is given in a strong and bold style; and the whole of his part, with his apostacy, and what is connected with it, the machinery of Chemos, we regard as forming the most poetic portion of the Exodiad. With respect to the character of Moses, we conceive that it has suffered under the hands of our poets. Instead of the august and majestic mortal, whose vigour of eye * and whose natural force were not abated, as the sacred record informs us, at the very moment of his death, when he had attained his hundred and twentieth year, the Exodiad presents to us a feeble and worn out man, exhausted with cares and debilitated with age, who declares that he passed his days and nights in terrors, which nothing less than the immediate agency of the Divinity could enable him to support. Is this, we will ask, a dignified, or indeed a just representation of the favoured prophet of the Most High, who was employed by him to communicate his laws to his elected people, and who was admitted to converse with him as his friend? After one of his holy conferences with the Deity the face of Moses shone with such intense lustre; or, in other words, received so strong and durable an impression of the divine glory, that the people were unable to sustain the sight of it; and the prophet when he spoke to them was obliged to conceal its radiance beneath a veil. In the page of our poets this magnificent circumstance dwindles into a common fact, not necessarily imputable to a supernatural cause, and divested of all its peculiar grandeur and sublimity.

'And as he spake, so bright his visage shone,
That from his presence, instantly they shrunk;
As from the radiance of the glorious sun,
Fly the dark shadows of retiring night.' (B. 4th. 201.)

* And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. Deut. c. 34. v. 7.

When the great prophet is conducted to the close of his mortal life, he is represented by our bards, as requiring, like any common individual of his species, the divine aid to sustain him under the terrors of dissolution; and his last breath is surrendered with a *deep-drawn* sigh. This we conceive to be essentially injudicious and unpoetic; for this is not, as Lord Bacon finely expresses it, to submit the shows of things to our desires, but to mortify our desires by holding to us the image of something even below strict truth.—This, in short, is not to raise and ennoble, consistently with the great aim of poetry; but to have recourse, as is probable, to positive falsehood for the perverse purposes of degrading. This is, also, to reflect on the power of the Almighty, as, insufficient in the cause of his most distinguished and elevated minister to suspend the common weaknesses of humanity: and it is not a solitary instance, in which the divine power is introduced, in the Exodiad, as operating with a certain degree of imbecility, and producing only an imperfect effect. When Elishama and Joshua, one the leader, and the other the gigantic hero of the army of Israel, are brought to their tents in the act almost of expiration, in consequence of the wounds which they had received in the battle with Amalek, their preservation is miraculously accomplished at the intercession of Moses, and the spirit of health is wafted, in a sensible breeze, into their exhausted frames; but their recovery is, by no means, complete. Joshua, on whom the divine restorative seems to have worked with the most efficiency, is still pale and languid from his loss of blood; and poor Elishama, though rescued from death, continues so ghastly in appearance, and so feeble in fact, as to be pronounced incapable of any further service. Is not this to represent the Divinity as a sort of clumsy workman, and as able to attain his ends only to a limited degree? A miracle ought unquestionably to be perfect in its effect; and we decide, in this instance, on evangelical authority. When the lame man is restored by our blessed Lord, he *takes up his bed* and walks: when he who was born a cripple, is recovered by Peter and John, he *runs and leaps*; and soon after Lazarus has been recalled from that grave, in which he had lain during four days, it is recorded that he was one of the guests who sat at table at a *feast*.

Of the machinery of the poem we have not much to say. On that portion of it which respects Chemos, the principal object of idolatrous worship among the nations of Palestine, we have already spoken with merited approbation: but in the other parts of the supernatural agency introduced into the

Exodiad, we can distinguish neither much power of imagination nor correctness of judgment in the design, nor any peculiar happiness of hand in the execution. Some sublime manifestations of Jehovah, recorded in the Pentateuch, have been omitted by our poets : and we think that they discover very erroneous taste when they represent the commandments as rehearsed by Moses, and not as spoken, as we know that they were, immediately to the people by the Deity, out of the fire on the blazing mount ; from ‘ the secret top’ (as Milton finely expresses it) ‘ of Horeb,’ amidst thund’rings and lightnings and thick darkness. Our bards, perhaps, might consider it as too presumptuous to introduce the Almighty in the act of articulating his commandments in poor and vapid verse : but the decalogue, as it exists in the original Hebrew was written by the finger of God in the very words in which it was uttered ; and if it be lawful, as in our judgment it is, to translate this awful code into the numbers of another language, to introduce it into a poem, as issuing from the lips of its heavenly Author, would be an act equally void of offence, and equally insusceptible of any charge of violated decorum. We conceive, in short, that to make the Deity write bad verse, is not a whit less improper or indecent than to make him speak it. If our enterprising writers, it is true, were resolved on the odd adventure of turning the ten commandments into verse, they might have accomplished their undertaking with more felicity : or, if they could not, it would have been more prudent for them, in our judgment, to have declined it ; and to have recollected what the Roman critic remarks of the able poet,—

et quæ,
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit :

for as it now stands in the Exodiad, the decalogue neither impresses us with the weighty simplicity of prose, nor pleases us with the ornamented diction and the harmonious numerosness of verse : it is indeed, to express ourselves in plainer terms, better calculated to excite our laughter than to excite our respect and veneration.

In the eighth or last book of the poem, Chemos is decried as blasted with lightning, and falling, in a shattered and maimed condition, just at the foot of the imperial throne of Satan. In this we see nothing but what we can praise ; and in the subsequent dialogue between these apostate angels ; as well as in the rising of the superior fiend, *like the pillar’d sand, caught up by eddy’g whirlwinds from the Lybi-*

an waste, and mounting to heaven, we acknowledge something like the sublime spirit of Milton : but the object, for which Hell's great emperor exerts himself in this place with so much majesty, that we mean, of seizing the corpse of Moses, appears to us to be strikingly deficient in importance. The hint of this baffled attempt is taken from one of those writings, which have not been always admitted to a place in the sacred canon. Allowing, however, the authority for the story to be good, so little of it has been revealed to us, and we are left so wholly in the dark as to its causes or its intended effects, that it seems to be unfit for admission into an epic poem. What ends of the prince of hell could be answered by his possessing himself of the mortal relics of the Jewish prophet ; or how, in opposition to the will of the Omnipotent, he could hope to accomplish his purpose, are circumstances which we are unable to explain ; and we know only that the fact cannot be invested with any consequence in the action of the poem. When, by the creed of paganism, the rites of sepulture were regarded as necessary for the repose of the separated spirit, it was of importance to lay the dead hero on the funeral pile, and to collect his ashes in the urn ; but when the favoured servant of the true God is departed to his master, and is certainly admitted to a state of supreme beatitude, the disposal of the inanimate clay, in which he lately resided, can be an object of no imaginable moment. The event in question may, in point of fact, be true : but it is destitute of that poetic truth which alone can render it proper for a place in a regular poem. Our authors, as it must be owned, have made sad work of it. Satan rises in terrible dignity from his throne, and prepares himself with much confidence for the enterprise. He approaches, and enters into a haughty, and arrogant conference with Michael, who is commissioned by the Almighty to defeat his design ; and immediately, on the drawing of the Archangel's guardian sword, he is struck with thunder, and hurled, blasted and in despair, to the place from whence he came. After all his presumptuous hopes and proud boastings, he is not suffered to enjoy the most remote chance of victory, or even admitted to a contest with his old adversary : and what attaches a degree of ridicule to this causeless and inconsequent attempt is the fact of its being made for the purpose of seizing the dead body of a man who is still living : and who is at this very moment, actuated by the spirit of God to disclose the future fates of his people.

Of the subordinate parts of the Exodiad we must notice with disapprobation that speech in the first book, in which

Moses relates, to the assembled tribes, the circumstances of the first revelation of the Almighty to him in the desert. When, sensible that some account of what had passed previously to the opening of the poem, would be required by their readers, our authors awkwardly contrived to make Aaron call upon his brother, for the satisfaction of the people, to enter into this long detail, they seem not to have been aware that they to whom it was addressed, must already have been acquainted with all the most important incidents which it communicates: for without some specific relation to give them the assurance of the divine mission of their proposed leader, is it in any degree credible that more than a million of rational creatures, in a state of relative weakness, and with their spirits broken by a long and heavy servitude, would so entirely have surrendered their confidence to one of their own equals, as to be induced by him to the fearful act of rebelling against the imperious monarch of Egypt, armed as he was with every mean of human power to baffle and to punish their attempt? But this speech of the Jewish chiefs says also too little as well as too much: for it conveys no intelligence of the miracles, which immediately effected the deliverance of Israel; and these, as it has been before remarked, it was of consequence to us to know. These, however, without the incurrance of more obvious absurdity, could not be introduced into the present narration; and we are therefore permitted to be informed of them as we can.

The whole of the fifth book is assigned to the adventures of the spies, who are sent to explore the countries, which were to be invaded. This episode, if so it may be called, is sufficiently connected with the action of the poem: but the space, allotted to it, is too great; and the interruption occasioned by it, too long. This book, indeed, we are inclined to regard as the least valuable of the eight which constitute the work. Its events are conceived with no force of fancy; and the effort in it for poetic diction is more evidently laborious than in the others, and more certainly unsuccessful.

Of the diction, throughout the piece the general character is imbecility and tameness: but occasionally it assumes a stronger and bolder tone, and becomes entitled to our respect. The lines are seldom deficient in rhythm, but as seldom do they gratify the ear with the charm of varied and superior harmony. In a few instances they offend us with a superfluous syllable at their close: a fault of which some of our best writers of heroic blank verse are casually guilty, but which, notwithstanding, ought to be censured as a transgression of the barrier between the looser and more colloquial

numbers of the drama and the stricter and more elevated of the epopee. When our poets had arranged their accented and unaccented, their long and short syllables in such an order as to form a verse, they imagined that they had discharged the whole of their duty, and that their reader's ear had nothing more to require from them as the framers of the tongue of poetry. But the study of Milton and of Dryden ought to have taught them a better lesson, and instructed them in the arts of producing a higher and more exquisite harmony by the happy combination of letters, and the variety of modulation and pause. If the numbers, however, of our English epic have not been made to excel by the authors of the Exodiad, we are yet obliged to these writers for rejecting the false taste of that school of verse, which has been formed under the auspices of Cowper; and refusing, on the authority of these masters, to solicit the effect of variety from discord. Very few instances are to be found in the Exodiad of dissonant and defective verse.

If in the minuter examination of the diction of this poem, we were to notice all the faults of different descriptions, which have every where occurred to us, we should extend the present article to an immeasurable length, but we will notice only a few of them; and, having discharged this part of our critical duty, we will close our remarks on the Exodiad with an extract of one of it's best passages. In the first book we read of *broaching* complaint; and, in more than one place, of *broaching* slander; a tap-house metaphor to which, when issuing from the mouth of the epic Muse, we must necessarily object. In l. 443 of this book, we find the expression of, '*incarnadine* these desert sands;' for which the authority of Shakespeare, in one of his most exceptionable passages, will not be sufficient to exculpate our poets.

At l. 751, of the same book, we have this laboured and formal imagery:

'For memory to every passion lends
Her *plastic* tablets; and no tints are deep
As those which envy's pallet can supply.'

where the word *plastic*, is used in a passive, instead of an active sense, of which alone it is susceptible.

A little before, at l. 645, Moses says,

'I felt
A sudden impulse seize on all my powers.'
when in our opinion, an *impulse* cannot seize.

At l. 1029.—‘What mighty projects of ambition breed
And *bourgeon* in his heart?’

we would observe that the word in italics, of which our authors discover themselves, by their frequent use of it, to be particularly fond, is, on every principle of taste, objectionable, for it is obscure and affected, and is, besides, an unnaturalized alien. A poem ought to be wholly written in the language of the people to whom it is addressed. When we are on the subject of English composition, we avow ourselves to be the most zealous Anti-Gallicans.

In b. iii. l. 95, we are told of ‘things that shall be done of me,’ &c. for, ‘by me.’ And in the same book, in the description of the sublime revelation of Jehovah from Sinai, at the promulgation of the law, we find the diminutive ‘*cornet*,’ substituted with uniform perverseness for the grand trumpet.

L. 1050, of this book, surely gives us very unnecessary information.

‘Father and mother, (*for of them thou art*,)—

In b. v. l. 115, we are told, respecting the Jewish spies, that they

‘Strictly searched each inlet, if perchance
The *wild ass* or the *antelope* had left
Some *clue*, whereby to thread the *craggy maze*.’

Now if a clue, be, as we conceive it to be, a ball of thread, we think it odd that such a thing should be expected from the wild-ass or the antelope, and in a state also, by being judiciously unrolled, to thread the *craggy maze*.

In l. 194, of this book, Joshua, with strong hostility to our stomachs, calls the Asphaltic or dead sea, *a black Tartarean vomit, cast up by the sickened earth*; for the strange purpose of being the *winding-sheet* of the people of Sodom, &c. !!!

After an interval of not many lines, we find the same chief; speaking of Lot’s wife, as of,

‘A woman, by the word of God, at once,
Turn’d to a *statue*, &c.’

On this we would observe that the true fact is here misrepresented, and not for any proper purpose of the poets. Lot’s wife, as we are informed by the sacred historian, was

changed into a pillar of salt; or, in other words, being caught, in consequence of her lingering and turning to look back, in the nitro-sulphureous shower, which destroyed the city, where she had dwelt, her whole frame was at once so penetrated and so covered with the fiery fusion, that it was instantly fixed; and, when the minerals had cooled, it presented the appearance of a rude erect mass, somewhat resembling a pillar of salt. This seems to have been the plain fact: and this, as we think, would convey to future times, a more awful idea of the divine vengeance, than a statue, finer than any one that has ever lived from the chissel of Praxiteles. Our poets indeed, are puzzled to make *their statue* agree with the historic fact, for after animating this statue with much life,

‘ See! in the very act of flight, her head,
Reverted, wild her air, her hand outstretcht;’

they tell us that ‘ she stands a pillar of salt.’

The *four and twenty kings* in l. 481, of the same book, strongly remind us of the four and twenty fiddlers all in a row, of the old ballad. When, in our progress through this book we read, in l. 801, that ‘ roused from their *lair* they started,’ &c. we were inclined to doubt whether the beings, who were thus disturbed, were wild beasts or men.

In l. 1029, of this book, we question the strict propriety of ‘ *Hag-ridden by the Demon.*’

B. vi. l. 11, ‘ rides in the morbid air,’ is borrowed, without being improved, from, ‘ rides on the lurid air,’ in the tragedy of *Inez*, published not many years ago. We state the fact, without intending to censure it: for if these *borrowings* among poets be not too frequent, or too considerable in their amount, we conceive them to be very allowable. But in the following book at l. 484 occurs an offence, which is not equally entitled to pardon, for we are here told of enthusiasts, who are screw’d

‘ By incantations, to the very pitch,
Which overpeers discretion, and would scale
Those rocks, &c.’

To the expression of ‘ screwing to the pitch,’ our bards seem very partial, as they frequently have recourse to it: but the metaphor, taken from the language of music, is a very trite one, and pleasing, as we think, neither to the ear nor the fancy. Where it is used, however, with propriety,

we shall forbear to attack it: but in this place it must not be uncensured, for surely it is highly absurd to make a *pitch over-peer discretion* and *scale rocks*.

But our readers must now be as much tired as we certainly are of this long enumeration of faults. Easily extensible, therefore, as the list is to fourfold its present length, we will here close it; and proceed to make a compensation, to all parties, by extracting a passage, which we have already mentioned with praise, and which certainly possesses considerable merit, from the last book of the poem. It is but justice at the same time, to say, that notwithstanding its numerous defects and it's general poverty, the Exodiad can boast of many other passages not inferior in merit to that which we thus submit to our readers,

‘ Now to the dismal and obscure abyss,
By earth call'd hell, by heav'n the place reserv'd,
Where Satan o'er his fallen angels reigns
In the profound of uncreated night,
Chemos, no longer on the blast up-borne,
Headlong with dire precipitation fell,
And at the footstool of th' enthroned Sin,
His king infernal, lay a hideous wreck,
Stretcht on the solid sulphur: his fine form,
Cast in ethereal mould, and perfect once
In grace angelic, to th' appalled eye
Of hell's great sultan seem'd a shapeless mass:
Still on his shatter'd wings and rivell'd locks,
That when in heav'n with roseate brightness shone,
The unquencht lightning prey'd. At length, half-rais'd,
He turn'd his ghastly eyes where Satan sat
In clouded majesty, and sighing cried—
“ Ah, why is death, all living nature's friend,
Giv'n as the period of his pain to man,
And yet to me refus'd, who roll in fires,
Which, to endure one moment, might atone
For all th' offences I have done on earth
Since I lost Heav'n? Oh, give me but exchange
Of agonies, Omnipotence severe!
And whelm me underneath the icy rocks,
That strike their roots into the polar sea,
So I may quench these arrows. Mighty Lord!
Son of the morning once, whose radiant sphere,
Exalted high above th' angelic thrones,
Dazzled the seraphim, and caus'd them wage
Ambitious war with Heav'n's eternal king,
Succour thy servant, who for thee hath held
Vicarious empire over Moab's realm,

Fairest of lands, whose fuming altars breath'd
 Incense so sweet, methought I still inha'd
 Celestial odours, and almost forgot
 That I was reft of heav'n, till Moses wav'd
 His wizzard rod, and Joshua couch'd his spear;
 And the foul raven of Chaldæa croak'd
 His death-denouncing knell: then, then I saw
 Spell-stricken Moab turn to shameful flight,
 Then Amorrhæa's king ignobly died,
 Whilst from his iron chariot down at once
 Basan's gigantic champion fell, and roll'd
 His laurel-crowned temples in the dust;
 Then Jacob's ruthless sons, with slaughter flusht,
 Tore down my altars, burnt my sacred grove,
 And from the heights of Abarim display'd
 The vengeful trophies of their conqu'ring God.
 For me there needs no witness: these deep scars
 Are pledges of my loyalty, and prove
 The pow'r, that vanquish'd Moab, spar'd not me.
 And now let Baal, and let Moloch judge,
 (They stand beside thee) from my piteous state
 What mercy is reserv'd for Canaan's gods.'

"Talk not of mercy, Satan frowning cried;
 He, that commands the heav'ns, affects it not,
 And we, who reign in hell, nor deign to ask,
 Nor study to deserve it. We have warr'd
 With Him, who wields the thunder, and 'twere vain,
 'Twere profitless to murmur at the stroke:
 If He, who chains the whirlwinds, let them loose
 To hunt us through th' interminable void,
 We meet them as we may. Had we those arms,
 We should not spare to use them: in our ears,
 As now in his, mercy would lose her suit.
 No more of mercy then! In God tow'rd's us,
 'Twould cease to be a virtue, and in us,
 Here fated to associate with the damn'd,
 'Twould be an attribute unworthy hell.
 Know then, desponding cherub, when you call
 On me to save you, you appeal to one,
 Who could not save himself; when you confess
 Yourself tormented, your tormenter smiles;
 But when you sigh for death, you sure forget
 That I, who thwarted the creator's work,
 And taught the first-form'd pair to disobey,
 Sent that abhorred anatomy on earth,
 And made him the sole property of man;
 Whilst angel spirits, like myself and thee,
 Immortal reign'd ere he receiv'd a name:
 And thou shalt reign; therefore cast off despair:
 The courage, that defies the stronger pow'r,

Must brave the pains its conqu'ror may inflict :
It is our doom to suffer, and this place
Was not allotted to us for repose.
Arise, and stand !

After what has been suggested, in more than one of our associate reviews, on the subject of poetic orthography, we were surprised to find the pages of the *Exodiad* perpetually deformed to the eye, and in *truth* also, to the ear, with such maimed and barbarous words—as, discharg'd, rang'd, advanc'd, &c. where from the want of a following *e* the *g*, and the *c*, are, by the scale of English pronunciation, hard—as in rang, frame, &c. or such words as, defam'd, defil'd, hop'd, rul'd, &c. where the vowels, *a*, *i*, *o*, and *u*, are all by the excision of the *e*, which ought to follow the consonant that is immediately connected with them, made short—as in rān, fill, hōp, trūll, truss, &c. Where the uninflected verb is concluded with the silent *e*, this vowel ought to be preserved in the inflected sense, &c. as indispensably necessary either to soften the preceding consonant or to lengthen the preceding vowel. The only exception to this rule is in words where *d* forms the ultimate consonant—as glide, abide, &c. This principle of poetic orthography was stated some years ago in an article on Wakefield's Pope's Homer in the *Analytical Review* ; and it has lately been enforced in the *Monthly*, in an article on Good's translation of *Lucretius*.

ART. II.—*The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade, by the British Parliament.* By Thomas Clarkson, M.A. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. 1808.

'IN whatever light,' says Mr. Clarkson, 'we consider the slave trade, whether we examine the nature of it, or whether we look into the extent of it, or whether we estimate the difficulty of subduing it, we must conclude that no evil more monstrous has ever existed upon earth. But if so, then we have proved the truth of the position, that the abolition of it ought to be accounted by us as one of the greatest blessings, and that it ought to be one of the most copious sources of our joy. Indeed, I do not know how we can sufficiently express what we ought to feel upon this occasion. It becomes us as individuals to rejoice. It becomes us as a nation to rejoice. It becomes us even to perpetuate our joy to our posterity. I do not mean, however, by anniversaries, which are to be celebrated by the ringing of bells and convivial meetings, but by handing down this great event so impressively to our children, as

to raise in them, if not continual, yet frequently renewed thanksgivings to the great Creator of the universe, for the manifestation of this his favour in having disposed our legislators to take away such a portion of suffering from our fellow-creatures, and such a load of guilt from our native land.'

We entirely agree with Mr. Clarkson in the magnitude of the evil and in the abundant cause of joy, of gratitude, and praise, which there is in its removal.

From his first to his tenth chapter, Mr. Clarkson gives an account of the different individuals, whose philanthropic labours contributed to influence the public opinion in favour of the abolition, previous to the formation of the committee in 1787, whose virtuous perseverance contributed so much to the accomplishment. We should think it an act of injustice not to mention the names of this heroic band of philanthropists. They were as follow :

Granville Sharp.
William Dillwyn.
Samuel Hoare.
George Harrison.
John Lloyd.
Joseph Woods.

Thomas Clarkson.
Richard Phillips.
John Barton.
Joseph Hooper.
James Phillips.
Philip Sansom.

Of these, all except three, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Sansom, belonged to the society of Quakers. From the period of the formation of this committee to the time of the abolition there was an interval of about twenty years, during which the advocates for the abolition pursued with unceasing diligence and zeal the glorious object which they had in view. During this interval, Mr. Clarkson was employed in various journeys to different parts of England for the sake of procuring evidence of the injustice and the cruelty practised in the trade, and of furnishing the committee with such information as might facilitate their labours and enable them to apply to parliament with greater force of argument and more chance of success. The history of the abolition of the slave trade is therefore connected a good deal with the individual exertions of Mr. Clarkson. His personal history, during a large part of the above mentioned period, is incorporated with the general history of the abolition. Hardly any individual was ever employed on a mission more intimately connected with the happiness of a large portion of mankind; and, we believe, that even those, who were enemies to the abolition, will allow that Mr. Clarkson performed his part well.

The committee first very wisely defined their object to be the abolition of the slave trade, and not of the slavery, which was actually existing in the West India islands. These two objects they very prudently kept distinct; for while the abolition of the trade in slaves might be immediately carried into execution, the abolition of slavery itself could not rationally be attempted, as the insurrections in the French islands have clearly shewn, without a previous amelioration of the moral and physical condition of the slaves. This amelioration can only be *gradually* produced; and the abolition of the trade itself, by necessitating a more indulgent treatment of the negroes, and a greater degree of attention even to their intellectual and social improvement, will prepare the way for their emancipation. It will, in other words, finally render it a measure of personal interest as well as real policy. For a free labourer will always perform a degree of labour more than double that of a slave. And a free man will maintain himself for a much less expence than the master can maintain his slave. Thus, by gradually converting the negroes into a race of free-labourers the planters will in fact be able to get a greater quantity of work done at a less expence than they can while slavery remains. But to return from this digression.

The committee, according to the suggestion of Mr. Clarkson, agreed to send one of their body to Bristol, Liverpool, and Lancaster, in order to collect all the information which could be procured relative to this abominable traffic. Mr. Clarkson made a proffer of his services on this occasion, which were cheerfully accepted. The travelling expences, &c. of Mr. Clarkson were paid by the committee, and we believe that no pecuniary supplies, which he wanted, were ever withheld.

The first place, which Mr. Clarkson visited was Bristol. His introduction at this place was to one of the society of Quakers. His name was Harry Gandy; and he had in early life made two voyages in the slave trade; so that he was enabled to give Mr. C. much useful information. He was the more anxious to forward the views of Mr. Clarkson, in order, in some measure, to efface the regret which he felt for the share which he had formerly had in the traffic. Mr. Clarkson was also introduced to several other Quakers, all of whom expressed a benevolent willingness to co-operate in the work which he had undertaken.

‘The objects,’ says Mr. Clarkson, ‘I had marked down as those to be attended were—to ascertain what were the natural produc-

tions of Africa, and, if possible, to obtain specimens of them, with a view of forming a cabinet or collection—to procure as much information as I could relative to the manner of obtaining slaves on the continent of Africa, of transporting them to the West Indies, and of treating them there—to prevail upon persons, having a knowledge of any, or all of these circumstances, to come forward to be examined as evidences before parliament, if such an examination should take place—to make myself still better acquainted with the loss of seamen in the slave trade—also with the loss of those who were employed in the other trades from the same port—to know the nature, and quantity, and value of the imports and exports of goods in the former case: there were some other objects, which I classed under the head of Miscellaneous.

This was certainly a judicious distribution of the matter of enquiry; and we particularly commend his endeavours to produce specimens of the products of Africa, in order to shew that that much-injured continent would furnish other articles of commerce besides human flesh.

In this first journey Mr. Clarkson obtained a good deal of insight, not only into the cruelties which were practised on the slaves, but also on the crews of the slave-ships. Hence he learned that there was a general aversion among seamen from entering on board these ships, and that it was always with difficulty that the captains procured their complement of men. Among other instances of savage barbarity which Mr. Clarkson relates, he says that the captain of the crew of the ship *Brothers*, had fastened one of the crew, for a circumstance for which he was in no wise to blame, ‘with his belly to the deck, and that in this situation he had poured hot pitch upon his back, and made incisions in it with hot tongs.’ It is not at all surprizing that a trade so essentially inhuman and unjust, should harden the hearts of the captains even against their subordinate associates in the nefarious employment.

While Mr. Clarkson was at Bristol he was much struck

‘by the appearance of two little sloops which were fitting out for Africa, the one of only twenty-five tons, which was said to be destined to carry seventy; and the other of only eleven, which was said to be destined to carry thirty slaves!’—‘In the vessel of twenty-five tons, the length of the upper part of the hold or roof of the room, where the seventy slaves were to be stowed, was but little better than ten yards, or thirty-one feet. The greatest breadth of the bottom or floor was ten feet four inches, and the least five. Hence a grown person must sit down all the voyage, and contract his limbs within the narrow limits of three square feet. In the vessel of eleven tons, the length of the room for the thirty slaves was

twenty-two feet. The greatest breadth of the floor was eight, and the least four. The whole height from the keel to the beam was but five feet eight inches, three feet of which were occupied by ballast, cargo, and provisions, so that two feet eight inches remained only as the height between the decks. Hence each slave would have only four square feet to sit in, and, when in this posture, his head, if he were a full grown person, would touch the ceiling or upper deck.'

Mr. C. endeavoured to prevail on some old slave captains who were living in Bristol, to come forward and give evidence respecting the trade, but no expostulations could induce them to do this; and he tells us that when they met him in the streets, they shunned him as if he had been a mad dog. At length he found a young gentleman of the name of Chandler, who had made one voyage to the coast of Africa and was then going out as surgeon on board of the Pilgrim slave ship, from whom he procured considerable information respecting the mode of obtaining slaves on the coast, the treatment which they experienced in the middle passage; and the barbarous usage of the seamen on board the ships. He promised Mr. C. to keep a journal of facts during his next voyage, and to give his testimony if required on his return.—He afterwards discovered a Mr. Arnold who had made two voyages to the coast of Africa and was then going a third, in the capacity of surgeon. He detailed various barbarities which he had witnessed in his former voyages, and promised to keep a journal of what occurred in that which he was then going to undertake. Mr. Clarkson next becomes acquainted with a Mr. Alexander Falconbridge who had made four different voyages as a surgeon to the coast of Africa. He had now left the trade, and expressed no objection to declare what he knew respecting the barbarity of the traffic.

'Never' says Mr. C. 'were words more welcome to my ear than these—I have done with the trade.—And he said also that he was free to give me information concerning it. Was he not then one of the very persons whom I had so long been seeking, but in vain? To detail the accounts which he gave me at this and at subsequent interviews, relative to the different branches of this trade would fill no ordinary volume. Suffice it to say in general terms as far as relates to the slaves, that he confirmed the various violent and treacherous methods of procuring them in their own country; their wretched condition in consequence of being crowded together in the passage; their attempts to rise in defence of their own freedom, and when this was impracticable, to destroy themselves by the refusal of sustenance, by jumping overboard into the sea, and in other ways; the effect also of their situation upon their minds by producing insanity and various diseases; and the cruel manner of dispos-

ing of them in the West Indies, and of separating relatives and friends.'

Mr. C. next proceeds to Gloucester, Worcester and Chester, disposes the editors of the papers in those places to favour the cause of the abolition, and prepares the way for petitions to parliament against the trade. At Liverpool Mr. Clarkson added to his collection of African products, and procured a large stock of information relative to the cruelties practised in the different departments of the trade. His friend William Rathbone introduced him to a Mr. Norris, who

'Had formerly been a slave captain but had quitted the trade and settled as a merchant in a different line of business. He was a man of quick penetration, and of good talents, which he had cultivated to advantage, and he had a pleasing address both in speech and manners. He received me with great politeness and offered me all the information I desired. He said that the slave trade, by turning the attention of the inhabitants to the persons of one another for sale, hindered foreigners from discovering, and themselves from cultivating many of the valuable productions of their own soil. On the subject of procuring slaves he gave it as his decided opinion that many of the inhabitants of Africa were kidnapped by each other as they were travelling on the roads, or fishing in the creeks, or cultivating their little spots. Having learned their language, he had collected the fact from various quarters, but more particularly from the account of slaves, whom he had transported in his own vessels. With respect however to Whidah many came from thence who were reduced to slavery in a different manner. The king of Dahomey, whose life (with the wars and customs of the Dahomans) he said he was then writing, and who was a very despotic prince, made no scruple of seizing his own subjects and selling them, if he was in want of any of the articles which the slave vessels would afford him.'

As soon as the cause of Mr. Clarkson's journey to Liverpool was generally known, he became an object of hostility to the numerous individuals in that place who were concerned in the trade, so that he was in more than one instance exposed to danger from the brutality of their resentment.

At Manchester Mr. Clarkson found the sentiment of indignation against this abominable traffic becoming very general. Here, contrary to his usual practice, he preached a sermon on the subject at the request of many of the inhabitants. Mr. Clarkson gives the heads of this sermon,

which might as well have been omitted. At Birmingham Mr. C. perceived that a spirit of opposition to the continuance of the trade had been excited by the philanthropic efforts of Sampson and Charles Lloyd in conjunction with those of Mr. Russel.

During Mr. Clarkson's absence from the metropolis, the committee had been labouring with singular discretion, vigilance and industry in order to influence the public opinion in favour of the abolition. Having caused numerous tracts to be distributed throughout the country in favour of the measure: they opened a correspondence with the societies of Philadelphia and New York, and they received an offer from Brissot, to co-operate with them in the attainment of the great end which they had in view. Brissot

'Purposed to translate and circulate through France such publications as they might send him from time to time, and to appoint bankers in Paris who might receive subscriptions and remit them to London for the good of their common cause. In the mean time if his own countrymen should be found to take an interest in this great cause, it was not improbable that a committee might be formed in Paris, to endeavour to secure the attainment of the same object from the government of France.'

'The thanks of the committee were voted to Brissot for this disinterested offer of his services, and he was elected an honorary and corresponding member. In reply however to his letter it was stated that as the committee had no doubt of procuring from the generosity of their own nation sufficient funds for effecting the object of their institution, they declined the acceptance of any pecuniary aid from the people of France, but recommended him to attempt the formation of a committee in his own country, and to inform them of his progress, and to make to them such other communications as he might deem necessary upon the subject from time to time.'

Brissot has been so much calumniated by Burke and by persons of inferior note, that we purposely select this testimony to his philanthropy. Brissot was an enthusiast but not a profligate; he was sometimes hurried away from the clear region of common sense in the too zealous pursuit of speculative principles of liberty; but he was not destitute of probity, and in his heart he wished and he meant well to France and to mankind. Mr. Clarkson mentions the names of numerous persons who, at this time, expressed a desire to co-operate with the society in promoting the abolition. Indeed the whole kingdom had in some measure become interested in the discussion of the measure, and petitions had begun to be presented to parliament for carrying it into execution.

In February, 1788, the king ordered a committee of the privy council to take into their consideration the present state of the African trade. The first examinations, which took place, consisted of partial representations which were made by the delegates from Liverpool, and tended to prove that the slave trade prevented greater barbarities which would otherwise be exercised by the princes of Africa upon their prisoners and subjects; and that, consequently, it was rather a blessing than a curse. But other evidence was produced, the secrets of the prison-house were disclosed, the mystery of iniquity was unfolded and the delusion vanished. On the 9th of May, 1788, the momentous question was first agitated in the House of Commons. The debate was opened by Mr. Pitt, who simply moved that the circumstances of the slave trade complained of in the petitions should be taken into consideration in the next session of parliament. We believe that Mr. Pitt was sincerely convinced of the impolicy and injustice of the trade; but inferior interests and subordinate considerations operated on his mind, and prevented him from exerting that almost omnipotent influence, which he, at that time, possessed in the cabinet, and in the House of Commons, to carry it into effect. Thus, though the subject was repeatedly brought before the house during his long administration, and though he constantly spoke in favour of the abolition, yet he died without effecting it! We by no means dispute the sincerity of his conviction that the trade was an accumulation of all iniquity, and that the abolition was a measure of justice and humanity; yet we do think that he never exerted himself so strenuously as he ought, and so *successfully as he might*, to carry the measure into effect. Had its tendency been, not to redress the wrongs of Africa, but to increase the prerogatives of the crown, he would instantly have forced it through both houses, even though it had been opposite to the wishes of nine-tenths of the kingdom; but he never supported the abolition of the slave trade, which was recommended by the most powerful considerations of humanity, with half the energy or influence which he evinced in passing a common revenue law. The abolition of the slave trade proved in *his hands*, only a source of rhetorical declamation, it was *vox et præterea nihil*; and if Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville had not come into office, it is probable that the abolition of this execrable traffic would still have remained, like the emancipation of the Catholics, a fruitful topic for parliamentary debate.

In the first debate on the subject which took place in the House of Commons the general disposition of that assembly

seemed to be decidedly hostile to the continuance of the trade; and the moral and humane feeling of the majority would instantly have pronounced its abolition; but considerations of what is called *policy* were suffered to prevail over those of justice and humanity. When any measure is proved to be radically inhuman and unjust, it is of itself a sufficient reason for its immediate abandonment. No considerations of fugitive interest ought to be suffered to plead for its continuance. But Mr. Pitt, after he had condemned the slave trade as repugnant to every principle of justice and humanity, yet continued, during the whole of his administration, while he lavished on it a torrent of wordy invective, to give it his actual and practical support. He who permits an evil to exist which he might extirpate, must be regarded as participating in the guilt. Mr. Pitt, who was the most absolute minister that this country ever knew, could have prevented the continuance of the slave trade; he had only to utter his sincere and hearty *fiat* in favour of the abolition, and it would instantly have taken place. Whatever glory therefore may belong to those who procured the abolition, no part of it is *his* due. Mr. Clarkson may have his own reasons for thinking otherwise; but we feel it a sacred duty to be no respecters of persons, and to speak plain truths in a plain way.

Where the humane cannot eradicate a disease they may attempt palliations, and thus diminish an evil which they have not power to destroy. This was done by Sir William Dolben in the same session, in which the first debate occurred on the slave trade. He brought in a bill to prevent the slaves

‘from being crowded too close together on board ship; to secure to them good and sufficient provisions; and to take cognizance of other matters which related to their health and accommodation.’

Such regulations as these were the more necessary when we consider that

‘every slave, whatever his size might be, was found to have only five feet six inches in length, and sixteen inches in breadth, to lie in. The floor was covered with bodies stowed or packed according to this allowance. But between the floor and the deck or ceiling were often platforms or broad shelves in the mid-way, which were covered with bodies also. The height from the floor to the ceiling, within which space the bodies on the floor and those on the platforms lay, seldom exceeded five feet eight inches, and in some cases it did not exceed four feet. The men were chained two and two

together by their hands and feet, and were chained also by means of ring-bolts, which were fastened to the deck. They were confined in this manner at least all the time they remained upon the coast, which was from six weeks to six months, as it might happen. Their allowance consisted of one pint of water a day to each person, and they were fed twice a day with yams and horse-beans. After meals they jumped up in their irons for exercise. This was so necessary for their health, that they were whipped if they refused to do it. And this jumping had been termed dancing.

'They were usually fifteen and sixteen hours below deck out of the twenty-four. In rainy weather they could not be brought up for two or three days together. If the ship was full, their situation was then distressing. They sometimes drew their breath with anxious and laborious efforts, and died of suffocation. With respect to their health in these voyages, the mortality, where the African constitution was the strongest, or on the windward coast, was only about five in a hundred. In thirty-five voyages, an account of which was produced, about six in a hundred was the average number lost. But this loss was still greater at Calabar and Bonny, which were the greatest markets for slaves. This loss, too, did not include those who died, either while the vessels were lying upon the coast, or after their arrival in the West Indies, of the disorders which they had contracted upon the voyage. Three and four in a hundred had been known to die in this latter case.

'But besides these facts, which were forced out of the witnesses by means of the cross examination which took place, they were detected in various falsehoods. They were found also guilty of a wilful concealment of such facts, as they knew, if communicated, would have invalidated their own testimony. I was instrumental in detecting them on one of these occasions myself. When Mr. Dalzell was examined, he was not wholly unknown to me. My Liverpool muster-roll told me that he had lost fifteen seamen out of forty in his last voyage. This was a sufficient ground to go upon; for generally, where the mortality of the seamen has been great, it may be laid down that the mortality of the slaves has been considerable also. I waited patiently till his evidence was nearly closed, but he had then made no unfavourable statements to the House. I desired, therefore, that a question might be put to him, and in such a manner that he might know that they who put it, had got a clue to his secrets. He became immediately embarrassed. His voice faltered. He confessed with trembling, that he had lost a third of his sailors in his last voyage. Pressed hard immediately by other questions, he then acknowledged that he had lost one hundred and twenty or a third of his slaves also. But would he say that these were all he had lost in that voyage? No: twelve others had perished by an accident, for they were drowned. But were no others lost besides the one hundred and twenty and the twelve? None, he said, upon the voyage, but between twenty and thirty before he left the coast. Thus this champion of the merchants, this advocate for the health and hap-

piness of the slaves in the middle passage, lost nearly a hundred and sixty of the unhappy persons committed to his superior care, in a single voyage!

In the first chapter of his second volume, we find Mr. Clarkson again on his travels to procure further evidence to promote the views of the abolitionists. In this chapter he mentions the striking difference which he discovered in the mortality which prevailed among the crews of the ships employed in the slave trade and of those which traded to Newfoundland:

‘On a comparison with the slave trade,’ says the author, ‘two vessels to Africa would destroy more seamen than eighty-three sailing to Newfoundland. There was this difference also to be noted, that the loss in the one trade was generally by the weather or by accident, but in the other by cruel treatment or disease; and that they, who went out in a declining state of health in the one, came home generally recovered, whereas they, who went out robust in the other, came home in a shattered condition.’

Thus the trade, which its advocates, when pressed for arguments, would sometimes represent as the nursery, was in fact the grave, of seamen. It was, indeed, the charnel-house of the freeman as well as the slave.

In 1790 Mr. Clarkson made a journey to Paris in order to interest some of the friends of freedom in that city in favour of the abolition. At the house of the Marquis de la Fayette, Mr. C. tells us, that he met the deputies of colour, who had just arrived from St. Domingo.

‘They were six in number, of a sallow or swarthy complexion, but yet it was not darker than that of some of the natives of the south of France. They were already in the uniform of the Parisian national guards, and one of them wore the cross of St. Louis. They were men of genteel appearance and modest behaviour. They seemed to be all well informed, and of a more solid cast than those which I was in the habit of seeing daily in this city. The account which they gave of themselves was this: the white people of St. Domingo, consisting of less than ten thousand persons, had deputies then sitting in the National Assembly. The people of colour greatly exceeded the whites in number. They amounted to thirty thousand, and were generally proprietors of lands. They were equally free by law, with the former, and paid their taxes to the mother-country in an equal proportion. But in consequence of having sprung from slaves they had no legislative power, and moreover were treated with great contempt. Believing that the mother country was going to make a change in its political constitution, they had called a

meeting in the island, and this meeting had deputed them to repair to France, and to desire the full rights of citizens, or that the free people of colour might be put on an equality with the whites.'

They said that

'the slave-trade was the parent of all the miseries in St. Domingo, not only on account of the cruel treatment it occasioned to the slaves, but on account of the discord which it constantly kept up between the whites and people of colour, in consequence of the hateful distinctions it introduced. These distinctions could never be obliterated while it lasted. Indeed, both the trade and the slavery must fall before the infamy now fixed upon a skin of colour, could be so done away that whites and blacks could meet cordially and look with respect upon one another. They had it in their instructions, in case they should obtain a seat in the assembly, to propose an immediate abolition of the slave trade and an immediate amelioration of the state of slavery also, with a view to its final abolition in fifteen years.'

Mirabeau had determined to introduce the measure into the assembly, and Mr. Clarkson furnished him with those details respecting the trade, which it was necessary for him to know.

'I sent him,' says Mr. Clarkson, 'a letter every other day for a whole month, which contained from sixteen to twenty pages. He usually acknowledged the receipt of each. Hence many of his letters came into my possession. These were always interesting on account of the richness of the expressions they contained. Mirabeau even in his ordinary discourse was eloquent.'

Mr. Clarkson gives the following account of Brissot:

'Brissot was a man of plain and modest appearance. His habits, contrary to those of his countrymen in general, were domestic. In his own family he set an amiable example both as a husband and as a father. On all occasions he was a faithful friend. He was particularly watchful over his private conduct. From the simplicity of his appearance and the severity of his morals, he was called the Quaker; at least, in all the circles which I frequented. He was a man of deep feeling. He was charitable to the poor as far as his slender income permitted him. But his benevolence went beyond the usual bounds. He was no patriot in the ordinary acceptance of the word, for he took the habitable globe as his country, and wished to consider every foreigner as his brother.'

Mr. Clarkson left France without accomplishing the object of his mission. On his return he continued his research

for fresh witnesses to the cruelties of this abominable traffic. He gives in particular an interesting account of his indefatigable endeavours to discover an individual of whom he had accidentally heard, who had been present at the kidnapping of slaves along the banks of the rivers Calabar and Bonny :

‘ It was usual,’ says Mr. C. ‘ when the slave ships lay there, (in the rivers Calabar and Bonny) for a number of canoes to go into the inland country. These went in a fleet ; there might be from thirty to forty armed natives in each of them. Every canoe also had a four or a six-pounder (cannon) fastened to her bow. Equipped in this manner they departed, and they were usually absent from 8 to 14 days. It was said that they went to fairs, which were held on the banks of these rivers, and at which there was a regular show of slaves. On their return they usually brought down from eight hundred to a thousand of those for the ships. These lay at the bottom of the canoes ; their arms and legs having been first bound by the ropes of the country.’

The point which Mr. Clarkson wished to ascertain was how the slaves who were thus brought down these rivers were obtained ? From the opponents of the abolition he endeavoured in vain to procure a satisfactory answer to the question.

‘ But, on mentioning accidentally,’ says Mr. Clarkson, ‘ the circumstances of the case to a friend, he informed me that he himself had been in company about a year before with a sailor, a very respectable looking man, who had been up these rivers. He had spent half an hour with him at an inn. He described his person to me. But he knew nothing of his name or of the place of his abode. All he knew was, that he was either going or that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary ; but he could not tell at what port.

As Mr. Clarkson had no further clue to his search, it seemed almost desperate, but he was not to be deterred by common difficulties ; he resolved not to lose an evidence to such an important matter of fact, for want of the most diligent enquiry. He very considerably procured a permission from Sir C. Middleton, who was then comptroller of the navy, to visit every ship of war in ordinary in England, in order to find the man. Thus prepared Mr. Clarkson began his journey :

‘ I boarded,’ says he, ‘ all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford I proceeded to Woolwich, where I did the same. Thence I hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. I had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. I had

found out two good and willing evidences among them. But I could gain no intelligence of him, who was the object of my search. From Chatham, I made the best of my way to Portsmouth-harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here. But the master's boats were ready for me; and I continued my pursuit. On boarding the *Pegase*, on the second day, I discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the *Canterbury* slave ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom I had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. I then continued my pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day, I resumed and finished it for this quarter. I had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour, but I had not discovered the person I had gone to seek.

‘Matters now began to look rather disheartening, I mean as far as my grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. I determined however to go to Plymouth. I had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as I should continue to move among the same kind of people, my success would be in a similar proportion according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to me to proceed. At length, I arrived at the place of my last hope. On my first day's expedition I boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in king's ships, but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and, notwithstanding my success as to general evidence in this journey, my heart began to beat. I was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning, I felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state I entered my boat. The fifty-seventh vessel, which I boarded in this harbour was the *Melampus* frigate. One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and I had not long discoursed with him, before I found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was the man. I found too, that he unravelled the question in dispute precisely as our inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river to Calabar in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of the village. They then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during day-light. But at night they went up to it armed; and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second they were out eight or nine days when they made a similar attempt and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the

Melampus, was Isaac Parker. On inquiry into his character from the master of the division, I found it highly respectable. I found also, afterwards, that he had sailed with Captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world. It was also remarkable that my brother on seeing him in London, when he went to deliver his evidence, recognised him as having served on board the *Monarch* man of war, and as one of the most exemplary men in that ship.

Mr. Clarkson gives an account of the different parliamentary debates which took place on the subject of the slave trade. This constitutes no small portion of his work, and it appears to us by far the most insipid and uninteresting part of the whole performance. Mr. Clarkson might in a few pages have given a clear and luminous view of the legislative proceedings respecting the trade, without telling us that *Mr. Fox got up*, or that *Mr. Pitt sat down*; that *one gentleman said*, and *another observed*; that *a third rose up*; that *a fourth desired to say a few words*; that *a fifth stated that he had maturely considered the subject*; that the Chancellor of the Exchequer said he should be happy if he thought the circumstances of the case were such as to enable them to proceed, &c. that Mr. Martin desired to say a few words only; that Mr. Rolle said, he had received instructions from his constituents, &c. that Mr. Wilberforce rose up in the House; that this said Mr. Wilberforce rose up in the Commons; that Mr. Wilberforce concluded a speech which lasted three hours and a half; that Lord Penrhyn rose; and that Mr. Gascoigne did the same; that Mr. Burke got up; that Mr. Pitt thanked his honourable friend, Mr. Wilberforce; that Sir William Young said, and that Mr. Fox observed; that Mr. (now Lord) Grenville would not detain the House; that Mr. Martin stated, &c. that Mr. William Smith would not detain the House long at that hour; that soon after this the House broke up; that Mr. Wilberforce moved the order of the day; that Mr. Alderman Sawbridge immediately arose; that Mr. Wilberforce replied; that Mr. Pitt observed; that Mr. Fox also observed; that Alderman Sawbridge maintained; and that Alderman Newnham was certain; that Alderman Watson maintained; that Mr. Molyneux rose up; that this called up Sir William Dolben and Sir Charles Middleton; that Sir William Dolben was put into the chair; that Mr. Tierney made a motion; that Mr. William Smith remarked; that Sir William Dolben rose to state; that Mr. Milnes declared; that Mr. Wilberforce made a short reply; that Colonel Tarleton repeated his arguments; that Mr. Milbank would only just observe; that Mr. Dundas rose again, &c. &c. &c.—

All this *important* information may do very well to fill the vacant columns of those newspapers from which Mr. Clarkson has thus extracted it with more fidelity than judgment ; but it appears to us to be totally superfluous in his work, and not very compatible with the dignity of history. We repeat that Mr. Clarkson might, in a few pages, have exhibited the general complexion, spirit, and substance of the debates on the slave trade, which would have been much more agreeable and instructive, than the tedious and common-place details which he has thrown together ; which, if they swell the actual bulk, make a great deduction from the literary merit of his work. Mr. Clarkson should have spurned not only the reality but have carefully avoided even the appearance of any book-making artifice. By this means all the matter of any interest or moment which he has spread out into two volumes might with the utmost facility have been comprised in one.

We cannot bestow any high praise on the style of this history. It presents some few instances of strength, but none of elegance. Mr. Clarkson does not often attempt to be eloquent, but when he does, he usually fails for want of taste. The two following sentences, in which he is speaking of the death of Mr. Fox, will be a sufficient proof of this :

‘ Nor is it improbable if earthly scenes ever rise to view at that awful crisis *and are perceptible*, that it (the abolition of the slave-trade) might have occupied his mind in the last moment of his existence. Then indeed would joy ineffable, from a conviction of having prepared the way for rescuing millions of human beings from misery, have attended the spirit on its departure from the body ; and then also would this spirit most of all purified when in the contemplation of peace, good will, and charity upon earth, be in the fittest state on *gliding from its earthly cavern to commune with the endless ocean of benevolence and love.*’

In this passage, in which the author evidently endeavours to elevate his diction to the dignity of the subject, the discriminating reader will notice instances of tautology, of awkward construction, and of coarse and ill assorted imagery. But this is a work to which the inherent importance of the subject will attract readers, whatever may be the blemishes of the style, or the defects of taste in the composition.

ART. III.—*A Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; with a Sketch of the Prospect before him, Appendix and Notes.* By W. A. Miles, Esq. 8vo. Bell. 1808.

THE present work contains a good deal of important matter, but of which the greater part has no very close connection with the professed object of the letter.—Mr. Miles, who is an entire stranger to us, appears to be a man of strong and ardent feelings, which are often warmly and forcibly expressed.—He has seen a good deal; and he has evidently reflected much on what he has seen.—He is well acquainted not only with the external occurrences but with many of the internal movements of that period of our history, which is comprised in the administration of Mr. Pitt; and particularly with the part of it which is contemporaneous with the commencement and early progress of the French revolution. His personal acquaintance with some of the actors in that turbulent æra, and some communications of importance with which he was himself intrusted, have enabled him to throw light on several transactions, which have been perplexed by opposite statements and involved by the arts of faction in a studied obscurity.

In the beginning of his letter to the Prince, Mr. Miles describes and reprobates the political system, which has been uniformly prosecuted through the present reign. In this system Mr. Miles seems to descry a deliberate propensity to abridge the liberties of the subject, and to impair that freedom which constitutes the essence of the constitution. This system the prince is of course very vigorously exhorted to relinquish, and to exert his influence in restoring the constitution to its pristine beauty and strength.

‘It cannot be too strongly impressed on your mind,’ says Mr. Miles, addressing His Royal Highness, ‘that the complete restoration of the constitution to that state and condition in which it was confided to your ancestors will be your best security for the perfect enjoyment of the splendid inheritance to which you are entitled. That your mind, Sir, is well impressed with this important truth is no longer doubted; your loyalty to the country is unquestionable; and the people may be fully convinced that they have nothing to apprehend from your government, whenever you ascend the throne of your ancestors. The reverence in which you are acknowledged to hold the genuine principles of that constitution of which you are the hereditary guardian, and the aversion you have expressed at every abuse of power levelled at the liberties of the people, in whose hap-

piness it is said you feel an interest too warm to have its sincerity suspected, authorize the hope your country would willingly entertain, that when, in the course of nature, the sovereignty of these realms descends to your Royal Highness, you will prove yourself to be in the true and most unlimited sense of the word — A PATRIOT KING.'

Mr. Miles deduces the *original evil* of the present reign from the malignant influence of Lord Bute, by which the mind of a great personage is supposed to have been imbued with those high notions of the right divine of kings, which proved so unfortunate to the Stuarts.

'Young in empire,' says Mr. Miles, 'and little versed in the duties of a chief magistrate, George the third assumed the reins of government, with a mind warped by the prejudices of his preceptor, who firmly believed that kings are infallible and omnipotent; under this mischievous delusion, and incensed to find the capacity and principles of his favourite arraigned, he unfortunately entered into all the pitiful resentments of Lord Bute, and making the cause of the Minister his own, incurred an odium due only to his Lordship, and experienced in a disgraceful contest with one of his subjects (Mr. Wilkes) the mortification of a defeat.'

To the spirit of Lord Bute, which like an evil genius hovered round the throne, and influenced the measures of the cabinet long after he himself had ceased to take any ostensible part in public affairs, may be ascribed the impolitic contest with America; which was undertaken with a view of subjugating that continent, and the no less impolitic rupture with France, the real object of which was to reinstate the ancient despotism. Mr. Miles says that the war with France was resolved on as early as 1791, when 'the revolution had scarcely peeped over the Boulevards of Paris,' and that Mr. Pitt was authoritatively told, that he *must war with France or resign*. Mr. Pitt, though he must have been conscious of his own incapacity for conducting a war, yet preferred the retention of his place to every other consideration.

'The pigmy ambition of Mr. Pitt,' says Mr. Miles, 'soared no higher than to office. The book of vacancies was far more important in his estimation than the interest of the empire or the destiny of nations.'

Mr. Miles seems to have formed a very correct estimate of the character and the virtue of Mr. Pitt,

'Having falsified' says he, 'all those professions by which he had, in the commencement of his parliamentary career, obtained the popularity which floated him into power; as reserved and phlegmatic as he was imperious, it was not likely he would participate in that generous warmth, which the country, so much to its credit, openly avowed on beholding twenty-five millions of their fellow-creatures released from the shackles of a government confessedly arbitrary, although its tyranny had been moderated by the prevalence of milder manners, and happily restricted in the exercise of undefined authority, to something like a decent resemblance with the few governments, in which personal property, fenced and secured by positive laws, have nothing to apprehend from the caprice or injustice of sovereigns or their ministers. The fact is, that what had, in the first instance, thrown the whole nation, as it were, into a delirium of joy, appears to have bewildered and stupified its minister. He alone seemed insensible not only to the grandeur of an event, which promised happiness to millions, but to the magnitude of its consequences. The first distinct impression it appears to have made on his mind, was not far removed from that which is felt by those who think themselves at full liberty to plunder a house in flames. Mr. Pitt's views, with respect to France, were precisely of this description. They had no greater latitude. Instead of contemplating that extraordinary occurrence as a new epoch in the annals of mankind, he beheld only the petty warfare of contending factions, in which he felt himself so perfectly at home, that he fancied he was able to aggravate their personal squabbles into civil feuds, beneficial to his country. He only looked to the uses to be derived at the moment from the internal confusion in France, and vainly imagined that his talent for intrigue could be displayed as successfully abroad as it had unfortunately been exercised at home. An able statesman would have taken a far different view of an event, sufficiently awful in the commencement, to have awakened far better sentiments in our public councils, if Mr. Pitt could have looked beyond the emoluments and patronage of office. A statesman with a correct and comprehensive mind, would have examined that great event *dans tout son étendu*. He would have looked at it, not only as it affected the immediate interests of the country in which it blazed, but as to the effect it might have on surrounding nations, at a distant period, and on the general fortunes of mankind, dispersed throughout the habitable globe. He might have foreseen, that whenever the science, the genius, and passions, of an enlightened and enterprising people, are called into full activity from the obscurity and silence in which despotism, always jealous, always trembling for its existence, had held them immured for centuries; their force and influence on the laws, manners, and happiness of the civilized world, must be considerable.

'These were, however, objects, if not beyond the capacity of Mr. Pitt to estimate, at least of too little import to engage his attention.

Compelled to war with France or resign, he felt less difficulty in pledging himself to oppose the progress of the Revolution: and, unacquainted as he was with the force and resources of the enemy, and even ignorant of his genius and character, he precipitated the crisis which has consigned his memory to eternal reproach, and sealed perhaps, the ruin of his country. Looking solely to the preservation of what he had acquired by intrigue, he entered into all the rash and inconsiderate councils of the man *, who became, as it were, a focus, in which were concentrated all the wild and wicked projects of the most artful of the emigrants, distributed in every direction throughout the whole Continent of Europe, for the foul purpose of stimulating foreign powers to carry war and desolation into the very bosom of that country they had the baseness to desert. Animated by revenge, they paid no regard to facts, circumstances, or consequences; and while Mr. Pitt fancied he was acting for himself and from himself, he was little else than the blind instrument of men, who, when they found their greater projects resisted, never failed to make a market of their pretended loyalty to the sovereign they had betrayed. Amongst these were to be found men of rank, who ought to have remained attached to their country, and to have shared her fortunes; and though they might have been driven for the moment by the tempests of the times from their native land, they had no colourable pretext for becoming traitors at once to the nation they had abandoned, and to the nation that maintained them. To this description of emigrants, our most pernicious enemies, whose object in calling the world to arms was merely to recover what they had deservedly lost, the Minister gave his ready confidence; but perfectly understanding the value of his welcome, and aware of his motives, they paid him in coin and laughed at him.—He was their dupe from first to last, with the additional mortification of finally knowing that he had been, throughout, imposed upon. Nor was Mr. Pitt alone the victim of a credulity which was in a manner epidemic—his colleagues gave an implicit credence to every tale, however absurd, that was brought them, and espoused the cause of emigrants, from a vanity as contemptible as their own; whenever Parliament calls for an account of the issues made to Mr. Wickham, while in Switzerland, for foreign subsidies and other purposes, your Royal Highness will then learn with equal surprise and indignation, the amount of British gold paid to a banditti of adventurers, under the stale pretext of accomplishing a counter-revolution in favour of the banished family.'

In a note under the above passage, Mr. Miles remarks that 'Mr. Wickham drew for something more than SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS during his mission in Switzerland.'—We have no reason to believe that there is any

* The late Mr. Burke.

exaggeration in this statement. It is probable from the pamphlet of M. Fauche-Borel, which we reviewed in our last number, that the sum was rather greater than less than the calculation of Mr. Miles. For M. Fauche-Borel shows that needy and profligate adventurers were constantly applying to the English government for money to bring about a counter-revolution in France, and that much of the money which was thus obtained, instead of being appropriated to its object, was embezzled by the unprincipled traitors through whose hands it passed.—Thus, according to the account of M. Fauche Borel, though large sums were distributed to different agents in order to influence the election of the *new third* of the legislative body in favour of the Bourbons, those departments, on which the largest sums had been lavished, sent deputies the most adverse to the exiled family.

At p. 71, Mr. Miles mentions a report, which if it be true cannot be too generally known, and if false, too soon or too universally exploded,

‘It,’ says he, meaning the constitution, ‘has been withering for something more than forty years, and those who seem to derive a guilty pleasure in contemplating its decay, who have most contributed to impair its antique massive strength, and most defaced the beauty of its elegant exterior are for immediately extinguishing all that remains of what our ancestors wrested from the perfidious Charles, who perished, as he deserved, on a scaffold; and from his yet more wicked and contemptible son James the second. Your royal highness is yet to learn, perhaps, that a project is widely suspected to *suspend the constitution.*’

‘I quote,’ says Mr. Miles, ‘the precise words of the champions of the measure in contemplation.’ If such a measure be in contemplation, and if the champions of it be known to Mr. Miles, he ought to have mentioned their names, that they may be known to the country, and universally execrated as traitors of the worst species that ever appeared among us. For what is it that these persons mean by the awful words, ‘suspend the constitution?’ Do they mean to enable the king to govern without parliaments and to tax the people without obtaining the consent of their representatives? This would be to suspend the constitution. Do they mean to abolish the trial by jury, and to destroy the liberty of the press? This would be to suspend the constitution of which they are essential parts. But whatever may be the precise meaning of the words, it is clear that they imply a nearer assimilation of the complex form of the British government to a simple despotism.

'It is pretended,' says Mr. Miles, 'that nothing short of rendering the king as absolute as Bonaparte can enable his majesty to call out the energies necessary for the salvation of the country.'

We know that Mr. Reeves asserted in a pamphlet which appeared in 1795, and which certainly was not written without a view to some ulterior object, that '*parliaments owed their existence to the bounty of the sovereign, and that the king could legally carry on the government without them.*'

If war was resolved on by the British cabinet in 1791, and if Mr. Pitt acquiesced in the intimation of the court, that he must *either war or resign*, then Mr. Miles may justly ascribe the origin of the war itself rather to this country than to France, and rather to Mr. Pitt than to the national convention. The war, which was undertaken in 1793, was the consequence of the resolution that was formed in 1791. In 1793, says Mr. Miles,

'France had no choice left her. Irritated by the perfidy and insults of foreign courts, harrassed by traitors within, who under foreign auspices, '*fooled her in the delirium of her convulsion to the very top of her bent*;' perplexed and bewildered by the innumerable underhand projects perpetually forming by the ill-advised king and queen, who vainly hoped to recover the authority they had lost; menaced with a civil war by the intrigues carrying on at the Tuilleries, at Vienna, at Berlin, Petersburg and London, through the vile agency of a discarded nobility, leagued with a banditti of priests and impostors, the convention had no resource from rebellion but in boldly throwing away the scabbard and trusting the fortunes of the revolution to the sword.'

'The war,' says Mr. Miles, 'being resolved upon in 1791, fixes this country with the guilt of aggression—the attempts made in 1792 and 1793 by Messieurs Chauvelin, Maret, the two Mourgues, father and son, Noel, and Reinhard, to prevent hostilities, in which these gentlemen had recourse to my agency, prove that France was desirous to avoid, even down to February 1793, a rupture with this country—she offered as the price of peace, to rescind the offensive decrees of the 19th November, and 15th of December 1792; and to engage that Spain should open all the markets in South America to our manufactures: I was authorized to state, that whenever Great Britain was disposed to enter into an alliance with France, the latter was ready to open a negociation with the former for that purpose. But when these concessions were made, Ministers insisted on the Scheld remaining in a state of interdiction, under the pretext that Holland would be ruined if the port of Antwerp* was opened.

* The Dutch, who were alone interested in keeping the waters of the Scheld stagnate, never pressed us at the time to make it a *sine qua non* to our neutrality; but we wanted an excuse to quarrel, and found one, as Ho tsur did rebellion.

On this point, in which their High Mightinesses took no active part, nor did they wish to plunge this country into war, the two nations split. Monsieur Chauvelin, in a very indecent manner, was ordered by Lord Grenville to quit the country.—Monsieur Maret, who crossed to Dover as the other was crossing to Calais, was refused an audience on his arrival in London, and also dismissed, without being admitted to an interview, or allowed to enter into an explanation of the points in dispute. In the Memoirs of my own Times, comprehending a space of thirty years, which I am preparing for the press, it is, my intention to enter fully into the history of the French Revolution, and to do ample justice to the integrity, the zeal, and pacific dispositions of the various confidential agents from the Executive Council, to whom I have referred in this publication, and who were sent from Paris to London in 1792 and 1793, for the express purpose of preserving a good understanding between the two governments; but as the present occasion offers a fair opportunity of mentioning them as they deserve, and as this work goes forth to the world authenticated by my name; I think it due to Mons. Maret, Mons. Reinhard, and Mons. Noel to declare, that their unremitting efforts to prevent a rupture, are not the less entitled to the esteem of both nations for having been unsuccessful. It was the most earnest wish of these gentlemen, as also of Mons. Morgue, and his son Scipion, who exerted themselves for the same laudable purpose, to have brought both governments to that favourable and amicable temper towards each other, which might have ultimately led them to consolidate, by a treaty of alliance, their mutual interests—that they came to England for such purposes, is evident from their correspondence—that they professed such sentiments, and were grieved and disappointed at the failure of their efforts, are truths which I am bound to acknowledge; and under these impressions they left England.

We never before heard of the following fact, which is of so much importance that we cannot withhold it from the reader, as it so strongly manifests the different disposition of the two governments at the commencement of the war.

‘The war,’ says Mr. Miles, ‘determined upon in 1791, announced itself on the 8th of February 1793, after various efforts on the part of France to avert so direful a calamity. Towards the end of the following month (March) an offer was made through me to Government by the friends of limited monarchy, then known by the name of Moderates, to march an army from the Alps of France to Paris, and to proclaim the son of Louis the XVIth, then alive, King of France, provided Great Britain would declare herself contented with the constitution which Louis the XVIth had sworn to respect, and as a pledge of her sincerity, procure the release of Mons. De la Fayette and his friends, most shamefully as well as impolitically detained, first by Prussia, and afterwards by Austria. It was pro-

posed to establish a form of government similar to our own in which the people should have a security against the encroachments of the Crown in the responsibility of its Ministers. The party in favour of a limited monarchy was at that time considerable in France; many of them in office: their influence and resources were great—they had founderies in the mountains where they cast cannon—all they wanted was the countenance of Great Britain to re-establish the monarchy—they required no subsidies, no clothing, no ammunition, nor even money to defray the expenses of their journey back—they sought refuge in our justice, from the fury of the Jacobins and the relentless rage of the red-hot Royalists. It would have been wisdom to have listened to their offer, and especially as they candidly stated, that with all their aversion to republicanism, they would prefer it to an absolute monarchy, and trusted they would not be driven to adopt an alternative so repugnant to their habits and principles. I gave their memorial to the Under-Secretary of State *. The Cabinet was then sitting; I saw it carried in; but as no notice whatever was taken of it, it is fair to presume that his majesty's Ministers moved the *previous question*, and passed to the order of the day.

Again says Mr. Miles,

'About the 4th of February 1794, I received a letter from Paris, pressing me to use my credit, if I had any, with Mr. Pitt, in favour of peace, adding, that it was the determination of the Convention to expel us, at all events, the Low Countries, the ensuing campaign, and that they would have 200,000 men in Flanders if necessary. I transmitted the letter immediately to Mr. Pitt, and he almost as immediately sent a gentleman to me high in his confidence, to request I would not send him any more French intelligence. The message certainly surprised me—it did more—because I thought it was his duty, as Minister, to receive intelligence; it was for him to judge how far it was entitled to credit, or proper to be acted upon; and this I told his friend in nearly the same words. The correctness of my information from Paris in January 1794, was completely verified at the conclusion of the year, by the total expulsion of the British and other foreign troops from the Austrian Netherlands, and by the subsequent reduction of Holland. The specimen of the "*wisdom and vigour*" in our public Councils, which the Corporation of London so much extolled in their late Address to the King, offers to Your Royal Highness much matter for useful though painful reflection, and proves that the capacity for conducting the war bore no kind of proportion to the zeal for entering into it. A very favourable opportunity for terminating it occurred when the Dutch,

* Mr. Aust, Foreign Department.

disgusted with a contest into which they had been forced, withdrew from the confederacy, and negotiated a separate peace for themselves—at that period the French would have consented to a general peace. This disposition was communicated to the Foreign Secretary without delay—It was received—contemned—and spurned. Early in January 1795, I received a letter from M. Barthelmy, the French Minister at Basle, informing me the Convention was ready to treat with Great Britain for peace, on terms consistent with the honour, the dignity, and interests of the French nation. The importance of the information induced me to disregard the prohibition I had received from Mr. Pitt, the preceding year, to send him any more French intelligence, and I lost no time in communicating it—I sent a copy of it to the late Duke of Leeds, aware of his being in favour of peace, and in the hope, that, though he no longer formed a part of the administration, he might see Mr. Pitt, and urge the propriety of sending me to Basle, whither I offered to go, on having only my expenses paid, to ascertain the terms on which France would treat.*

‘ Here was another very favourable occasion for terminating the war, and at an epoch when Europe, comparatively speaking, had suffered no material injury—Spain was entire—Italy the same—Austria* and Prussia in full vigour—the Germanic empire untouched. Could reason have subdued obstinacy, these states would not have to lament their impotency or their ruined fortunes, and their total inability to recover their former consequence; but, Sir, the extent of the evil is yet a secret to us—It may not be very easy to ascertain what we might have gained by accepting the invitation to peace, offered to us twice in 1794; but we are certainly in a condition most accurately to estimate what we have lost, and to form no very improbable conjecture what we may yet suffer, if the nation, “*confiding in the wisdom, the firmness, and vigour of His Majesty’s councils,*” should allow the war to be continued with such indelible marks of incapacity for conducting it: and with yet the stronger and far more melancholy evidence staring us in the face, that every year, nay, Sir, every month, week, day, hour, and almost every minute, swells the proud triumphs of our adversary, and renders him as invulnerable to our attacks, as he is superior to our malice. I should have supposed that Ministers, taught wisdom by experience, would have condescended to relax in the rigour of their demands, and giving up the “*indemnity for the past,*” have gladly compounded with having “*security for the future.*” I frequently forewarned Mr. Pitt, from 1790 to 1793, what the issue of the rupture would be—I told him that France would rise a phoenix from her ashes—that if he warred with her, he would ruin his country: a part

* With the exception of the Low Countries.

of my prediction has been realized—it is for Your Royal Highness to decide upon the probability of what has not yet been verified.’

When Mr. Miles wrote his letter to the prince, Spain had not begun her bold attempt to throw off the yoke of France, or perhaps Mr. M. would have seen reason to alter some of his inferences with respect to the fitness of any *present* offer to treat with France, and to the impossibility of reducing the power of Bonaparte on the continent. ‘A peace with France,’ says Mr. Miles ‘followed by an alliance, would ensure the repose of the world for ever; but a peace that has not an alliance for its object, will be fallacious, and lead to worse consequences than war. The moment is favourable. Leave to France the task of arranging the continent of Europe, of which she is become the absolute mistress; her claim—the right of conquest. It is precisely the same as that we have to Oude, or to any of the other Asiatic provinces we have seized or made tributary.’

‘To wrest dominion from France by force, is beyond our strength; to dispossess her by intrigue, beyond our cunning. The *status quo ante bellum* ceased to be a basis for future negotiation when the different powers of Europe ceased to respect its principle. Those, who are the first to violate forms and principles, have little right to complain if the examples they give of injustice should be improved upon. The fate of Europe deserves our notice no farther than as it may affect our own safety, and her sufferings would have no claim to our commiseration had we not been instrumental in misleading her.’

Before the recent revolution in Spain we agreed with Mr. Miles and Mr. Whitbread in the propriety of offering to treat for peace with France, thinking that it was as foolish as it was vain to attempt any longer to destroy her power or to rescue Europe from her dominion. But the new and *regenerate aspect* of Spain has incited us to cherish the hope, that that people will be able to shake off the yoke of dependence upon France, that the other nations of Europe will imitate her glorious example, and that Bonaparte will no longer be master of the continent. But we think that the political advice of Mr. Miles was well adapted to the state of affairs at the time he wrote; for he must have possessed more than human sagacity if he could have foreseen that the deliverance of Europe would proceed from the superstition, ignorance, and despotism that seemed to have fixed their abode in Spain and Portugal.

Among other curious particulars in this work of Mr. Miles, we cannot refrain from extracting the following :

‘ The abolition of titles in France took place on the motion of Monsieur Matthew de Montmorency, a member of the National Assembly in 1790, not for the purpose, as Mr. Burke asserted, of destroying the privileged orders, on which that name reflected more lustre than any other, but for the purpose of rescuing the ancient nobility from being confounded with the vile mixture of self-created counts and marquisses with whom Europe was overrun, and whose adventures brought disgrace on the aristocracy, and on the nation itself—the most effectual way to get rid of this mob of titles, was to dissolve and melt the whole into the general mass, *de les refondre*, with a view in due time to restore that rank purified from the innumerable swarms which had been foisted into it from the bar, from commerce, finance, and the *pavé*; but the turn which the French revolution unfortunately took, on being forced out of its natural and original course, by the perfidious, and cowardly conduct of the different courts of Europe, prevented the accomplishment of this well-intentioned measure, and exposed the noble author of the proposed reform, to all that obloquy which Mr. Burke, from the worst of motives, so copiously lavished on those whom he deserted or opposed.—Whether the wisdom of the measure corresponded with the purity of the design, is unnecessary to enquire. The fact, as stated, was well known to Mr. Burke when he accused the parties concerned of a mean and criminal renunciation of their birth-rights; but calumny loses all its atrocity in a mind insensible to remorse, and misrepresentations never had any thing very offensive to the morals of that gentleman, whenever it suited his purpose to resort to them.

‘ It is from Monsieur de Montmorency I hold this fact; I knew him, and it is a justice due to the integrity of that insulted nobleman, to rescue him from the slander of a man who never spared the throne or the cottage, whenever it suited his malice or his interest to abuse either.’

We are happy to find Mr. Miles, in the following extract, doing justice to the probity, the disinterestedness, and the patriotism of Mr. Fox; while it shews that Mr. Burke was paid for his *Reflections on the French révolution* not only by the government of this country, but even by the old corrupt court of France :

‘ It is impossible that the Duke of Portland and his associates can ever forget the last meeting they had with Mr. Fox and his friends, when they met by appointment for the last time at Devonshire-house: it was at that last sad interview; at that fatal meeting of an opposition, formidable from their numbers, and with the soli-

tary exception of their nominal leader, formidable in point of talents, that the credit of the only constitutional check on the despotism of the crown was extinguished—the parliamentary opposition, (the honorary guardians of the constitution), fell on that memorable occasion, to rise perhaps no more, and with it fell the pride, the glory, and the best defence of Britain. Ministers from that moment felt themselves unfettered by restraints, unawed by the controul of superior talents, and by dread of public shame, which sometimes holds the place of virtue. Many of those who were present at this meeting of the Old and New Whigs, as they call themselves, will do justice to the enlarged and comprehensive mind of Mr. Fox, to the correct views he had of the probable effects of the French revolution, and to his exquisite sensibility on finding himself compelled to relinquish the endearing ties of long-established friendships, or of becoming an accomplice in the ruin of his country. He preferred his duty to his interest, and by the virtue of that resolve amply atoned for all the political errors of his former life. Mr. Burke, indeed, triumphed for the moment, but it was only to render his fall more conspicuous, and his disgrace eternal—even a vagrant, fugitive priesthood, who hailed him in the plenitude of his borrowed glory, as their Messiah, disdain to chant hymns to his memory, and with all his blind devotion to their frauds and superstition, would not honour him with a mass to ensure his salvation. It will be difficult to ascertain at this period, what that personage received from the remnant of the French court, during the short interval of its existence after the destruction of the Bastile; but if any credit is due to the questionable testimony of M. Calonne, the sum that Mr. Burke received from the French court, more than trebled what was derived from the sale of his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 17,000 copies of which were said by Dodsley to have been sold. This extraordinary production, which did far greater credit to the eloquence of the author, than to his judgment, his character, or discretion, may be said to have sealed the destruction of Europe.—It gave a false bias to the informed and uninformed minds of those, who were to guide the public opinion, as well as to direct the public force of nations.—It was that book, so much in favour, where it should have been spurned, published the latter end of 1790, or early in 1791, that decided this country to war with unoffending France. The revolution was then in its infancy; it had announced nothing hostile to other nations, nothing offensive to their governments, nor any thing very criminal against its own.

The following account of the different pensions which Mr. Burke received from the English government, in addition to the sums which he derived from the old court of France, will demonstrate beyond the power of contradiction, that whatever might be the richness of his genius, it was debased by the most sordid selfishness.

' A List of Pensions granted to Mr. Burke.

' 1200l. per annum chargeable on the Civil List for the lives of { Edmund Burke, Esq. and his Wife, and the survivor of them, by warrant, dated Sep. 29, 1795, and to commence from Jan. 5, 1793.

' 1160l. per annum, payable out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. duties, for the lives of { Edmund Burke, Esq. Lord Royston, Anchtel Grey, Esq. and the survivor of them, by patent, dated Oct. 24, 1795, to commence July 24, 1793.

' 1340l. payable out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. duties, for the lives of { The Princess Amelia, Lord Althorpe, and William Cavendish Esq. by patent, dated Oct. 29, 1795, to commence July 1793.

' All these pensions have a retrospect of nearly two years ; consequently the sum of 8520l. was paid immediately to Mr. Burke, and the second and third pensions were instantly realized into a sum total of something more than 30,000l. So that the French Revolution, which has proved a mischief to this country, was to Mr. Burke, as well as to others among us, a mine of wealth—but that gentleman always understood the making of bargains. At the time of the discussions on the Regency, when it was expected that event would take place, his rapacity was beyond all measurable bounds ; the Pay-office was destined for him, but on no account would he hear of a Joint Paymaster. He insisted upon the whole, and his clamours on that occasion are not yet forgotten by those who were privy to the transactions of those days.'

In p. 146—155, we find Mr. Miles arguing very forcibly against the policy of entrusting the awful power of making war to any individual. What he says on the subject is highly deserving the attentive perusal of the reader. Any future sovereign might acquire immortal honour to himself, and have his memory for ever enshrined in the affections of his subjects, if on his accession to the crown, he would cheerfully and gratuitously resign this invidious branch of the prerogative to his parliament. He might address both houses in the following language: This prerogative of making war has been transmitted to me from my ancestors, by whom the pages of history as well as your own experience will teach you that it has been often exercised ; but as I am anxious that my reign should be a reign of peace, I am determined not to retain a power, which, in a moment of in-

consideration, I may be tempted to abuse. The world has been too long and too often ravaged by the warlike propensities of princes. I have none of those propensities; but as I do not profess to be free from the imperfections of humanity, I cannot be certain that circumstances will never arise to excite them in my breast. But I will do all that I can to secure even myself against the wanton indulgence of desires so opposite to the welfare of my kingdom and to the general happiness of man. To you I resign for ever the power of making war; conscious that neither your interest nor your reason will ever suffer you to exercise it except on those occasions in which it is rendered necessary as a measure of self defence, by the injustice or the ambition of other states.

His present majesty acquired a great deal of popularity by a provision which tended to lessen the dependence of the judges on the crown; but this popularity would be nothing compared with that which any future sovereign might obtain by a *voluntary surrender* to the parliament of his right to make war. The prerogative of making war resolves itself into the privilege of shedding blood; and this privilege we, who profess the pacific doctrine of Christ, can never regard as one of the jewels in the crowns of kings. It is rather a loathsome appendage to the regalia of the sovereign; the removal of which would increase their lustre a hundred fold.

We should have been much better pleased with Mr. Miles's performance if he had been less bitter and sarcastic in his reflections on a nobleman, who was one of the secretaries of state during the first administration of Mr. Pitt, but who very generously refused to take any part in his second, because his sovereign was unwilling to admit Mr. Fox into the cabinet. On the death of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville certainly might, if he had pleased, have relinquished his new friends, and formed an administration in conjunction with Lord Hawksbury, &c. but he again magnanimously refused to take his seat in any cabinet from which Mr. Fox and his friends were excluded. During the short period of his administration, though Lord Grenville had not time to carry into effect the plans of salutary reform which he had projected with the friends of Mr. Fox, yet the abolition of the slave trade, the introduction of limited service in the army, combined with various economical retrenchments in the public expenditure, have, in our minds, not only made an ample atonement for any errors into which he might have been led during the early part of his political life, when the cabinet was swayed by Mr. Pitt, but constitute in themselves a stock

of merit which reflects no small splendour on his name. We do not contemplate Lord Grenville as the associate of Mr. Pitt, but as the friend of Mr. Fox, and as uniting his honest efforts with those of that great man, in a most perilous period, to save the liberties and the independence of his country. We do not think that errors which any man has renounced, that opinions which on mature reflection he has relinquished, or habits of action by which he is no longer governed, ought to be imputed to his blame, or recollected to his prejudice. This is neither consistent with candour nor with charity.

ART. IV.—*Observations on Aneurism and some Diseases of the Arterial System, by George Freer, Surgeon to the General Hospital near Birmingham. 4to. 1l. 1s. Printed by Knott and Lloyd, Birmingham. 1807.*

MR. Freer in his preface says

‘The following observations owe their birth to the case of J. Macdonald, on whom I performed the operation of tying the iliac artery for the cure of femoral aneurism, the first time, that I believe, it ever was performed with complete success ;’

and the whole was written before he had heard of Scarpa's work.

This book opens with some remarks on the pathology of arteries, and the means employed by nature in the suppression of hæmorrhagy. The celebrated experiments of Dr. Jones are adduced to illustrate the doctrine that the arterial canal is not rendered impervious by obturation or the shutting up of the passage, solely by a clot: and he proves by experiments which he made himself upon horses, that when large arteries were compressed, the canal is closed not by effusion of coagulable lymph within the cavity, but about and within the coats of the artery, so as to press the sides together, and consequently interrupt the passage of the blood: and the corollary he derives from his experiments is, that in the cure of aneurism great advantage may be taken of this mode of compression.

Mr. Freer imagines that arteries are much oftener the seats of disease than has been hitherto suspected, and he gives instances of hydrothorax, and of general dropsy, in which after death the bodies were examined, and certain arteries

found inflamed. He also gives some valuable cases of what Burns calls spongoid inflammation, and Hey fungus hæmatoides, a disease which he himself ranks among the aneurisms of arteries of the surface and extreme parts. Of the aneurism of anastomosis of Mr. John Bell he gives the following description, and illustrates it with a good case. p. 34.

‘A small soft tumour made its appearance, containing a fluid which could be displaced by pressure; and by removing the pressure it was instantly filled again. It was attended with throbbing but not with pain. These tumours, if suffered to remain, gradually increase, and eventually burst, bleed profusely, and if not totally removed very soon destroy the patient by repeated bleedings.’

On varicose aneurisms, he follows the steps of Dr. William Hunter, and of this disease too he records an instructive case. All this is preparatory to the particular observations on aneurism, and being comprized in thirty-seven pages cannot be expected to be either recondite or minute: but although the matter is compressed into so small a compass, it is by no means deficient in perspicuity, and the remarks are practical and instructive.

‘Aneurism,’ says Mr. Freer, ‘is a disease of arteries, in which their muscular coat sometimes is dilated alone; but in general it is ruptured, and then forms a sac, bulging out from the ruptured portion of the coat, and gradually dilates all the other coats from the active pulsation of the artery itself; the sac during the progress of the disease being filled by a deposition of coagulable lymph, and the deposition going on until some vital function is interrupted, or the sac being no longer capable of dilatation, bursts. If this description or definition of aneurism be allowed, it does not admit of that distinction with which we set out, of aneurismal disease being divided into true and false; for it is always a disease, *sui generis*, whether the weakness of the arterial fibres be such as to dilate without rupture, or which is most frequent, to rupture, and form an aneurismal sac.’

Scarpa, a translation of whose treatise on aneurism was published subsequently to Mr. Hunter’s book, has placed the formation of aneurism in a somewhat different point of view. This great anatomist has for many years considered the subject of aneurism profoundly, and dissected every aneurismatic patient that came in his way. The result of his inquiries is,

‘that aneurism, in whatever part of the body it is formed, and from whatever cause it arises, is never occasioned by dilatation, but by the rupture or ulceration of the internal and muscular coats of the ar-

tery, and consequently that these coats have not the smallest share in the formation of the aneurismal sac.' Scarpa's Preface (translation) page 12.

This, we believe, to be the truth, in spite of Mr. Freer's case of Mr. M. and his quotations from Lieutaud and Senac, and had he seen this book before the publication of his own, probably it would have been Mr. F.'s opinion also.

For the cure of aneurism, Mr. F. offers no internal remedies with any confidence, but for aneurisms of the extremities, the knife, the ligature, the compress, may all avail when their application is made with judgment and skill. He then takes a cursory view of the different aneurisms which have been found to affect the limbs, and the different methods which have been employed in their cure. This view, though cursory, is clear, and the methods of cure in some instances are improved. We particularly recommend his observations on axillary aneurism, and his proposed method of operation to the attention of the surgeon. These alone would entitle Mr. Freer to some reputation had he not claims of a higher kind, from having first performed with complete success the operation for femoral aneurism, by tying the external iliac artery. Our limits forbid the insertion of the whole case, and we will not diminish the interest of it by an abridgment. The operation was performed on the 4th of October, 1806, with one ligature and a common double knot on the external iliac artery. On the 19th of October the ligature came away, and the patient perfectly recovered. This is a triumphant example of the skill and the science of British surgery, and we cordially sympathize in the exulting remark of one of Mr. Freer's correspondents :

'that the capability of performing the most complex and difficult operations of surgery is not now confined to the metropolis and other great schools of surgery.' p. 92.

When incision is impracticable either on account of the diseased state of the artery, or of other causes, Mr. F. follows the method of Guattani, and recommends compression : and to illustrate its usefulness, he had copied some of the cases of that celebrated surgeon, and given some of his own. As a specimen of his manner, we insert this method of cure, and his reasoning upon it, as they are included in the following remarks, page 12 :

'Compression may be applied either on the aneurismal tumour

itself, or upon the sound artery above it. In those cases where pressure has been hitherto applied, it has been upon the tumour itself; and though this mode of application has frequently been attended with success, it is by no means so likely to answer the intention of uniting the sides of the vessels as when used on the sound part of the artery. From the result of those experiments I made upon the radical artery of a horse I should recommend the pressure to be made upon the extremities, either by the assistance of Scufio's instrument, which is copied in Platner's Surgery, and given here in the margin, or in the following manner: First place a bandage moderately tight from one extremity of the limb to the other, then place a pad upon the artery a few inches above the tumour, that you may have a greater probability of its being in a sound state; then with a common tourniquet surrounding the limb, let the screw be fixed upon the pad, having previously secured the whole limb from the action of the instrument, by a piece of board wider than the limb itself, by which means the artery only will be compressed when the screw is tightened, the tourniquet should then be twisted till the pulsation in the tumour ceases. In a few hours, as by experiment upon the horse, the limb will become *œdematous* and swelled; the tourniquet may then be removed, and no stronger pressure will be required than what can easily be made with the pad and roller. The irritation produced by this mode of pressure, excites that degree of inflammation of the artery, which deposits coagulable lymph in the coats of the vessel, thickens them, diminishes the cavity, and eventually obstructs the passage of the blood.

' Such are the practical advantages of compression, and when any portion of vital power remains, I know of no exception to its use.

' All the soft parts of the body, as we have before observed, are elastic; they are capable of being stretched out, and they are capable of being contracted. Now an artery is composed of materials peculiarly contractile. In those experiments instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the power of contraction of arteries, it was found that the aorta of an ass was contracted, by gradually depriving the animal of all its blood, till the cavity was nearly closed, and the whole artery only resembled a cord not a canal. A power of contraction so great, admits in a contrary direction of an equal dilatation. By a force gradually applied, an artery is capable of being stretched into ten times its usual diameter.'

' But, independently of mere elastic power, the functions of arteries predispose to the formation of certain diseases. As arteries are living and irritable canals, which suffer the constant permeation of a fluid, of course they are constantly acted upon by their contents. These contents may vary in their chemical constitution, as the arteries themselves in their degree of vital power or of health; but in all cases the canal will adapt its dimension to the quantity of its contents. If the fibre is infirm, it may be sooner torn. If it be torn or give way in any other mode, the part will have a tendency to

bulge. The impetus of the fluid passing along is equal against every fibre. The infirm or torn fibre makes less or no resistance: the artery there then begins to yield—each pulsation makes it yield more and more, till at last the tumour becomes visible, and an aneurism is formed.

On the body of the aneurism itself compression can seldom if ever be useful, but it may be rendered positively so whensoever there is an opportunity of compressing the artery above the tumour, and by compression rendering its canal impervious. In recommending this practice, Mr. Freer has improved upon the principle of Guattani, and though he cannot lay claim to the merit of original discovery, still is the art of surgery greatly indebted to him for offering an extension of the former principle, and rendering the practice of compression more public, obviating when it can be obviated a dangerous operation, and at all events giving the chance of relief to the unhappy patient without a hazardous and painful operation. Independent of the case of femoral aneurism, on account of which this book was confessedly made, and for which it will always be valuable, we recommend it as a succinct and scientific account of some of the diseases of arteries, certainly not of all, and until the publication of the translation of the magnificent work of Scarpa, as the most systematical and instructive treatise on aneurism in our language.

ART. V.—*A Picture of Madrid; taken on the Spot: by Christian Augustus Fischer. Translated from the German. 6s. Mawman. 1808.*

THIS is a very lively picture of the locality, buildings, trade, manners, customs, amusements, and occupations of a capital, which late events have rendered highly interesting. M. Fischer appears to have been an attentive and accurate observer, and to have sketched what he saw on the spot while the original impressions were fresh and strong. Thus he renders the reader a spectator of the scene: and he often not only conveys the visible object to the perceptions of the reader, but the sensations which accompanied the view. The translation evinces marks of carelessness and precipitation; but it partakes in general of the naïveté and sprightliness of the original. The reader will not be displeased with the following lively delineation of the general physiognomy of the Spanish capital:

'I wake, 'tis now four o'clock in the morning! The whole broad street of *Alcala* is spread before me like an immense square—churches—palaces and convents:—at the further end the shady walks of the *Prado*—a grand sublime sight, baffling description.

'The matin bell announces the early mass—the streets become more animated. Veiled women in black, men in long brown cloaks with *redesillas* (wearing their hair in a kind of net-work hanging low down their back.) The doors of all the balconies open, and water is sprinkled out before every house.

'Now the goat-keepers with their little herds enter the gates, crying Milk! Milk! Goats milk! fresh and warm! Who will have any? There I see market women pass by with their asses loaded with vegetables, bakers with bread in carts made of Spanish reed, water-carriers and porters hastening to commence their day's work, while with a hoarse voice two consequential looking alguazils proclaim the thefts committed on the preceding night.

'By degrees all the warehouses, shops, and booths, are opened. The publicans (*taberneros*) expose their wine cups; the chocolate women get their pots ready; the water carriers begin to chaunt their "*Quien bebe?*" (Who'll drink?) and the hackney coach and hackney chaise drivers, with the persons who let mules for hire, take their usual stands.

'Soon the whole street resounds with the various cries of numberless criers. Cod, white cod! Onions! Onions from Galicia! Walnuts! Walnuts, from Biscay! Oranges! Oranges, from Murcia! Hard smoked sau sages from Estramadura! Tomates! large tomates! Sweet citrons! Sweet citrons! Barley water! Ice water! Ice water! A new journal! a new journal! A new gazette! Water Melons! Long Malaga raisins! Olives, olives, from Seville! Milk! rolls! Milk, rolls, fresh and hot! Grapes! grapes! Figs, new figs! Pomegranates, pomegranates, from Valencia!

'It strikes ten; the guards mount; dragoons, Swiss regiments, Walloon Guards, Spanish infantry "*Alos pies de Vin Dona Manuela!*" Let us go to mass.

'All the bells are ringing, all the streets covered with rock-roses, rich carpets hanging from every balcony, and altars raised on every square, under canopies of state. The procession sets out. What a number of neat little angels, with pasteboard wings, covered with gilt paper! images of saints, with fine powdered bob wigs, and robes of gold brocade! What swarms of priests! How many beautiful girls! All present, and in mixed groupes!

'The clock proclaims noon day! we return through the square of the *Puerta del Sol*! All the *rifas* (raffles) have begun, all the hackney writers are busy, and the whole square thronged with people.

'One o'clock! we are called to dinner: a great deal of saffron, many love apples, plenty of oil and pimento! But then, wine from *La Mancha*, Old *Xeres*, and *Malaga*! What a nice thing is Spanish cookery!

'*La Siesta!* la Siesta Senores, a deadly silence in all the streets,

all the window shutters are put up or the curtains let down; even the most industrious porter stretches his length on his mat, and falls asleep at the fountain with his pitcher behind him.

'At four o'clock, every body repairs to the bull fight, to the canal, or the prado; all is gaiety and merriment: one equipage after another, one chaise after another, drive full speed to those places of diversion.

'The Puerta del Sol becomes as crowded as before, and the water carriers and orange women, the procuresses of the frail fair, are all as busy as bees.

'Thus passes the afternoon; and the dusky shades of evening set in at last. All the bells ring, and every Spaniard says the prayer of salutation to the Virgin. Now all hasten to the *tertulias* and theatres, and in a few minutes the rattling of carriages resounds in every street. The lamps before the houses, or the images of the virgin, are already lighted: the merchants and dealers have illuminated their warehouses and shops, and the sellers of ice water and lemonade their stalls. Every where are seen rushlights, paper lanthorns, and bougies on the tables of the fruitwomen and cakemen.

'Meanwhile, the crowd on the square has prodigiously increased, and it is soon stowed with people. In one part you will hear the soft sounds of the guitar, or a seguidilla; in another a female ballad-singer tells in rhyme the tale of the last murder committed; in a third a thundering missionary attempts to move the hearts of obdurate sinners, while the light-footed cyprian corps carries off his audience by dozens. Soon passes the rosary and the tatoo with music, and the equipages return from the theatres.

'It grows still later; the crowds begin to disperse: by one o'clock in the morning all the streets are still and quiet, and only here or there resounds a solitary guitar through the solemn gloom of night.'

From the beginning of June till the end of September the climate appears to be burning hot:

'The very pavement seems to be in a glow, and whoever wears thin soles, thinks he is walking on fire.'

But the author remarks that lunacy and madness are very rare. This is probably owing to the light diet and abstemious regimen of the inhabitants; and those foreigners who in this respect imitate the natives, may preserve an excellent state of health even in the most torrid season in this torrid capital.

Madrid contains seventy-seven churches, which are (or perhaps rather *were*) filled with valuable images of saints, and with many fine paintings. The convents amount to seventy-one, of which we are told that only three deserve notice. The old royal palace, called Buen Retiro contains (or contained) an assemblage of superb paintings by the best

masters. In the garden of the Buen Retiro is one of the most beautiful walks in Spain :

‘ It lies on a height which commands a full view of part of the city, the Prado, and adjoining country. Its pure air, refreshing coolness, neatness of disposition, and vicinity to the Prado, daily bring a number of visitors to walk there.

‘ The fashionable class is particularly partial to this spot, probably, because all the ladies may appear there in French dresses.

‘ According to an ancient regulation made by count Aranda, every lady is obliged to unveil herself at her entrance. The men too, before they enter, must, by virtue of an old custom, take off their hats for a few minutes.’

The necessities of life are said to be of the best quality. The water, which is conducted to the capital from the mountains of Guadarrama, over a bed of sand and pebbles, is said to be ‘ so peculiarly excellent that it is scarcely possible to find it lighter and purer, even in the towns of Switzerland.’ It is distributed through the city by means of two and thirty great fountains. Yet Bonaparte has had the effrontery to tell us that his brother Joseph left Madrid because he found the water bad.

Fruits of almost every sort are in great abundance. Cherries, oranges, lemons, apples, pears, limes, water-melons, figs, walnuts, pomegranates, and bergamot pears, are plentiful and cheap. For five or six quartos,* vegetables enough may be had to satisfy three or four persons.

‘ The prices of all these commodities are marked on a list, taking up two folio sheets, and placed at the entrance of the Plaza Major. It is renewed every Saturday, and seems to be rigidly attended to.’

The author gives a pleasing and lively account of the Prado, or celebrated public walk in the east quarter of Madrid, which extends three quarters of a league in length, and whose alleys are crossed by five of the principal streets.

‘ It strikes four o’clock, P. M. ; the siesta, or afternoon nap, is over ; the alleys are sprinkled with water ; the owners of seats present their chairs ; the confectioners and orange women their goods ; and the alleys are full of the walking multitude, and several hundred carriages are moving to and fro.

‘ Who enters the prado, on such an evening, for the first time, will

* A quarto is little better than a farthing English.

certainly find ample diversion : the greatest variety of old and new fashioned equipages of every kind, from the state chariot to the hackney coach. What contrasts ! what an ample field of observation ! Here's a beautifully varnished vis-a-vis, drawn with hempen ropes, by a pair of jaded mules ; there, a couple of pretty Polish ponies, with English harness, before a bulky antediluvian-looking travelling coach, servants loaded with gold lace, and dirty coachmen in grey cloaks ; the most striking difference in the colours of the equipages and liveries, the most insipid profusion of the nobler metals, the most ridiculous chequer of decorations. No spot in the world can exhibit a more fantastic medley.

' We derive no less entertainment from a review of the riding passengers, who may be very plainly examined by the curious eye, on account of the open glass windows or pannels.

' What a number of enchanting young beauties ! How many grey haired mummies of superannuated duchesses ! officers, priests, ladies with their gallant squires, tender young virgins with their duennas, old dukes with their confessors, buxom nurses, from Biscay, with their sucklings : in a word, here's all the genteel and fashionable world of Madrid, united in one group. The Spanish costume is vanished, and the equipages contain none but ladies in the height of fashion, but voluptuous Grecians.

' Meanwhile the piquet guards of dragoons fly to and fro, to preserve order ; some carriages quit their line ; others join ; riders and walkers mix among them, and beggar boys and dealers in fruit border the whole ; but how is it possible to draw a picture, which seems itself to assume so many thousand variegated features ?

' The benches near the botanical gardens, the chairs in the principal alleys and the turf seats are all full of spectators. The great alleys, in particular, are swarming with ambulating crowds, and people repair from all quarters to the prado. But the shades of night begin to spread, the bells ring the angelic salutation, all the walkers stand still, as if petrified ; the carriages cease rolling. In a minute or two the short prayer is said ; every body now hastens to the theatres, to the tertulias : the clock strikes nine : the prado begins to be deserted, and to look more solitary.

' But now arrive the hours of love and delight, whose secrets are wrapt up in the black mantle of night ! O the love inspiring gloom ! The aromatic and vivifying exhalations of the fanning evening gales, the magic lunar beams playing in the shades, and the romantic sounds of the melting guitar ! the animating doleros ! O, sweet, enchanting inebriation of life's dream, why hasten away thus suddenly, and for ever !

The Spaniards do not seem to have paid much attention to the culinary art. The author tells us that the sum of Spanish cookery is composed of five plain national dishes as ancient as the monarchy. Of these dishes that called the *puckero* is the principal :

‘It consists of a hodge-podge of beef, bacon, sausages, pease, potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, cabbage, garlic, all boiled together, and then seasoned with pimento or Jamaica pepper.’

The *Palacio Nuevo*, or the new palace ‘commands a view of the whole city, and resembles rather a citadel than a royal mansion.’ The interior is (or *was*) adorned with the most splendid furniture, and the most valuable paintings. Of these the author furnishes a catalogue, which is not accompanied with critical remarks, and is the dullest part of the work. This magnificent palace is placed almost at the extremity of the town, amidst a number of mean-looking and crooked streets. The king is said not to have resided in it more than ‘two months in the year; namely, December and January.’

There are seven public and six private libraries at Madrid; to which access is easily procured; and at the time M. Fischer wrote this work literature was making a rapid progress in Spain. The late revolution has proved that the public opinion in Spain was more highly enlightened than is commonly imagined. The author gives a list of numerous scientific institutions at Madrid. Of these the *Royal Spanish Academy*, has furnished ample proof of its industry by a dictionary of the Spanish language in seven volumes, besides various other works. The *Royal Academy of History*, besides a considerable library and collection of medals, possesses a repertory upon the history of Spain truly unique in its kind. It comprizes archives and records, which were collected from all parts of the Spanish monarchy: and which are arranged in chronological order in one hundred and forty-seven volumes in quarto. The patriotic societies in Spain amounted, according to M. Fischer, to sixty-four.

The use of the cigarro has almost banished that of the common pipe:

‘The Spaniards have two sorts of cigarroes; some consisting of little rollers, manufactured of the tobacco leaf, and tobacco wrapt up in white paper rollers.’

Some have a sweetish flavour like that of cinamon, and a fine aromatic scent:

‘Every Spaniard smokes his own cigarroes, of whatever sort they be. They serve likewise as tokens of friendship, and pass from one mouth into the other. There cannot be a greater proof of a Spaniard’s favour than his presenting his cigarro to a stranger; nor can

the latter possibly hit on a better method of gaining his friendship than by observing the same ceremony.'

We were highly pleased with the account which the author has given of the *Cofradias* or *Brotherhoods*, which are benevolent institutions, that do the highest honour to the Spanish character, and indeed reflect a splendour on humanity itself. The metropolis of Spain abounds with these truly charitable associations. The most eminent are the holy royal brotherhood of our *Lady of the Refuge*, and that of our *Lady of Hope*. The most distinguished persons are enrolled amongst the members; and the benefactions which they confer, and the judicious and delicate mode in which they administer relief to the different species of human misery, that come under their observation, are above all praise. The Catholic religion, whatever may be its superstitious appendages, and its doctrinal defects, has certainly equalled any of the professed systems of Christianity in diffusing a spirit of beneficence, and encouraging works of charity.

Sweetmeats, or *dulces* as they are called, are said to be in great request among the fair sex in Spain. 'Woe's the lover who appears before them without sweetmeats!' Fuel is a dear and rare article in Madrid; and though the summers are hot the winters are cold. The *Royal Pawn-house*, as it is called, is a novel and excellent establishment at Madrid. At this place money is lent on pledges without interest, and the whole system is calculated to benefit the poor rather than to enrich the government. 'Since the foundation in 1798, it has lent 119,458,681 reals to 580,649 individuals.'

We are sorry to find that in Madrid, as in other capitals, there are numerous mothers who refuse the bosom which nature has filled with milk, to their infant progeny. *Wet-nurses* are no where in greater abundance. The *police* is said to be excellent; but the *administration of justice* execrable. The inquisition no longer persecutes heretics nor heresy. 'Nothing is required of a stranger but common decency, respect, and a tolerant behaviour.' The author gives a picturesque and animated description of the *bull-fights*, the favourite pastime of the Spaniards, which we have not room to extract. If the churches are not filled with any thing but the formalities of religion, they are said to favour the realities of love.

'If lovers can meet no where else, they may depend upon an interview in these places. The gallant places himself near the vessel of holy water, and faces his mistress, near the spot where she kneels, and once more squeezes her hand, ere she leaves the church.

Happy beings! They never mind the sinfulness of the practice because they may at all times get absolved in the next confessional.'

The author enlarges on a variety of other topicks which we leave unnoticed; and we can assure the reader that he will find this a very lively and agreeable performance.

ART. VI.—*Blackheath and other Poems; including a Translation of the first Book of the Argonautica of C. Valerius Flaccus. By T. Noble. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Causton.*

ONE thing which distinguishes ancient from modern poetry is that species of the art which is called descriptive. It seems to have been totally unknown to Greece, and to the best ages of Rome. Homer, who has adorned poetry with almost every possible beauty, has left this department untouched. Throughout his two poems, we do not meet with any delineation of rural scenery, with any selection of picturesque objects, which may properly be denominated a landscape. Even the bard of Sicily, from whom we might expect such pictures of nature, has not given one. He indeed presents us with cooling grots, murmuring streams, whispering pines, and nightingales innumerable; in short, with every thing to gratify every sense except the critical eye of taste. Nor have we any better success in perusing the poems of Virgil. This has been accounted for by a very ingenious writer, who supposes that the ancients had no descriptive poems, because they had no landscape-paintings. 'They had no Thomsons,' he says, 'because they had no Claudes.'

Whatever be the reason, it is certain that since the knowledge of this most pleasing branch of the pictorial art, descriptive poetry has become very common. Not to mention other nations, we have, among ourselves, Denham, Pope, Garth, Dyer, Thomson, and many others too numerous and too insignificant to name. Lastly we have the gentleman, whose poem is now before us.

It is not surprizing that a young poet should choose such a department of the art for his first essay. It is a tempting province. Independantly of the pleasing images which it presents to the mind, it no less attracts by its apparent facility, For what can be so easy as to describe 'a painted meadow or a purling stream:' in short, to write a poem where, accord-

† Twining, the translator of Aristotle's poetics.

ing to Pope's degrading account, 'pure description holds the place of sense?' But this is a great mistake: no part of poetry is beset with more real difficulties: no part requires more the genius of a master. He has no claim to the character of a descriptive poet, who fixes himself on a beautiful spot of earth, and then tells us minutely of every object which presents itself to his eye: who talks of huge oaks, green meads, &c. &c. This in spite of all the magnificent profusion of epithet with which it may be adorned is not a descriptive poem, but merely an auctioneer's catalogue in verse, with this defect that it is not quite so intelligible. It is not sufficient that the writer's mind be imbued with poetical images, nor that his common-place book be stuffed with poetical phraseology. He must view nature not 'through the spectacles of books,' but with his own eye: and that eye must be not simply the eye of a poet but also of a painter. He must not describe the whole scene before him; for this would make his description confused and indistinct: but he must select such objects, and such only as to a painter would appear beautiful and picturesque. This is the only method to render his landscape vivid and distinct. It was by this art of selection that Thomson made his poem so delightful, enriching it with landscapes equal to any of those which

'Lorraine e'er touch'd with softer hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.'

All this is indeed very difficult, and requires a master's hand. Of this the author seems to have been aware when he exclaims that

'Weak expression would in vain essay
To copy the rich picture from the sight.'

But this remark, though just, is strangely misplaced in a descriptive poem; since difficult as the task is, it is no more than what the writer undertook when he chose this subject. But this is not all; for as the most beautiful landscapes are dull and cheerless without some living objects to animate the scene, so a descriptive poem without episode and incident cannot fail to create tedium and disgust. A judicious intermixture of story with his descriptions forms the principal charm of Thomson's poem, which may be said to live and breathe: nor is the animated narration of a stag-hunt, the least attractive part of 'Cooper's hill.' Another way of relieving the tedium which mere description, however pleasing, will always excite is by introducing apposite and natural re-

flections. Here again we must admire Denham, Pope, Thomson and Dyer, whose *Grongar Hill* and another little poem, called the 'Country-walk,' abound with natural observations. There is also another piece of Dyer's, 'the Ruins of Rome,' which, though its general effect be tedious, is yet adorned with much beautiful description and natural remark.

It remains to consider how far the poem before us is composed on the principles here laid down. Its great prevailing defect is that it is general and indistinct. It conveys no certain definite image to the mind. Every thing is seen through a mist. It would be easy to produce many instances; but, as this would be tedious, let one suffice. He is describing the grounds about a nobleman's seat.

'Hence this grove,
This flowery lawn, these intermingled shrubs,
Whose various verdure blends in tender tints,
Or smiles in gentle contrast; hence yon elms,
This stately beach, wide solitary lord,
Of the dew-spangled meadow; these light boughs
Whose infant leaves upon the clouded bark
At every zephyr tremble—and the shade
Of yon high poplars thrown across the scene
Combine a verdant aspect mildly gay
Expressive of tranquillity and love.'

We shall say nothing of the excessive false taste in which the above lines are written, nor of the number of unnecessary epithets with which they are encumbered: but they particularize nothing: they would serve for the description of any seat where there are elms, beaches and poplars,—i. e. for almost any given gentleman's seat in the country.

Again, in episode the poem is lamentably deficient. Out of the five cantos there is but one, viz. the fourth, which contains any thing like an interesting story. In that are two, which have merit, but they are infinitely too long. Indeed prolixity is a principal fault of this author: and weakens the effect of many otherwise interesting passages. His pathos especially evaporates in his immeasurable periods and diffuse diction. See, for the passage is too long to quote, page 99, to page 107.

With reflections indeed it abounds, which are so far natural that they are common and obvious: but a truly natural remark is not such as suggests itself to every mind, but such as being once seen, every body is astonished that it did not first occur to himself.

As to the diction, the poem is very faulty. It has all the faults of Thomson's versification, of whom indeed in this respect but in no other, the author seems a studious imitator. The style is turgid, clogged with epithets unnecessary and affected, and abounds with tasteless personification. The reader may open any page and he will find this remark amply confirmed. But we will produce a few instances.

The following passages are turgid and affected :

'The Sun

Above the clouds, on which at his approach
The spirits of ascending light unfurled
His glorious ensigns and proclaimed the day,
Hath soared sublime and showered his radiant shafts
Illuming the blue concave.' P. 15.

Again :

'Up yon rise, a flood

Of tender radiance fluctuating rolls
Its ruffled surface, when the young rye bends
Beneath the breeze,' P. 33.

The next are instances of the great profusion of epithet with which he loads his sentences.

'The new-born foliage dropt with glistening dew,
While yet a scanty vestment for the boughs
Pleasing in palest verdure, and the bloom
Breathing its gentle fragrance on the air
From every silver leaf, may with the charm
Of soft congenial influence waken hope,
Blythe hope, bright harbinger of mental spring !' P. 1.

Again:

'Then not the Hesperian sun, whose orient beams
Unclouded o'er the clear cærulean vault
Effulgent break.' &c. &c. p. 46.

Unskilful and affected personification :

'Yet hope

Attracted by the sister-hopes, that spread
O'er every infant blossom, and each blade,
That bursts above the glebe their silky spells,
Arises trembling from the cruel grasp
Of pale dependency and looks abroad.' &c. P. 10.

Again :

‘Round her car
In crouds the little nautili were seen.’

• While arm'd like love appeared, magnetic power,
A cherub form, who shook his dingy wings
And shot his rapid arrows towards the North.’ p. 79.

Here the epithet *dingy*, however proper when given to the magnet, becomes perfectly ludicrous when applied to the wing of a cherub.

The author is affectedly fond of such words as ‘tender,’ ‘suffusive,’ ‘empurpled,’ and a multitude of others, the indiscriminate use of which manifests a deplorable want of correct taste.

There is another fault which must be mentioned, and the rather because in general the versification as to mere measure is very correct; which is, that either through mistake or design two or three lines are of a most redundant length.

‘Sound loud and gladful : here let the cheering hand.’
C. iii. l. 336.

‘Throws a red deluge : dragged by the tightening ropes.’
C. iii. l. 521.

‘Bends o’er the never fading amaranth and sheds.’
C. iv. l. 4.

‘Breathing ideas from every living scene.’
C. v. l. 70.

We are no friends to those who measure syllables by their fingers; but surely the ear alone might convince the author of the inharmonious length of the above lines. It is true indeed that the first two may be so read as to seem of proper length: but no artifice of reading can reduce the last two to legitimate metre. The third line is a perfect monster; and if in the last the author means ‘ideas’ to be a dissyllable, it is a contraction for which he has no authority except Mrs. Slipslop.

We come now to the more agreeable part of pointing out some of the beauties of the poem.

The following lines are spirited and poetical :

‘I love to tread where time has strewn the path
With trophies of his power; there to gaze
Upon the historic muse, who sits sublime
Above his crumbling conquests, and exults
That led by her the soul of man hath saved

Whole ages from the tyrant ; and has left
Nought but the mould'ring stone within his grasp.' P. 13.

The subsequent sketch, though dashed with affectation, is picturesque.

' Gaze eastward from the brow of this gay hill
Whose slopes the blue fir shadows ; there behold
The proudly swelling river welcome home
The numerous vessels of yon wealthy fleet
Slow and majestic mid the embracing waves,
That glistening break against each sea-worn prow,
They move deep freighted : — their long turrowed path
Glows far behind refulgent, while the sails
Bosomed by native breezes wide distend
In snowy folds, or at the changing helm
Tremble disturbed and throw a wavering shade
Across the sparkling current.' P. 56.

The idea (p. 68.) of the Greenwich-pensioner viewing the vessel in which he fought coming home to be broke up is well conceived and poetically expressed. The passage is too long for insertion. The thought in the following lines is expressed with elegance.

' Look round and see how many wastes extend
Their steril bosoms ; where the yellow broom,
The blushing eglantine, and snowy thorn,
Like beauteous braids about a harlot's neck
Spread useless ; even where with matron pride,
The earth espoused to labour should unveil
Her breast redundant with her children's food.' P. 96.

There is delicacy in the following comparison of a girl, forgetting her own cares in her parent's sorrows, to a flower.

' Thus o'er its root
Its wounded parent root, the lily droops,
Nor heeds the smiling morn, nor breathing eve
No, nor the dewy kisses of the air
That sighs beneath the shade ; but lowly bends
Its tender form, sad, o'er its parent root
With that recovers or with that expires.'

And indeed the whole episode of Lacon is pleasing and interesting : but its effect is much weakened by its great length. On the whole, the great defect of the author is false taste. Instead of copying Thomson's diction, which is faulty, it would have been better to copy, as far as possible, his brilliancy and distinctness of colouring, his judicious selec-

tion of circumstances, and his art of varying his subject with beautiful and interesting episodes. Thomson has beauties which counterbalance the faults of his style; but in a man who has not the genius of Thomson, it is of all styles the most disgusting. For who ever waded through the long-spun stories of his imitator Mallet? In order to improve his versification we recommend the careful perusal of Dryden, Pope, Armstrong and Dyer. We do not mention Milton, on account of the difficulty and danger of imitating him. His style is too grand and magnificent to be attempted by any common hand. But in the authors above recommended Mr. Noble will find a classic conciseness, a perspicuity, an energy, which he will see in scarce any other modern poets.

The other poem of sufficient consequence to demand a critique is a translation of the first book of the *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus. It is accompanied with a preface written with some shew of learning, but in a very bad and tasteless style. Valerius is an author very little known to the generality of readers. He has not indeed the correctness of imagination nor the purity of diction which distinguish the chaste Augustan school; but he has beauties which well deserve general attention. His contemporaries praise him, and his commentators speak of him with great fondness. Laurentius Balbus, one of the most ingenious of them, ascribe to his poems '*Venerem atque sublimitatem*,' gracefulness and sublimity. The first is more proper than the second. There are many passages in Valerius conceived and expressed with a tenderness and elegance worthy of Catullus: but very few indeed which can be called sublime. He was more fitted to write elegies than epics. We allude particularly to the parting of Jason and his parents in the first book; Medea's opening love for Jason in the sixth; the first part of the seventh: Medea's soliloquy at the beginning of the eighth, and her mother's pathetic lament at her flight in the same book. These passages possess a softness and pathos which would have made their author eminent had he applied himself to elegiac or amatory poetry: but an epic was too mighty a work for his genius. And yet some, among whom the present translator may be numbered, have gone the absurd length of placing him on an equality with Virgil.

'Equal to Virgil! yes perhaps:

But then by Jove 'tis Dr. Trapps.'

We do not quote this from a desire to undervalue Flaccus: but surely it is the height of folly to institute such com-

parisons. They degrade instead of exalting the character thus injudiciously praised; as a well-sized man sinks into insignificance by the side of a giant.—On the whole we should have thought that the poem of Flaccus, to say nothing of its being a fragment, was neither of sufficient interest in the story, nor of sufficient excellence in the execution to induce any scholar to translate it. Since, however, the task has been undertaken by Mr. Noble, who seems to be extremely fond of his author, we would by no means discourage him from proceeding: but at the same time we earnestly entreat him, in the name of good taste, to purge his diction from the many florid and affected appendages which disgrace it. The language of the translation has all the faults which we mentioned as disfiguring the poem of *Black heath*. This is the more inexcusable because Flaccus is a writer of taste: and though he has not the purity of the Augustan age, still he is very little deformed by that affectation and false ornament which abound in the writings of the declining literature of Rome.

It would however be extreme injustice to Mr. Noble not to mention that many passages are rendered with considerable force and animation. The following passage, though it possess not the energetic conciseness of the original, is free and spirited. We must just hint that the word 'gallop,' in the first line is neither poetical nor elegant.

' Then gallop'd Chiron from the mountain's brow
 With young Achilles to the plain below,
 Who calls his sire with shouts and infant cries;
 At the known voice he sees his father rise
 With arms extended: quickly then he springs,
 And long and fondly to his bosom clings;
 Bowls of bright wine he cares not to behold
 Nor glittering standards wrought with polished gold,
 But fixes on the chiefs his wondrous gaze,
 Imbibes their ardent words with bold amaze:
 Fearless th' Herculean spoils his hands sustain,
 Proudly he grasps the lion's mighty mane.
 Peleus transported snatched him to his breast,
 And rapid kisses on his cheeks imprest;
 Then on the heaven his ardent eyes intent,
 If Peleus' vows ye'd hear, imploring, spent
 For wafting breezes o'er the peaceful main,
 This boy, ye gods, this life beloved sustain.
 From thee, O Chiron, I the rest require;
 The clarions' clangor and the battle's ire
 Oft let him listening from thy lips admire.

Now taught by thee the hunting dart to rear
Soon may he poize the lofty Pelian spear.' v. 398 to 426.

For the pleasure of those who may not have by them the poem of Flaccus we subjoin the original.

'Jamque aderat summo decurrens vertice Chiron
Clamentemque patri procul ostendebat Achillem,
Ut puer ad notas erectum Pelea voces
Vidit, et ingenti tendentem brachia passu,
Adsiluit, caraque diu cervice pependit.
Illum nec valido spumantia pocula Baccho
Sollicitat: veteri nec conspicienda metallo
Signa tenent: stupet in ducibus: magnumque sonantes
Haurit et Herculeo fert comminus ora leoni.
Lætus at impliciti Peleus rapit oscula nati,
Suspiciensque polum: 'Placito si currere fluctu
Pelea vultis, ait, ventosque optare ferentes;
Hoc, superi, servate caput. Tu cætera, Chiron,
Da mihi: te parvus lituos et bella loquentem
Miretur: sub te puerilia tela magistro
Venator ferat, et nostram festinet ad hastam.' v. 250 to 270.

The parting of Jason and his parents is eminently beautiful in the original, and the translation deserves considerable praise. The whole passage is too long for quotation: we select the lamentation of Alcimede as a specimen.

'Offspring belov'd! asunder we are rent!
To shameful perils thou my son art sent!
Not such misfortunes, she exclaim'd, I taught
My shuddering soul to meet with patient thought!
Earth and its wars were yet my only cares;
Now other gods must hear a mother's prayers.
If fate restore thee to these arms again,
If anxious mothers may appease the main;
Still will I bear the lingring light of day,
Fears lengthening horrors, hope's renewed delay;
If other fates, death, hasten with relief,
While fear is all a parent knows of grief.' v. 493 to 504.

It may not be disagreeable to some readers to compare this with the original.

'Fatur et hæc: Nate, indignos aditure labores,
Dividimur: nec ad hos animum componere casus
Ante datum; sed bella tibi terrasque timebam.
Vota aliis facienda Deis. Si fata reducunt
Te mihi, si trepidis placabile matribus æquor;
Possum equidem lucemque pati, longumque timorem,
Sin aliud fortuna parat; miserere parentum
Mors bona, dum metus est nec adhuc dolor'

v. 320 to 327.

We think in general that the sense of the original is correctly given but not the manner : and we must object very strongly to the introduction of such words as 'capstan,' 'star-board,' 'sailyard,' and some others into any poem which aims at giving general pleasure.

To the translation Mr. Noble has subjoined some notes, which may be useful to the English reader. Most of them are from Barman, of whom however the translator does not speak with becoming respect. But he has taken no notice of Laurentius Balbus, the namesake of Flaccus Setinus Balbus, to whom every admirer of the poet should feel peculiarly grateful. For he mended the text in many places which were almost incurable. We shall instance but two. The first is his substitution of 'tranquilla tuens' for 'tranquilla timens,' in the 38th line, which last reading is nonsense. This emendation was adopted by Carrio. The second is of still greater importance. The text (line 331) originally stood, 'Scythicum metuens pontumque Cretamque.' This is evidently wrong, being false quantity. Balbus ingeniously substituted 'ratem:' but Carrio reads 'polum,' which seems the best.

To conclude ; we entertain no mean opinion of Mr. Noble's abilities ; and shall be very happy to meet him at some future time : but we cordially hope that he will previously chastise his taste by the studious perusal of the most pure and simple writers.

ART. VII.—*The Duke of York. A plain Statement of the Conduct of the Ministry and the Opposition towards his Royal Highness the Duke of York.* 8vo. Egerton. 1808.

A MAN may guard against the malice of his enemies, but he is seldom sufficiently prepared to prevent the evil which may accrue from the officious good nature of his friends. The writer of the present pamphlet is supposed to be friendly to the interest of the Duke of York ; but the character of his Royal Highness could hardly have been lowered so much in public estimation by the most virulent aspersion of his enemies as it has virtually been by the awkward praise and imbecile statement of this weak and inefficient advocate. It has been said, but it is hardly credible, that the present writer was purposely employed by the Duke of York to vindicate his military fame, and to elevate him, in the character of general, to a level with the most distinguished

names. If the Duke of York did really select the author of this pamphlet as his advocate, it must be confessed that his Royal Highness could not well have been more unhappy in his choice. Still there are some important facts mentioned in this Statement, which could have been known only to certain illustrious personages, which encourage the belief that the pamphlet itself was published *by authority*, and that, at least, some of the matter which it contains, was furnished by the *great man* whose cause it professes to espouse. Were it not for this *probable circumstance*, there is nothing in the performance itself which would entitle it to the smallest consideration; and we should barely have noticed the title in the Monthly Catalogue.

In the first part of his pamphlet, the author seems very angry with the ministry for not more warmly espousing the cause of the Duke of York, and for not punishing those who have presumed to call in question his military skill. Nay, the author goes so far as to insinuate that the ministry have actually encouraged the calumniators of the Duke.

‘If government,’ says he, ‘or what is the same thing, the existing administration, for reasons best known to themselves, choose to detach an individual from their body, and to put him as it were out of the covering protection of their society; and what is more, if their actions are such as must be construed into an encouragement of a public persecution against the object of their jealousy—is it a subject of surprize, I say, if such an individual, pushed out of the pale of government protection, should become an object of attack to a popular demagogue? In every society, since the first constitution of a community, there have been, and there must be, a plentiful portion of that spirit, which, impatient under a civil inferiority that it fancies to be unjust, avenges itself by an hatred of all those whose station is more dignified. When any such dignified individual is turned out amongst such a class of natural levellers, is it any reasonable subject of surprize that the whole pack should be upon him—that he should be worried upon this side and upon that; that he should be made the scape-goat upon whom the faction should exhaust all the revenge and malignity conceived against the fraternity?’

‘There is one thing, however, which may excite a very reasonable astonishment. It is confessed by all, that the spirit of the times is not in favour of that measured obedience, that moderated respect to government, which, even under a free constitution, is necessary to the very existence of a community. Would it not seem, therefore, to be a natural result of this state of things, that all the immediate members of a government, all the more distinguished individuals of an administration, should feel a common interest, a principle of prudence and sympathy, in protecting each other? Should not the at-

tack of one be considered as the attack of all? when so many are combining against all of them, should there be no defensive union amongst themselves?

‘An individual unacquainted with public affairs would either refuse credit to such a statement, as conveying in itself an absurdity which is its own refutation, or would be astonished that the rules of public conduct are so precisely the reverse of the maxims of private prudence. He would suspect, and perhaps justly too, that the state of things was bad indeed, when the most effective officer in the state—he who should at least be the most effective officer—is represented as one who is not to be trusted with the execution of what falls most immediately within his official duties; and when the ministers of the country neither repel this accusation, nor act upon it. He will be inclined to demand—Whence is this temerity, and this cowardice—this audacious accusation, and this reluctant execution of a sentence tacitly confessed to be just? Do ministers assent to the justice of the charge, or do they consider it to be founded in malice? If the accusation be just, why is it not acted upon? What kind of ministers are these, which will sacrifice the public service to fear or favour? On the other hand, if the ministers know it to be unjust, why are they silent? Is there no attorney general, or no treasury papers? Is every possible fund of defence exhausted? Has Mr. Canning no wit, and my Lord Castlereagh no words?’

The reason why his Royal Highness has been thus deserted by the ministry, the author supposes to be because his Royal Highness has not enlisted himself under the banners of the ministerial party, nor completely identified himself with ministerial interests:

‘No one,’ says he, ‘is secure of protection, unless he has associated himself to some party, and it is a breach of ministerial, or rather of party-privilege, and as such offensive to all parties to stand neuter, and keep aloof from such connections.’

The author therefore imputes the clamour which has lately prevailed against the Duke of York, not to any defect of military or of any other merit in his Royal Highness, but solely to his not belonging to the party of the ministry, nor of the opposition.

‘It is not,’ continues the author, ‘the public service, but private malignity, or at least private jealousy, and individual contests for honour and place, which have indisposed a very powerful party against his Royal Highness, and withholding from him the natural and necessary protection due to his rank and station, have left him naked to the assaults of his low-minded libellers.’

The following is the curious and circuitous method which

this *libeller in disguise*, takes to panegyrize the military talents of the Duke of York:

‘From his youth upwards, his Royal Highness has passed through every stage of his military career. No one has yet appeared so totally wanting in all truth, as to question his Royal Highness’ personal courage. Let it be granted then, that with this acknowledged personal courage, added to the common sense which we should hope no one will deny him, his Royal Highness has at least obtained the common knowledge of his profession. Let us at least allow him what is denied to no one, that he cannot have passed through such a course of study, and under the best masters of the age, without having acquired what is almost necessarily acquired by every one in a similar course. Grant that his Royal Highness is not superior to other generals, why should he be inferior? It is known to every one who approaches him, that he is not wanting in natural talents, in a solid and just understanding, and in the art of observing, and availing himself of his observations. Let us put it, therefore, to the candour of the public, and of the gentlemen of the army, if with such an understanding and such experience, such advantages of rank, and with such good masters, it is not a reasonable presumption, that his Royal Highness has at least the common and sufficient knowledge of his military profession?’

When we come to sift the few ideas which are contained in all this chaff of *verbiage*, what do we learn but that his Royal Highness is neither a coward nor a fool? Is this sum of negative virtue sufficient to induce ministers to place his Royal Highness at the head of armies, and to entrust him with the fate of empires? Is it sufficient to justify the author in drawing a parallel between the present British commander-in-chief and the Roman Coriolanus, whose merit raised him from the ranks, and who was great in every fortune?

It has been often asserted in parliament and in print, that independent of the external and visible cabinet, there is a factious junto, which skulks behind the throne, which secretly controuls the measures of ministers, and influences the most important motions of the political machine. But we never heard this fact so distinctly stated and so unblushingly avowed by any writer on the side of the court as the present. The author of the pamphlet before us states the origin of this party, and represents it as a measure of self-defence on the part of the crown to secure itself against the predominating influence either of the minister or the opposition:

‘Since the days of William the Third,’ says the author, ‘there have existed in this kingdom two avowed parties—an Opposition and a Ministry. As a defence from the overwhelming predominance

of either, every succeeding Monarch has deemed it necessary to have a kind of domestic party—a kind of Closet and Family Council, whom he may occasionally interpose between even his Ministry and himself. The origin of this party has been imputed to his Majesty's Father, or rather to his Mother, whilst Dowager of Wales; but the point of fact is, that it existed in the reign of George the First, and seems to have had no other origin than in its manifest necessity. It was not the creature of any design, or previous arrangement; but, as a matter of prudence, and necessary defensive policy, grew insensibly out of the very nature of things.

Now the immediate and almost necessary members of this party, are certainly the King's Family and Household. From whom else, indeed, should a Family Council—a Domestic Cabinet—be composed, but of the members of the Family—of those who must necessarily have a community of interest, and sympathy in feeling? The Heir Apparent alone, for very obvious reasons, is seldom a member of this Closet Council: all the other Princes are almost necessarily in the immediate confidence of their Sovereign and Father. Let it not, therefore, be objected to the Duke of York, that he has followed the course of things, and, with the Queen, is at the head of the 'King's Friends.' Yet, '*hinc illæ lachrymæ*'.—Hence this avowed hostility on one side, and this apathy, or rather secret abetment, on the other. It is the interest of all parties to assist to beat down what is equally in the way of all.

Thus we learn that there is a party in the state who, under the denomination of the KING'S FRIENDS, are constantly watching with a sort of insidious hostility, the movements both of ministers and of their opponents. Such a party, though assuming the name of the king's friends, cannot surely be sanctioned by the king; for this would be to suppose the king to place no confidence either in the loyalty of his ministers or of his people. It has been said that a king who makes himself the head of a faction is but half a king; but what should we think of a sovereign who, distrusting both his legitimate counsellors and his people, should reserve all his confidence for a few members of his family? or for two or three fawning sycophants and domestic menials? The account therefore of the author must surely be a gross misrepresentation.

The author is rather less friendly to the late administration than to the present. He says that on the death of Mr. Pitt,

'they rushed forward to seize every thing with the most indecent avidity. The king was not to choose them; but in consideration of the state of the kingdom, they were to offer their services: they were not even to enter upon office till they had obtained a general

carte blanche. Never was monarch approached in the manner in which our venerable sovereign was approached by these men. His majesty felt most acutely the loss of his former servant, and, *in the difficulties of the moment submitted in part to the demands of the haughty faction.* They were allowed to fill up their own lists and to follow up their own general principles.'

The author afterwards says of this administration that the public expected of them and that '*they conceived themselves obliged to introduce a perfect reform in all the branches of the public service, &c.*' However contrary it may be to the intentions of the author, yet he has certainly in this passage passed the highest encomium on the late ministers: for even allowing their avidity for place, yet it appears from his own confession that they would not have accepted of the sweets of office, if they had not previously received his majesty's consent '*to follow up their own general principles;*' and '*to introduce a perfect reform in all the branches of the public service.*' But it appears that, the reforms which they were anxious to introduce into the military department, which was more particularly under the controul of his Royal Highness, had excited his resentment, and was ultimately the real cause which precipitated their dismissal from the councils of the sovereign. The reforms which the late ministry proposed to introduce into the department of the commander in chief were such as '*would have reduced his office to a mere cypher, and left him in a situation of no more activity or importance than that of the master of the horse.*' The dread of these reforms is said to have caused his Royal Highness '*to throw himself upon the immediate protection of his royal father, and to draw closer the bonds between himself and what has been invidiously called the Family Council.*'

The present administration 'endeavoured in vain to annex his Royal Highness by a distinct pledge to their own immediate party.' 'The ministry,' says the author, 'seem resolved to compel every one to take a party, even his Majesty's sons must fall into the ranks.' The refusal of his Royal Highness to undergo this ministerial drilling is said to have alienated the cabinet from his interests, and party-feeling was exasperated into personal animosity.

The inference which we may naturally draw from this pamphlet, supposing it to have been written according to the instructions, or under the direction of the Duke of York, is, that even the present ministers do not enjoy the complete and undivided confidence of the sovereign. Like their predecessors, they seem to be watched with jealousy and distrust by the *Family Council*; which, if it exist as the author asserts,

forms another intermediate barrier between the monarch and the people. The wishes of the people must be approved not only in the ostensible cabinet, but in the secret chambers of the Family Council, before they are likely to receive the approbation of the sovereign. If any measure of great public utility, like that of Catholic emancipation, be approved in the first cabinet, is it not likely to be frustrated by the machinations of the second? As his Majesty is the father of his people, and the chief magistrate of a free constitution, we cannot suppose that he can sanction a council in opposition to his acknowledged ministers, or that he can place his confidence in any persons who do not openly appear, and are not personally responsible for the advice which they give. It has been said, that no man can serve two masters; but is any king likely to be served well by a double set of servants, one of whom is constantly watching with insidious vigilance the motions, and machinating the downfall of the other?

ART. VIII.—*A Day in Spring, and other Poems.* By Richard Westall, Esq. R. A. 8vo. 12s. 6d. Murray. 1808.

MR. Westall's justly established reputation in a sister art induced us to open his poetical production with higher expectations than we generally conceive from the first appearance of an unknown author. For, although it is very possible that a close attention to any one branch of art may sometimes prove an obstruction to the attainment of any considerable degree of perfection or polish in another, yet so intimately are poetry and painting allied, that we have perhaps never seen a successful painter whose mind was not also stored with poetical imagery, however circumstances may have opposed themselves to his bringing forward his innate talent for composition. For this reason, we are generally disposed to expect from a painter's poetry, if not any very refined or high-wrought versification, that at least which we esteem ten thousand times more highly, the marks of a lively imagination and vigorous fancy.

Mr. Westall's poetry is like his painting, not sublime or magnificent, but extremely natural and pleasing. Its colouring is warm, and its expression, though not much varied, engaging and tender. The only difference is just what we should have expected. His composition in the former department is less finished than in the latter. It admits of

inequalities, inaccuracies, and occasional meannesses which, had his principal attention been directed to poetry, he would have learned to avoid. He would have written better, had he painted less.

Milton's 'L'Allegro,' has been the model of his first and longest piece. Perhaps nothing can afford a more perilous test of ability than the imitation of that unrivalled poem. The enterprise is beset on every side with snares and pitfalls. Dull and prolix uniformity on the one hand, namby-pamby infantility on the other, are the enemies only principally to be dreaded; and we cannot at present recollect a single poem written on this professed model, (beginning with one of the most celebrated, 'Grongar hill,') that is not more or less tinctured with both those defects. If then, we cannot pronounce Mr. Westall to be altogether free from them, it is but fair to add that his plan itself deserves censure more than his execution. We will select by way of specimen the following passage, in which a nice critic will not be at a loss to discover traces of the faults we have pointed out, though the most fastidious must acknowledge it to contain beauties sufficiently striking to redeem them.

'Through the garden now we'll range,
View its sweets, and mark their change;
Beauteous fav'rites of a day!

Oh! how sweet the breath of May!
Oh! how rich her form appears,
Bounteous smiling through her tears,
As the day-star riding high,
Clears the lately clouded sky!

Never let my banks be free
From the flaunting piony;
Or the flower that bears the name
Of the never-dying flame;
Or the tulip's pencill'd bell,
Or the pink, with spicy smell:
While beside them lovely grows
Flora's pride, the mossy rose,
And the lily's breast of snow
Blends the heaven tinctur'd glow:
Let the hollyhock be nigh,
Deeply steep'd in purple dye;
I delight to see him drest
In his dark imperial vest,
Branching wide, and waving loose,
Drunk he seems with Tyrian juice.

Never wilt thou glad mine eyes,
 Song-ennobled helichrise !*
 Arethusa's banks of old,
 Used to shine with loveliest gold,
 While, her sacred shades among,
 Thick thy cluster'd berries hung,
 But the *doric shepherd* † died !
 And e'er since, thy grief to hide,
 Thou hast droop'd in cavern drear,
 Shrinking from the balmy air !
 Who shall raise a simple strain,
 Luring thee to life again ?
 This the Mantuan youth ‡ essay'd,
 And his pipe enchanting play'd ;
 But so much of art was found
 In the smooth, the polish'd sound,
 That thy half uplifted head
 Sought again its sullen bed.

Thee I lack ! but still my bower
 Shines with many a lovely flower ;
 At its entrance, close entwine
 Suckling sweet and eglantine ;
 Round its side the blossom'd May
 Loves with twisted branch to stray ;
 And the jasmine as his mate,
 Slender, sweet, and delicate.
 There the vine her tender boughs
 Round the oak luxuriant throws,
 Hiding in his vigorous arms,
 Like a bride, her blushing charms ;
 Emblem of the first embrace,
 His the strength, and hers the grace.' P. 25—28.

The ' Approach of Winter,' which stands next in the collection, is extremely short, and rather to be considered as a sketch, a fragment, or (to use the artist's expression) a *study*, than a finished piece. But the following lines are remarkably feeling and natural.

' How chang'd, how silent is the grove,
 Late the gay haunt of youth and love !

* The helichrise was a plant highly celebrated by some of the Greek poets, particularly Theocritus ; it is now entirely unknown : by some writers it has been supposed to be the same plant as the Roman ivy ; but I am informed, by the first botanical authority, that the difference between them is very considerable.

† Theocritus.

‡ Virgil.

Its tangling branches now are shorn
 Of leafy honours, and upborne.
 By their close tops, the snow hath made
 Beneath a strange and solemn shade,
 Here oft with careless ease I lay
 On the green lap of genial May :
 Dear was the stream, whose bottom shone
 With fragments rude of sculptur'd stone,
 Which from yon abbey's ivy'd wall,
 Shook by the wind would often fall ;
 Dear was the sound its waters made,
 As down the pebbly slope they play'd.
 I hear not now the mimic roar,
 Seiz'd by the frost, it sounds no more ;
 But dreary, mute, and sad it stands,
 Torpid, beneath chill winter's hands.'

Mr. Westall's poetry is, as may be expected, and as much of what we have already quoted abundantly testifies, strictly picturesque. But he knows also how to seize the advantages which poetry possesses over her sister-art, and to embody in verse images which painting can never represent. For instance, in his poem entitled 'Night,' which upon the whole is rather inferior to the rest, but contains two admirable stanzas.

'Tis so silent, I can hear,
 As I pass the rustic bowers,
 E'en the dew-drops falling near
 From the overcharged flowers.

'Tis so silent, I can hear
 E'en the distant cattle feed,
 As I range, unheeding where,
 Through the path-way of the mead.'

The 'Songs to Myra,' and 'Odes to Sophia,' do not possess much that we have not often found before in other songs and odes to other Myras and other Sophias. They all, however, run very smoothly, are very gentlemanly, melancholy, and lover-like.

Mr. Westall's 'Odes, descriptive of the character of the Works of some of the greater Poets,' contain occasional marks of good taste and discrimination, but are not remarkable for conception or force of language. Homer, Hesiod, Alcæus, Sappho, Anacreon, Pindar, Theocritus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Shakspear, Spenser, and Milton, are the subjects chosen.

The book is elegantly printed, and contains four exquisite engravings from very pleasing designs of the author.

ART. IX.—*A Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, containing Animadversions on some Parts of their Fifth Report; and an Examination of the Principles on which the Medical Department of Armies ought to be formed. By Edward Nathaniel Bancroft, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, and to St. George's Hospital. 8vo. Cadell. 1808.*

ART. X.—*A Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, in Reply to some Animadversions of Dr. E. Nathaniel Bancroft, on the Fifth Report. By James M'Grigor, M. D. F.R.S.E. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, &c. &c. 8vo. Murray. 1808.*

ART. XI.—*A Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, explaining the true Constitution of a Medical Staff, the best Form of Economy for Hospitals, &c. with a Refutation of Errors and Misrepresentations contained in a Letter by Dr. Bancroft, Army Physician, dated April 23, 1808. By Robert Jackson, M.D. 8vo. Murray. 1808.*

ART. XII.—*Observations on the Fifth Report of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry; and more particularly on those Parts which relate to the Surgeon General. By Thomas Keate, Esq. F.R.S. Surgeon General to his Majesty's Forces, Surgeon to the Queen, to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, to Chelsea Hospital, and to St. George's Hospital. 4to. Hatchard, Piccadilly.*

ART. XIII.—*Proceedings and Report of a Special Medical Board, appointed by his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, and the Secretary at War, to examine the State of the Hospital at the Military Depôt in the Isle of Wight, &c. &c. By Sir J. M. Hayes, Bart. John Hunter, M.D. George Pinkard, M.D. and John Weir, Esq. 8vo. Seely. 1808.*

ART. XIV.—*An Exposure and Refutation of various Misrepresentations, published by Dr. M'Grigor and Dr. Jackson, in their separate Letters to the Commissioners of Military Inquiry, interspersed with Facts and Observations concerning Military Hospitals, and Medical Arrangements for Armies. By E. Nathaniel Bancroft, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, and to St. George's Hospital. 8vo. Cadell. 1808.*

THE famous tenth report of a former parliamentary commission, has given an interest to the labours of commissioners, which is perfectly new in the public sentiment. The subtle machinations of fraud, and the gross instances of speculation, the want of public spirit, and the violation of common honesty, which have within the last few years, been brought to light in the civil and military departments of the state, have shaken the confidence we were used to repose in public men : successive discoveries of delinquency have tended still more to keep alive a general distrust and suspicion ; and on the appearance of every fresh report, curiosity is on tip-toe, to learn what fresh detection has been made, what new character is to be destroyed, what fair outside is to be stripped of its tinsel and frippery, and is to be exposed to the public scorn, in all the native deformity of guilt and imposture.

For our own parts the sensations we experienced upon the appearance of the fifth report of the commissioners of military enquiry were those of alarm and apprehension. We trembled for the honour of our profession. We feared lest some fresh examples should appear of burning of vouchers ; some more specimens of prudent and politic reserve. ' I do not remember.' ' I am not bound to answer that question.' ' My lawyers have advised me that you have no right to ask that question,' and so forth. But upon perusing the report, and particularly the explanations and documents which have been extorted by it, our apprehensions have been tranquillized. Of direct charges of corrupt practices we find none ; Statements of misconduct and neglect of duty are sometimes alledged and more often insinuated against some of the principal officers of the medical department of the army. But Mr. Keate, the surgeon general, on whom parts of the report seemed to bear the hardest, has given explanations so full and distinct of those parts of his conduct to which blame had been imputed, giving a specific answer, *seriatim* to every specific charge, and supporting throughout his allegations by authentic official documents, that we are persuaded that he is fully acquitted in the minds of every honourable and impartial man. We must just notice at this place, that the fifth of the publications, titles of which we have prefixed to this article, is printed in consequence of an offence taken by the gentlemen whose names are prefixed, at some expressions applied by Mr. Keate to their report which he has termed hasty, and made completely *ex parte*. It appears that Mr. Keate has himself been hasty in this accusation : and indeed he has handsomely apologized for it. But we can-

not think the word *ex parte* wholly misapplied, when in fact only one party and that the accused was examined.

Had the commissioners of military enquiry confined their animadversions to matters which seem to be within the sphere both of their duty and their comprehension, to the expenses of public boards, packing of medicines, prices of instruments and of drugs, accumulation of stores, expenditure of wine, spirits and porter, or accounts of empty casks, we should hardly have thought it within our province to notice their labours, and should have left the parties implicated to have exculpated themselves, or to have sunk under the load of their accusations. But they have gone much further, and have in consequence involved themselves (we believe involuntarily) in many errors, lighted up a controversy conducted with no small degree of personal asperity. The subject of their inquiry, being wholly new to every member of the commission, they very naturally set about gaining some information concerning it. The newest and in the opinion of the commissioners we believe the only books on the subject were the publications of a writer whom Dr. Bancroft aptly describes to be 'noted for a strong propensity to innovating projects and speculations, as well as for eccentric and peculiar opinions.' This writer is Dr. Robert Jackson; and from him they learnt that the only persons qualified to treat the diseases of soldiers are the regimental surgeons. They go further—they assert that in point of fact,

'Medical men stated to be inexperienced in military habits, and the conduct of army medical practice, were placed at the head of the staff, (that is to say physicians regularly educated,) and the sick were taken from the regimental surgeons, and were almost solely accommodated in the newly established general hospitals. The consequences were very unfortunate: the mortality, which while the sick remained with their regiments in the former year, had been trifling, and even in those regiments which still kept their sick under the eye of their surgeons, in 1794, was comparatively small, became very great in the general hospitals; and the expenditure also, owing to bad superintendence, and the want of a due system, was very considerable. It was another consequence of the change, that the regimental surgeons,—not being permitted to take care of their own sick, became less active in the service.'

All this means precisely that regimental surgeons understand the treatment of diseases better than regular well educated physicians. Such a doctrine, if pushed to its natural extent goes to prove that learning and education are not ne-

cessary to the practice of physic ; and that in the treatment of patients learning is an obstruction, and the most uninformed succeed better than the most accomplished. Had the commissioners seen the obvious consequences of their own doctrines, we think they would have paused before they had submitted such monstrous propositions to the judgment of the legislature : they would have suspected that the men who attempted to make them swallow such gross absurdities, must have been acting from some sinister motives ; and that instead of resigning their common sense to the suggestions of two or three obscure individuals, they would have summoned to their aid all the learning of the profession, or at least have required the statements of their informants to be supported by the most clear and unexceptionable documents. But, strange to say, they seem studiously to have avoided putting a single question on the subject to those who were most able to give them faithful and impartial information ; and to have been afraid of receiving a tittle of evidence, which might shake their faith in their favourite hypothesis. Predetermined that the notions of Dr. Jackson should be the type after which the system of the army medical department should be new modelled, two obscure individuals of the names of Borland and M'Gregor or M'Grigor were selected to procure a confirmation of the notions they had adopted ; two men who had been at no great distance of time taken from the humblest departments, and in which it appears from the facts which have been disclosed concerning them, that they ought to have remained to the present hour. Of these, one (Borland) it is enough to state that he has falsely called himself a licentiate of the college of physicians of Edinburgh, and probably has assumed the title of doctor, without any legal authority : a trait of the other will be found below, which precludes the necessity of our giving any opinion of the confidence which is to be placed in him.

‘ The assertion that you had collected information from gentlemen of *great* experience in *every* branch of army medical practice,’ Dr. Bancroft justly observes in the able pamphlet, which the report of the commissioners has extorted from him,

‘ Implied that you had examined or communicated with all these medical officers, whose professional rank and science, and whose military experience, respectability of character, and, I may add, independance of circumstances, might operate as a security for the accuracy, fairness, and sufficiency of their testimonies, respecting the advantages and defects of general and regimental hospitals. But

this expectation has been *wholly* disappointed; for the various documents published in the appendix to your report, are proofs that you have omitted asking all those officers of that description who appeared before you (*viz.* Sir Lucas Pepys, Mr. Keate, Mr. Knight, Sir John Hayes, Mr. Young, and Dr. Frank), *a single question* about the respective or comparative benefits of general and of regimental hospitals: you have likewise omitted making enquiries on these subjects from other gentlemen of the rank of *inspectors*, as Dr. Nooth, Dr. Robertson Barclay, Mr. Weir and Dr. Moore; and you have not condescended to summon before you *even one* army physician. From all these sources abundant and valuable information might with certainty have been obtained: but instead of recurring to such authorities you have contented yourselves with the testimonies of two officers, whose evidence ought *primâ facie*, to have been received with great caution, because both owe their promotions and present employments to those late arrangements in the medical department, which have affected the depression of the army physicians, and the discontinuance of general hospitals, and are therefore deeply interested in representing these arrangements as the most advantageous to the public. That their testimonies might be partial was thus to be apprehended; and therefore most persons would have thought it prudent in you either not to have demanded or not to have depended solely on them.

Such is the nature of the evidence upon which these commissioners have deemed themselves authorised to recommend to the legislature, that no regular physicians should be allowed in the military service of this kingdom. A stranger conspiracy against reason and science we will venture to say was never hatched. It requires a very small effort of reason to show the weakness of the reasoning and the absurdity of the calumnies by which this project has been attempted to be supported: but as a deference might be paid to the office of persons acting under the authority of parliament, which would be refused to their arguments, we think the profession to be under obligations to Dr. Bancroft for the able, temperate, and dispassionate manner in which he has examined the report, and refuted the misrepresentations and slanders levelled against the army physicians, a body of men as respectable for attainments as any the country can boast; and who seem to be very inadequately recompensed for the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves in the service of the state.

Many of the supposed facts which the commissioners have stated upon the authority of the *quondam* hospital mate, (we beg pardon, *Doctor* M'Grigor, we find, was never an hospital-mate, he became surgeon to a newly raised regi-

ment about the year 1794, which office he purchased for 150l.) seem absolutely void of foundation. The assertion of Borland given upon oath, of the evils which arose from the appointment of persons taken from civil life to be staff physicians or surgeons is at complete variance with the documents in the office of the surgeon-general. Dr. M'Grigor's situation was such in Flanders that it is utterly impossible that he could have obtained any knowledge worthy of the least notice respecting the general hospitals on the continent. Dr. M'Grigor in 1808 perceived that in Grenada, while the sick soldiers were treated regimentally, the mortality was trifling; but on the return of the army to quarters, when the sick were ordered to general hospitals, the mortality was very great indeed. But in 1804 he saw no such thing; he states positively in a volume published that year under the title of 'Medical Sketches of the Expedition to Egypt,' that the 88th regiment continued pretty healthy at Grenada for three months after their arrival there, or as long as they remained to the windward side of the island. 'This,' he adds, 'was likewise the case with the 10th, 15th and other regiments. It was only after our return to St. George's and to Richmond Hill, after we had communication with the 68th regiment and the general hospitals, where the yellow fever had for many months prevailed, that it appeared in the 88th and other corps.' It is as clear as noon-day that when writing this sentence Dr. M'Grigor thought of nothing less than the superiority of regimental over general hospital treatment; but was simply detailing the supposed effects of contagion. Borland (we mean no offence to him, but his title being unsettled, we are equally afraid of withholding a proper one, or affixing one to which he has no claim) has sworn that the superiority in the regimental mode of treatment 'was particularly marked in the Russian auxiliary army that landed in Guernsey and Jersey in 1799 *full of contagion*, and which in six months afterwards, when embarked on its return to Russia, numbered 13000 strong and had not 100 sick.' This is very fine indeed. But mark how a plain tale will set you down. 'While the Russian troops were embarking at the Helder, especial care' (we are informed by Dr. Bancroft) 'was taken to separate every man who had any appearance of ailment from those who were in perfect health; and to send the latter only to Jersey and Guernsey, the former being sent to Yarmouth, where with the exception of one transport which carried her sick to Gosport they were landed to the number of more than 2000, most truly full of contagion; and were afterwards there received

and treated in the general not regimental hospitals. Nay more: Dr. Benckhausen (the physician general of the Russian army) made heavy complaints of the treatment which the sick met with in the islands; the accommodations provided for them he said were miserable, and the treatment of the sick had been wholly abandoned to the Russian surgeons mates, who had not the least knowledge of internal diseases.'

'Whether the Russian army,' adds Dr. Bancroft, 'was indebted for the recovery of its sick and its healthy state on leaving Guernsey and Jersey to the wretchedness of their habitations, and to the ignorance of their surgeons mates, for these seem to have been the only benefits, which the regimental management procured for them, or to the original paucity of the number of their sick, and to the acknowledged salubrity of those islands, I shall submit to your serious reflection.'

Such is the miserable, shallow and sandy foundation upon which these commissioners have attempted to blast the credit of a learned profession, and to depreciate the public services of a most accomplished and useful order of men. We think a greater misfortune cannot befall a state, than that of having ignorant and low men put into offices which require enlarged and comprehensive minds, the effects only of liberal culture, and in a measure likewise of having been born *gentlemen*. The station of chief medical officers of an army, is one which involves the highest degree of responsibility that can be imposed upon man. It is not the proper treatment of this or that individual; to have a comprehensive view of general causes, a discriminating judgment to discern the various and complicated forms of diseased action, with activity, courage, and presence of mind, are the rare qualities which ought to be sought for in the man to whom the safety of large bodies of men is entrusted. That to form such men, *education* is at least essential, is a proposition so evident, that we are confounded with astonishment, when we find sensible men propose to dispense with it. To expect to find men fit for such situations among regimental surgeons, at least except as solitary examples, is to expect to reap a harvest from a field that has never been plowed or sown. One of the finest armies which were ever sent from England is said to have been exposed to the most extreme hazard from a most fatal disease through the imprudent orders of a surgeon elevated to a situation for which he was not qualified by his education, and who was therefore ignorant of the na-

ture of the distemper; and the troops in all human probability rescued from destruction, by the firmness of an army physician, who saw the danger, and persevered in pointing it out till measures of safety were taken. Dr. Bancroft has in his second pamphlet, given an account, sufficiently ludicrous, if what concerns the safety of multitudes can be allowed to provoke a smile, of the confusion, dismay, and most culpable delays which took place, when the plague appeared in one of the regiments of the Indian army in Egypt. The date of its appearance was on the 13th or 14th of September, 1801. Though it had been announced on one of these days, and a recommendation had been given that an *immediate* removal of the patients should be effected, it was not till *two* days after that measures were taken for providing a receptacle for the patients and a medical officer to attend them. The medical officers (whom Dr. McGrigor has since represented as anxious to be placed at the *post of honour*;) drew lots to determine on whom the care of these poor creatures should devolve. *Another day* still past over before the removal took place; and the medical attendant found, on taking possession of this new habitation, that neither medicines nor food had been provided, and that there was not even a candle to enable him to see what condition his patients were in, or how he could relieve them.' Thus by neglecting to make an immediate separation, the disease became propagated, and proved fatal to numbers. Nor was the plague the only evil these poor creatures had to contend with. The pest houses were fixed in marshy situations; many who survived the plague were seized with intermittents, and in some instances at least they were suffered to perish by cold. This is a specimen of some of the medical management of the army transported from the East-Indies to Egypt, which the commissioners have been induced to hold up as a model of perfection.

If many of the abuses which the commissioners have pointed out in the army medical arrangements, have had in reality no existence, it does not follow that there are none, though we believe the commissioners have not considered them as such. Such, for example, is the elevation of a surgeon to be inspector general of regimental hospitals; part of the duties of which office is described to be 'to frame the code of regimental hospital instructions,' and to examine 'the detailed weekly returns of all regimental hospitals, from whence to judge of the propriety of the practice, and appropriation of diet, &c.' These would seem to be duties pertain-

ing to the office of the physician rather than of the surgeon. The appointments of deputy inspectors, who are officers that have a controul over the physicians, is still more irregular. The patronage of these appointments is very absurdly given to the inspector general, who in his zeal to elevate the members of his own profession, and to depress the army physicians, has made a rule to appoint none but surgeons to these offices. This is no small evil. Persons are apt to imagine that men who are promoted to the first posts are those who most abound in knowledge. A surgeon and a physician are in the eyes of a general officer very nearly on a footing of equality as to medical knowledge. On emergencies therefore he will consult the surgeon, though he is probably quite uninformed on the subject of his enquiries. Of the abuses that have absolutely taken place, we will cite the following illustrations.

‘Of the surgical inspectors; some, *presuming on their authority, have dictated even to army physicians the medicine they should prescribe for their patients*: others (ignorant of the first principles of physic) have issued public orders that the patients in the general hospitals of a particular denomination, for instance labouring under a certain acute disorder, should all undergo one and the same mode of treatment directed by themselves, without regard to age, differences of symptoms, stages of the disease, &c. and when obliged to confess the failure of the first mode, have proceeded to order another indiscriminate species of treatment, and then a third; and others again have posted through their districts urgently recommending various powerful remedies, such as ‘a free use of the lancet;’ emulating, perhaps, the example of their patron and Magnus Apollo, who is stated, * by good authority, to have ‘proposed’ (for the benefit of a certain, and unfortunately of late a numerous description of sick in the regimental hospital, the use of the lancet with a freedom, *for beyond what had formerly been thought of, a freedom (since adopted on such recommendation)* that leads to the taking away of 150 ounces of blood or more in the course of *a very few days*, in cases where the inventor and ‘proposer’ of this practice (which truly deserves its character of ‘*not having been formerly thought of,*’ even by M. Le Sage) will probably find it very difficult to persuade physicians that if bleeding were requisite, the loss of twenty or at the most thirty ounces might not have sufficed, with other *proper* means.’

Those who wish to see some other curious examples of regimental practice under the direction of a most reso-

* See ‘an account of the Ophthalmia which has appeared in England since the return of the British army from Egypt, by John Vetch, M. D. assistant surgeon to the 54th regiment.’ Pages 97 and 100.

lute and determined theorist may receive much disgust or much amusement from No. 8 of the appendix to Mr. Keate's observations, which contains 'some account of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Borland at the Chatham and the Isle of Wight Depôt hospitals.'

'I did see men ill of fevers bled freely,' (says Dr. Maclaurin in a letter to the army medical board) 'much too freely, I then thought and still think, (it was a pretty regular routine, even in fevers of debility.) I saw too, 'men apparently not ill of fevers, bled freely,' bled to fainting, lying upon the surgery floor, in a manner equally indecent and alarming; this is not an accidental circumstance, but a most frequent occurrence. I did see Dr. Jackson's prescriptions sent to the surgery; in them bleedings directed, without the quantity of blood to be taken specified, but of course left to the discretion of any hospital mate, who happened to be in readiness to operate, and who had not then, nor could have previously had, an opportunity of ascertaining with accuracy the disease.'

'The temperate and judicious defence which Dr. Bancroft has made of the army physicians has produced two answers: one from the fruitful pen of Dr. Jackson; and a second from that of Dr. M'Grigor.'

We cannot commend the spirit of Dr. Jackson's performance. As he has had personal disagreements with the medical board, we are willing to make allowance for the irritation of a wounded and perhaps of a disappointed spirit; but we must say that his sneers at the physician-general of the army are neither manly, decorous, nor liberal. If there exist a man, who is disposed to go beyond the confined and narrow path of regular duty, and to sacrifice his time, his talents, and his labour to the public service, that man is the present physician general. Dr. Jackson should blush at the poor and petty insinuation which we will not transcribe (see p. 12.) This gentleman has in fact given up more of his time to the public *gratuitously* than any other professional man in the kingdom.

On the question of the superiority of regimental or general hospitals, Dr. Jackson's evidence is not so strong as might have been expected from his experience and the great attention he has undoubtedly paid to military medical arrangements. Most of his assertions are unsupported by documents of any kind. On the system pursued at the Cape, he says,

'The sick returns may be consulted, as it is presumed they are still preserved in the office in Berkeley Street. They will, I *presume*, shew the effect to have been a fortunate one.'

But why did not Dr. Jackson take this trouble upon himself? His letter, we see, is dated from London, and surely there was no peculiar urgency, for its precipitate appearance. If regular documents were produced, the public would derive some benefit perhaps from this controversy. We must at the same time do the doctor the justice to acknowledge that he speaks with candour on the causes of mortality in general hospitals.

The medical officers of the army, Dr. Jackson informs us, are of two classes: he ought to have said of three. One is the regular physician from Oxford, or Cambridge, to whom, he observes with a sneer, the care of the army ought exclusively to be given, as possessing a right to exclusive knowledge from the ceremonials through which he obtains the doctor's cap. Then there are the half regulars 'who have obtained a diploma at a Scotch or Irish university;' and who have afterwards been licensed to exercise their art, on paying a sum of money to the College in Warwick-Lane. This account, independent of its disgusting petulance, contains more errors than one. Those, who obtain licenses of the college, receive them upon appearing duly qualified after repeated examination. What they pay, is a perfect trifle, exclusive of the value of the stamp, legally affixed to their licence. The other class we will describe in the doctor's words.

'The other class, and it constitutes the great body of army medical officers, is comprehended under the denomination of regimental surgeon. The subjects of this class are often obscure in their rise, and irregular in their progress. They trust, or pretend to trust, to no other qualification, except possession of the knowledge of their profession, which is the art of curing diseases by the speediest and safest means, without licence according to the statute of Henry the eighth. The regimental surgeon may cure a disease,—a fever for instance, as safely and more speedily than the regular physician; he is notwithstanding precluded from bearing the name, and ostensibly from assuming the physician's office in the British army.'

Now, without intending any offence to a body of men containing numerous respectable individuals, we may be permitted to inquire, who are really these gentlemen whom Dr. Jackson and the commissioners would wish to supersede the regular army physicians. Are not the mates universally young men, having just served apprenticeships to common apothecaries, professing also, as apothecaries do, a little surgical knowledge, and subsequently having spent a single winter in attendance in the London Hospitals? It is a mon-

strous fact too that in this attendance they gain no medical knowledge whatever; they become pupils to surgeons, they see and attend to none but surgical pupils, their examination is surgical. The greater part of them have not only not practiced themselves, but have not seen any medical practice whatever, good, bad, or indifferent. A course of medical lectures they may have attended; and with the great majority this is the sole qualification they possess to undertake situations, of which the chief functions are purely medical. How these things happen, it well becomes those to enquire who are concerned for the fate of the defenders of the country. It is in part owing doubtless to a wrong direction of education, that young men do not (from causes which may be readily pointed out) make the best use of the advantages which are before them. But the evil is in part likewise owing to the state of society, and therefore, we fear, irremediable. It is that a body of men, properly qualified, does not exist. Nor will they ever exist without an institution, formed and supported by the legislature, for their formation. Hence the examiners are forced to accept and to pass as qualified for the service of the army and navy, men who are greatly deficient in the necessary qualifications. 'There has been,' says Dr. Harness, ('See the Appendix to the Report of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, p. 178.),' and still is, great difficulty of procuring hospital-mates and assistant surgeons, properly qualified for the royal navy; the number at present deficient cannot be less than *six hundred.*' 'When the expedition under Sir R. Abercrombie was preparing for the West Indies; it was found necessary,' says Dr. Bancroft, p. 21, 'to advertise in the newspapers, offering at once the highest pay, &c. ever allowed to hospital-mates, and it was also found expedient to accept without any thing like an examination all who presented themselves to the inspector-general in London, or to Sir J. M. Hayes at Southampton.' And so late as the 13th of October, Mr. Knight (the inspector-general) informed the commissioners that 'the same difficulties still exist, and rather in a greater degree than before, as we were unable to furnish more than one third of the requisition for hospital mates for the last expedition under Gen. Beresford.' The natural consequences of this is that every young man, who has been bred to the profession is received, whatever be his qualifications, or rather whatever may be his want of qualification.

But those who are sensible of their want of original education, or (what in their eyes is of much more consequence)

who are apprehensive that the world is sensible of it, are constantly descanting on their *experience*; they set practice in opposition to theory, and would insinuate that all preliminary information is needless or at least of little moment in comparison with actual employment. We will readily allow that the most copious book-learning or lecture-learning is of little value, if unaided by an extensive observation of real diseases. But we assert, with the same confidence, that experience can really not be acquired by those who are deficient in fundamental principles. Men may look to eternity, but if they have not learnt either what to look at, or what to look for, they will not be a jot the wiser. The knowledge of medicine that these ignorant young men (we speak only of the bulk of them) will gain by their experience, will be about as much as that which a countryman, who can neither read nor write, can gain of astronomy by gazing at the stars; or as much as the common soldier will gain of the art of war, by serving in the ranks for five-and-twenty years. No reasonable man will doubt for an instant, that when he is dismissed to the peaceful shades of Chelsea hospital, his knowledge is nearly the same as when he first shouldered a musket, though he had spent his whole life in the service, under a Marlborough, a Eugene, or a Turenne.

Such an one, say the commissioners, is a man of great and extensive experience in 'army medical practice.' The physician general is spoken of slightly as not having had any acquaintance with army hospital practice, previous to his appointment; and hospital mates and regimental surgeons should be selected to be physicians, 'who possessed actual experience in army medical practice, both at home and abroad.' They seem then to have imbibed a notion that the diseases of soldiers have something in them peculiar, which can only be learnt by serving in the army, and which medical men, educated regularly to the profession, even imperfectly understand. This silly prejudice extends equally to the treatment, to which those only are supposed competent, who have had much experience 'in army medical practice.' Perhaps the numerous practices that have been in army diseases, and the narrations of the medical events of campaigns, predisposed the minds of the commissioners to the reception of this doctrine, which it seems to be the interest of a large body of men to encourage. Dr. Bancroft has very properly exposed this error.

* One of these (erroneous suppositions) is at p. 16 of your Re-

port, where you mention the manners, the "habits, and often the diseases of the military as being peculiar in a high degree;" and again, at p. 85, where you mention "the habits and peculiar diseases of soldiers;" believing doubtless, that men who enlist as soldiers thereby *change* their *physical constitutions*, and become susceptible of diseases, which do not exist in *civil* life; or that the causes of disease operate on *soldiers* differently from what they do upon *other men*. How you came to adopt an opinion so destitute of all solid foundation, I will not determine. Certainly you will not find it in the works of Sir John Pringle, or Drs. Cleghorne, Brocklesby, Donald Monro, John Hunter, and others, who have written professedly on the diseases most prevalent in armies; nor can I find it any where distinctly expressed even by Dr. Jackson, though he often mentions "military diseases," and "army diseases." But he tells us, at p. 24,—1803, that "army diseases are the same in kind as those which happen in civil life." He chooses indeed to add, "that the *aspect* of them is often more threatening, seeming to demand more promptitude and decision in the application of the means of cure." If, however, this supposed difference even of aspect be considered as any thing constant or general, it has no existence but in Dr. Jackson's imagination; and if it had a real existence, the fact would only evince the expediency of employing well-educated physicians, whose experience, enlightened and assisted by scientific principles, would enable them much better to detect any thing fallacious or instructive in the aspect of these diseases, than surgeons could, without science, however experienced.'

The pretended experience of uneducated and uninstructed men can be nothing more than a blind routine. Let us even look at the practice of the apothecary, who is employed from morning till night in attending a croud of patients, and we must be convinced of this fact. He cannot discriminate an inflammatory from a putrid state of the system; he neither knows the name nor the symptoms of a single disease; as to remedies, he either contents himself with the use of those which are nearly inert; or if he is presumptuous, the common concomitant of ignorance, employs the most active remedies with the most indiscriminate and murderous profusion. Knowledge of subjects, comprehending a great variety of particulars, is in fact but little more than method and arrangement; to this must be added, in medicine, a nice discernment and discrimination between resembling facts. The want of education almost necessarily implies an uncultivated condition of the discerning faculties; and when men, without the knowledge of *principles*, enter upon extensive *practice*, the multiplicity and complication of facts presented to

them produce an inextricable confusion, and in truth presents an insurmountable barrier to the progress of information.

With Dr. M'Grigor our account will be very short. Some remarks of Dr. Bancroft's, which reflect upon the accuracy of his statement, seem to have kindled his wrath, and he vents his fury upon his opponent in no very peaceful nor becoming language. Dr. B. had concluded from some passages in Dr. M'Grigor's Medical Sketches, that the latter gentleman was snug in England at the very time, when from his evidence he was making his profound comparisons between the regimental and general hospitals in the island of Grenada. Dr. M. very coarsely calls Dr. Bancroft's assertion a falsehood; asserting that he arrived at Grenada some months earlier than Dr. Bancroft has supposed, and upon this mis-statement is founded, he says, 'a charge so abominable to my feelings, that words fail me to chastise it in terms of sufficient sharpness or severity.' 'But if there be an error in the dates, whose fault is it? Dr. Bancroft's, who has fairly quoted his opponent's pamphlet, or Dr. M'Grigor's, who writes so loosely, that he brings forward his own mate to prove that the embarkation of his regiment took place *'later than is stated in your volume.'* And we must remark, that even his present statement of his motions seem utterly inconsistent with all the main points of his former relations, and the impression which was intended by his evidence to be made upon the commissioners.

But this same Dr. M'Grigor would have done well to have smothered his rage a little, and have reserved a portion of it for Mr. Keate, who has brought forward a document which, we fear, must have been still more irritating to a gentleman of such nice sensibility and tender feelings of honour. For it appears that he has been quite as loose in his swearings as in his writings. Dr. M'Grigor has stated upon oath, that a staff which contained no physician, and consisted in all but of eight persons 'was a complete medical establishment, consisting of between twenty and thirty in number.' This pretended 'complete staff,' joined the Indian army at Cossair in June 1801, and received from Dr. M'Grigor the charge of the medical concerns of that army; they marched together over the desert of Thebes; were encamped together on the banks of the Nile; descended the river together to Ghiza; again embarked and proceeded together. Dr. M'Grigor, being subordinate to some of the officers of this

staff, must have had frequent communication with them, and also with the apothecary and purveyor. This very Doctor retained two of them (the hospital mates), so that it is wonderful if he was not personally acquainted with every individual of the party. After the detection of such gross and palpable exaggeration, hardly to be accounted for by any stretch of candour, and unatoned for by any marks of shame or contrition, we commend Dr. Bancroft for declaring his resolution to abstain from further contention, and refer the decision of any further dispute, if needful, 'to the cognizance of a tribunal, which will be competent to punish as well as notice such misdemeanors.'

We hope that this controversy may ultimately prove of benefit to the army; not by forwarding the coarse, barbarous, and shop-keeping projects of the commissioners. We trust that a British legislature in the nineteenth century, will never suffer the modest and unassuming sons of science to be thrust out of their seats by the clamours and unblushing falsehoods of rude and assuming pretenders. We trust that if innovations are to be made, they will be not to depress and discourage men of learning and education, but to elevate and promote them; not to expel physicians from the service of the army, but to augment their numbers, to increase their respectability, and to remunerate more amply their labours. Not that we would favour any monopolies or exclusive privileges: let the hospital mate and regimental surgeon have every facility given him for the acquisition of knowledge; and when his competence is allowed, not upon his own *ipse dixit*, but by due examination before his proper judges, let him aspire to the first honours of his profession. It is obvious, that there is much which is fundamentally wrong in the present system. We should be glad to see it replaced by one, which should be harmonious in its parts, should preserve a due subordination among all its members, and which, whilst it reserved to men of regular educations their well-merited distinctions, should be unjust to none, but should afford to talents and industry, wherever they are found, the opportunities of rising to honours and emoluments.

ART. XV.—*A Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery, under the Command of Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke, of the Army of the United States; from the Mouth of the River Missouri, through the Interior Parts of North America to the Pacific Ocean; during the Years 1804, 1805, 1806; containing an authentic Relation of the most interesting Transactions during the Expedition; a Description of the Country; and an Account of its Inhabitants, Soil, Climate, Curiosities, and Vegetable and Animal Productions. By Patrick Gass, one of the Persons employed in the Expedition. 8vo. 9s. Pittsburgh, printed. London, reprinted for J. Budd, Pall Mall. 1808.*

THE object of this ‘corps of discovery,’ was to explore the immense tract of country which lies between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. Those parts of the North American continent which have been the least visited by travellers, and are indeed considered as unknown, may be described as commencing

‘at the Pacific Ocean in latitude about 33 north, and running along the highlands and mountains between the waters which fall into the gulphs of California and Mexico, and those which fall into the Missouri river, and continuing in that direction to the Mississippi; thence, up that river to the source of its highest and north-western branch; thence along the high tract of country which divides the waters of the Missouri from those which fall into Hudson’s Bay and the North Sea, from whence it will continue across the rocky countries to the Pacific Ocean, in latitude about 52° north. To the south of this, general division the known countries will be Old and New Mexico, and a part of Louisiana; to the south-east, West and East Florida; to the east, the United States, to the north-east, Canada, the Labrador country, part of New South Wales, and of other countries round Hudson’s Bay; and to the North, part of New South Wales, the Athabasca, and other countries containing the establishments of the Hudson’s Bay and North-west companies, and those explored by Hearne and M’Kenzie.’

The intermediate space contains about one thousand miles in breadth, and extends one thousand and eight hundred miles in a direct line. Many parts of this vast region were visited by the expedition under the command of Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke of the United States, between the years 1804 and 1806. All the persons who belonged to this ‘corps of discovery,’ and possessed sufficient capacity for the purpose, were ordered to keep journals of their route. These journals were occasionally ‘compared, corrected, and

any blanks which had been left, filled up, and unavoidable omissions supplied. Though the present volume, from the dry form of a journal which it preserves throughout, is not likely to furnish many interesting details to the general reader, it will nevertheless be found to contain abundance of information which will be highly prized by the geographer, and by those who meditate a settlement in this remote part of the American continent.

Were we to follow Mr. Gass through the whole extent of his journal, we should be able to present the reader with little more than an enumeration of his movements from place to place; accompanied with only an occasional and very scanty sprinkling of such particulars and occurrences as are calculated to gratify general curiosity.

We shall quote Mr. Gass's journal during a short period of his travels, which will serve as a tolerable specimen of the performance:

'Monday 27th May, 1805.—We have now got into a country which presents little to our view, but scenes of barrenness and desolation; and see no encouraging prospects that it will terminate. Having proceeded by the course of this river (the Missouri) about two thousand three hundred miles, it may therefore not be improper to make two or three general observations respecting the country we have passed.

'From the mouth of the Missouri to that of the river Platte, a distance of more than six hundred miles, the land is generally of a good quality, with a sufficient quantity of timber; in many places very rich, and the country pleasant and beautiful.

'From the confluence of the river Platte with the Missouri to the Sterile desert we lately entered, a distance of upwards of fifteen hundred miles, the soil is less rich, and except in the bottoms the land of an inferior quality; but may in general be called good second-rate land. The country is rather hilly than level, though not mountainous, rocky or stony. The hills in their unsheltered state are much exposed to be washed by heavy rains. This kind of country and soil which has fallen under our observation in our progress up the Missouri extends, it is understood, to a great distance on both sides of the river. Along the Missouri and the waters which flow into it, cotton wood and willows are frequent in the bottoms and islands; but the upland is almost entirely without timber, and consists of large prairies or plains, the boundaries of which the eye cannot reach. The grass is generally short on these immense natural pastures, which in the proper seasons are decorated with blossoms and flowers of various colours. The views from the hills are interesting and grand. Wide extended plains with their hills and vales, stretching away in lessening wavy ridges, until by their distance they fade from the sight; large rivers and streams in their rapid course, winding in various meanders; groves of cotton-wood

and willow along the waters intersecting the landscapes in different directions, dividing them into various forms at length appearing like dark clouds and sinking in the horizon; these enlivened with the buffaloe, elk, deer, and other animals which in vast numbers feed upon the plains or pursue their prey, are the prominent objects, which compose the extensive prospects presented to the view, and strike the attention of the beholder.

‘The islands in the Missouri are of various sizes; in general not large, and during high water, mostly overflowed.

‘There are Indian paths along the Missouri, and some in other parts of the country. Those along that river do not generally follow its windings, but cut off points of land and pursue a direct course. There are also roads and paths made by the buffaloe and other animals; some of the buffaloe roads are at least ten feet wide. We did not embark this morning until eight o’clock. The day was fine, but the wind a-head. We had difficult water, and passed through the most dismal country I ever beheld; nothing but barren mountains on both sides of the river, as far as our view could extend. The bed of the river is rocky, and also the banks and hills in some places; but these are chiefly of earth. We went thirteen miles and encamped in a bottom, just large enough for the purpose, and made out to get enough of drift wood to cook with.

‘Tuesday 28th.—We set sail early, had a fine morning, and proceeded on through this desert country until about four o’clock P.M. when we came to a more pleasant part. We made twenty-one miles and encamped on the north side.

‘Wednesday 29th.—We proceeded on early and had a fine morning; passed two rivers, one on each side. At twelve, it became cloudy and began to rain. We went about eighteen miles and halted at a handsome grove of timber on the south side. It rained a little all the afternoon. Some of the men went out to hunt and killed an elk. Last night about twelve o’clock, a buffaloe swimming the river happened to land at one of the periogues, crossed over it, and broke two guns, but not so as to render them useless. He then went straight on through the men where they were sleeping, but hurt none of them. As we came along to-day, we passed a place where the Indians had driven above an hundred head of buffaloe down a precipice and killed them.’

‘Thursday 30th.—The forenoon was cloudy, with some rain. We did not set out till late in the day. The hills came in close on the river again, but are not so high. Some of them are as black as coal, and some white as chalk. We see a great many fresh Indian tracks or signs as we pass along. It rained a little all day; we went on slow and encamped early on the north side, in a small bottom with some cotton-wood, having proceeded on eight miles. There are no pines to be seen on the hills.’

‘Friday 31st.—We embarked early in a cloudy morning; passed through a mountainous country, but the game is more plenty,

and we killed some buffaloe in our way. About eleven o'clock it began to rain slowly, and continued raining two hours, when it cleared up. We passed some very curious cliffs and rocky peaks, in a long range; some of them two-hundred feet high and not more than eight feet thick. They seem as if built by the hand of man, and are so numerous that they appear like the ruins of an antient city. We went $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles and encamped at the mouth of a handsome creek on the north side.

'Saturday 1st June, 1805.—We embarked early. The morning was cloudy, but without rain. We passed through a more handsome country, than for some days past. It appears more level, and there are some good bottoms on both sides of the river, but not large; also a number of beautiful small islands covered with cotton-wood. We saw a number of mountain sheep. Yesterday our men killed three of them, that had remarkable large horns; one pair weighed twenty-five pounds. We passed a small river on the north side about eleven o'clock. The water is not so rapid to-day as usual, but continues high. In the afternoon we passed a creek about thirty yards wide, and several small islands. We went twenty-four miles and encamped on a small island.

'Sunday 2d.—We embarked early in a fine morning. The hills come close on the river, but are not so high nor so broken, as we found them a short distance lower down. This forenoon we passed two creeks, one on each side, and several islands covered with cotton-wood; but there is not a stick of timber to be seen any where upon the hills. Some of the hunters killed a brown bear in a small bottom on the south side, and having come eighteen miles, we encamped just above the bottom on the same side, at the mouth of a large river.

'Monday 3d.—We crossed over to the point between the two rivers and encamped there. The commanding officers could not determine which of these rivers or branches it was proper to take; and therefore concluded to send a small party up each of them. Myself and two men went up the south branch, and a sergeant and two more up the north. The parties went up the two branches about fifteen miles. We found the south branch rapid with a great many islands and the general course south-west. The other party reported the north branch as less rapid, and not so deep as the other. The north branch is one hundred and eighty-six yards wide and the south three hundred and seventy-two yards. The water of the south branch is clear, and that of the north muddy. About a mile and an half up the point from the confluence, a handsome small river falls into the north branch, called Rose river. Its water is muddy, and the current rapid. Captain Lewis took a meridian altitude at the point, which gave $47^{\circ} 24' 12''$ north latitude. Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke were not yet satisfied with respect to the proper river to ascend.

'Tuesday 4th.—Captain Lewis with six men went up the north branch, to see if they could find any certain marks to determine whether that was the Missouri or not; and Captain Clarke, myself and four others went up the south branch, for the same purpose with regard to that branch. About eight miles above the confluence the south branch and the small river which falls into the north branch, are not more than two-hundred yards apart. Near this place and close on the bank of the south branch is a beautiful spring where we refreshed ourselves with a good drink of grog; and proceeded on through the high plains. Here nothing grows but prickly pears, which are in abundance, and some short grass. We went on about thirty miles and found the river still extending in a south-west direction. We saw a mountain to the south about twenty miles off, which appeared to run east and west, and some spots on it resembling snow. In the evening we went towards the river to encamp, where one of the men having got down to a small point of woods on the bank, before the rest of the party, was attacked by a huge he-bear, and his gun missed fire. We were about two-hundred yards from him, but the bank there was so steep we could not get down to his assistance: we, however, fired at the animal from the place we stood, and he went off without injuring the man. Having got down, we all encamped in an old Indian lodge for the night.

'Wednesday 5th.—Some light showers of rain fell in the night, and the morning was cloudy. When preparing to set out, we discovered three bears coming up the river towards us: we therefore halted awhile and killed the whole of them. About seven, we set out along the plains again, and discovered the mountain south of us covered with snow, that had fallen last night. When we had got about eleven miles, we saw a large mountain to the west of us also covered with snow. This mountain appeared to run from north to south, and to be very high. The bearing of the river is still south-west. Captain Clarke thought this a good course for us to proceed on our voyage, and we turned back towards the camp again. We went about fifteen miles and struck the small river about twenty miles from its mouth. Here we killed some elk and deer, and encamped all night. There is a great deal of timber in the bottoms of this little river, and plenty of different kinds of game. In these bottoms I saw the stalks of a plant resembling flax in every particular.

'Thursday 6th.—We proceeded down the small river and killed some deer. About one o'clock we went on the plains again which we kept on till we came to the point in the evening. Captain Lewis and his party had not returned. Some light rain fell this afternoon.

'Friday 7th.—It rained all day: Captain Lewis and party did not return.

'Saturday 8th.—A fine cool morning. About ten o'clock A. M. the water of the south river, or branch, became almost of the co-

four of claret, and remained so all day. The water of the other branch has the appearance of milk when contrasted with the water of this branch in its present state. About four in the afternoon, Captain Lewis and his party came to camp. They had been up the north branch about sixty miles, and found it navigable that distance; not so full of islands as the other branch, and a greater quantity of timber near it and plenty of game, which is not the case on the south branch. Its bearing something north of west a considerable distance, and then to the south of west. The party while out, killed eighteen deer and some elk. From the appearance of the river where they left it to return, they supposed it might be navigable a considerable distance further. They saw no mountains a-head, but one off towards the north: it is not covered with snow like those we had seen. Both these rivers abound in fish; and we caught some of different kinds but not large. About five o'clock in the afternoon, the weather became cloudy and cold, and it began to rain. The officers concluded that the south branch was the most proper to ascend, which they think is the Missouri. The other they called Maria's river. At dark the rain ceased.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*A Sermon against Witchcraft, preached in the Parish Church of Great Paxton, in the County of Huntingdon, July 17, 1808. With a brief Account of the Circumstances which led to the atrocious Attacks on the Person of Ann Izzard, as a reputed Witch. By the Reverend Isaac Nicholson, A.M. Mayman. 8vo. 1808.*

THOSE persons, who have deprecated the progress of philosophy, will probably rejoice to learn from the perusal of the introduction to the present sermon, that even this enlightened isle is not without an ample residue of superstition. But at the same time we fear that those *pious* gentlemen, who think that *social order* is best preserved by *barbarous ignorance*, will see some reasons to doubt the justness of their conclusions, and to adopt the contrary opinion, that the diffusion of science and of knowledge is that which best prepares the way for the prevention of lawless outrage, and for the preservation of political tranquillity.

Ann Izzard, an elderly dame of the parish of Great Paxton in the county of Huntingdon, was, in the month of April last, accused by her neighbours of having bewitched three persons of the names of Alice Brown, Fanny Amey, and Mary Fox. Whether the unlucky

resemblance of the name Izzard to that of Wizzard, may not by some unaccountable association of ideas have encouraged the charge, or whether there were any thing in the appearance of this good woman which encouraged the idea of her diabolical communications, we know not; but Mr. Nicholson tells us that she is by no means ill-looking, and therefore we must believe that the assumption of her being a witch could not rest on the extraordinary ugliness of her aspect; and yet if there had been any portion of feminine witchery in her face, we can hardly believe that even the clowns of Paxton would have offered such outrageous indignities to her person. The supposition that Ann Izzard had bewitched her three neighbours above mentioned was *confirmed* by the overturning of a cart drawn by a restive horse, containing some grocery belonging to a shop-keeper in the village. Now to whom could the wiseacres in the village, among whom are said to be many proselytes of methodism,—to whom could these true *original sinners*, these worshippers of justification and atonement, these stout maintainers of vicarious action, so well ascribe the damage which had befallen the tea and sugar of the grocer, as to the person who knew no more of the matter than the man or woman in the moor?—It would have been quite inconsistent in them not to refer this catastrophe to her; nor would they have acted with their usual *softness of heart*, if they had not by way of revenge pounced upon this non-offending dame, like tigers, in the night. The cottage in which Ann Izzard lived with her husband, Wright Izzard, is at some distance from the body of the village of Paxton. Hither the *godly crew* marched in the silence of the night, and having reached the door of the poor man's house, very *piously* broke it open, and very *humanely* dragged his wife out of bed, and threw her naked into the yard; where her arms were torn with pins, her head was dashed against the large stones of the causeway—and her face, stomach and breast were severely bruised with a thick stick that served as a bar to the house.—The true original-sin heroes, having with their usual consistency, *done God this piece of service* at their neighbour's expense, went home, no doubt singing psalms and rejoicing that they had obtained a *saving interest in the blood of the lamb*. In about five days after this, finding the old lady still alive, they paid her a second visit; and made a second proof of their justifying faith and their reliance on the atonement by treating her as before. Learning that she was not dead the next morning, they resolved to see whether she could not be drowned at night; but this *righteous experiment* was frustrated by the timely removal of the poor object to a neighbouring village, where she was rescued from the farther persecution of the *original sin-troopers*, the marauders of civil society enlisted under the banners of *justifying faith*, inscribed with the words of mortal warfare on all reason and humanity, VIOLENCE, CRUELTY, AND MURDER MADE SAFE AND EASY BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

When Ann Izzard informed Mr. Nicholson that her neighbours had accused her of witchcraft, he says that she offered to disprove the assertion by being '*weighed against the church bible!*'—Now if Mr. Nicholson, instead of preaching this elaborate discourse to his superstitious and half-savage parishioners, in order to shake their belief in witchcraft, had adopted the simple experiment which this poor inoffensive woman suggested, we believe that he would have done more towards refuting the current idea of his flock, that Ann Izzard was a witch, than by any mere argumentative mode which he could have pursued. This *proof*, adapted to their gross senses, would have exceeded in potency any evidence which biblical criticism could supply; not one ray of which could penetrate their impenetrably dull and marvellously benighted understandings. One folly would thus have been counteracted by another; and it is vain to deliver such a sensible and erudite discourse, as Mr. Nicholson has here published, to a mass of fanatics and fools. The *weighing of Ann Izzard against the church bible* might have had some chance of success in refuting the general prepossession that she was a dealer in witchcraft, while Mr. Nicholson's Hebrew philology would be only thrown away like fragrance on the desert air. But whatever may have been the effect of Mr. Nicholson's sermon on the *original-sin-mob* in the parish of Paxton, it may be read with pleasure and instruction out of the Bæotian confines of that place; and at least it furnishes one pretty strong proof that a new translation of the Scriptures of the Old Testament is wanting and ought not to be delayed.

ART. 17.—*The Works of Creation, a Series of Discourses for Boyle's Lecture; No. 1, being the First Sermon of the Series delivered at St. Mary le-Bow Church, Cheapside, on Monday the 5th of September, 1808. By the Rev. Edward Repton, A.M. of Magdalen College, Oxford, Curate of Crayford, in Kent. Mawman, 8vo. 1808.*

THE learned and pious Mr. Boyle instituted a lecture to prove the truth of the Christian religion against the objections of Atheists, Theists, Pagans, Jews, and Mahometans.—He left a salary of fifty pounds *per annum* to the lecturer, who is to be appointed for any term not exceeding three years. The lectures are delivered on the first Mondays of January, February, March, April, May, September, October, November; but in too many instances they have been read only to empty walls. The object of Mr. Repton, in publishing one sermon of a series before he has delivered the rest, appears to be to attract an audience to his future discourses. This wish is natural; but, when we consider the little interest which sermons usually excite, unless when seasoned with the cayenne of fanatic rant, we are very dubious whether Mr. Repton, during the period of his lectureship, will be gratified by the sight of overflowing pews. On the merits of Mr. Repton's discourses we shall deliver no opinion till the whole are published.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*Agriculture the Source of the Wealth of Britain; a Reply to the Objections urged by Mr. Mill, the Edinburgh Reviewers, and Others, against the Doctrine of the Pamphlet, entitled, 'Britain Independent of Commerce,' with Remarks on the Monthly Reviewers upon that Work. By William Spence, F.L.S. Cadell and Davies. 8vo. 1808.*

IN this pamphlet Mr. Spence complains that his meaning in the work entitled, 'Britain independent of Commerce,' has been mistaken or misrepresented by his opponents, particularly Mr. Mill; and that conclusions have been imputed to him which are not warranted by his premises. Mr. Spence tells us that, notwithstanding the keen-sighted scrutiny which his pamphlet has undergone, and the different attempts which have been made to confute it, he regards 'the main principles of his pamphlet as unshaken and its conclusions as immoveable.'

As far as we can understand the subject, the main principle of Mr. Spence is that 'ALL WEALTH IS CREATED BY AGRICULTURE,' and the main conclusion from this proposition is that, 'BRITAIN IS INDEPENDENT OF COMMERCE.' Now what can Mr. Spence according to the plain signification of the words, mean by the universal proposition that, *ALL wealth is created by agriculture* but that *no wealth is derived from any other source*. His universal affirmative in the first instance necessarily implies an universal negative in the second. But Mr. Spence soon departs from his own principles and contradicts the conclusions which follow from them by a legitimate deduction. For he tells us that, '*manufactures are the great cause of our improved agriculture*,' and that, '*it is by an attention to manufactures, that the European nations can alone effect a productive cultivation of their soil*.' Thus Mr. Spence first represents agriculture as every thing, and next he considers it as subordinate to manufactures. In one instance it is the principal, in another it is the accessory. The first and main proposition of Mr. Spence that ALL WEALTH IS CREATED BY AGRICULTURE, must be false, unless by wealth Mr. Spence means nothing but bread-corn. It is very unfortunate for an author when he founds a theory on an ambiguous and indefinite expression. Such is the word *wealth*, as it is used by Mr. Spence; and it still remains ambiguous and indefinite after all his explanations. In proportion as he modifies, limits and restrains his general propositions, as he has done in his present pamphlet, he departs from the principle which he had originally established, and rather shakes than consolidates his theory, rather renders it incongruous and discordant, than regular and just. The main propositions, by which Mr. Spence attempts to prove that Britain is independent of commerce, are expressed in terms so vague, indefinite, and obscure, that they are liable to eternal cavil and doubt, and his conclusions cannot clearly and incontrovertibly follow from his premises. In questions like those which Mr. Spence

has discussed, unless the terms which are employed are used with mathematical precision, nothing but strife, perplexity, and confusion can ensue. When two disputants use the same words in different senses, they can never meet, however near they may approximate.

Mr. Spence, having asserted that 'all wealth is created by agriculture,' tells us nevertheless, p. 12, that 'commerce in general *may* be a source of wealth to particular nations.' 'Though' adds he 'in the abstract no wealth is created by commerce, particular countries may *transfer* to themselves, by its means, a greater share of wealth than they would otherwise have possessed, and thus it certainly becomes a source of wealth to them.' This is a specimen of the vague and indeterminate manner in which Mr. Spence sometimes expresses himself; which often leaves the reader in uncertainty about the real principles which he defends, and the convictions which he wishes to impress. If Mr. Spence does not clearly know his own meaning, or if that meaning varies in different parts of his work, we cannot wonder that it should be mistaken by his readers or that no consistent representation should be given of that which is in itself a mass of inconsistencies.

But though we do not think the mind of Mr. Spence equal to the formation of a philosophical, regular, and consistent theory on a subject so perplexed and perplexing as that of the true source of national wealth, yet many of his remarks are very ingenious, forcible and acute. The following may serve as a specimen:

'This mode of estimating our taxes—not by their nominal money amount, but by the commodities which they will purchase, and the men they will subsist—would help us to avoid the very common error of supposing that our real wealth has doubled within these 20 years, because we can now pay 60 millions in taxes, with as much ease as we could then pay 30 millions. The fact is that within the last twenty years the price of every thing has been more than doubled. When, therefore, we pay 60 millions in taxes at present, we do not really pay more than 30 millions would have been 20 years ago; and we can now as easily pay the former sum, as we could then have paid the latter. This consideration, too, will shew us the error of estimating the relative power of the continental states and our own, by the *nominal* amount of the revenues of each. Thus, some would suppose that France, with a revenue equal to 40 millions sterling, is much poorer than Britain with one of 60 millions. But, in truth, she is much richer; for 40 millions in France are equal to 80 millions in Britain. The cost of keeping up naval and military establishments being there only half as much as in this country, 40 millions in France are equal to 80 millions here.—There is one view of the effect which the augmentation in the price of every thing in this country has had, which, though it is but distantly connected with this subject, deserves to be pointed out. I mean; *That this augmentation of price has virtually extinguished a large portion of the national debt.* Thus, for the 100 millions of that debt contracted in the American war, we now *really* pay only half as much interest

as was agreed to be paid when it was borrowed ; which is the same thing as if 50 millions of that debt were wiped off. That this is true, must be allowed if we leave a circulating medium out of question. The holder of £.10,000 stock, bought during the American war, could at that time have purchased twice as much with the interest of it, as he now can. He has virtually, therefore, lost half of his capital ; and the nation in reality only pays him half the sum it agreed to pay. This view of the national debt, which, as far as I know, is new, will enable us to conceive how such a debt may be increased to a vast extent without inducing national ruin, or even absorbing all the revenue of the land proprietors. By increasing the price of commodities in proportion as it increases, (for to this cause principally I am persuaded should be attributed our rise of prices, and not, as the Edinburgh Reviewer has contended, to any influx of the precious metals or augmentation of paper money), it virtually in a great measure extinguishes itself in its progress. If the original lenders to the state, had had the wisdom to stipulate for a *corn* interest, the nation would be burthened with the payment of an interest to them, nearly twice as great as it now pays.

ART. 19.—*Exposition of the Practices and Machinations which led to the Usurpation of the Crown of Spain, and the Means adopted by Bonaparte to carry it into execution. By Don Pedro Cevallos, first Secretary of State and Dispatches to his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand VII.*—Taken from the Times of Monday October 10th. 4to. 1s. Ridgway. 1808.

THOUGH we do not place implicit credit in all that Don Pedro Cevallos has here said, respecting his own loyalty, fidelity, and patriotism, yet his statement is full of curious and important details, which throw considerable light on the character of Bonaparte and on the falsehood, fraud, and violence which he practised in order to get possession of the crown of Spain. Napoleon appears to have long cast an ambitious look on the peninsula of Portugal and Spain ; and, after the peace of Tilsit, when he could no longer expect any resistance from the north of Europe, he determined to convert those countries into appendages to his imperial dominion, whatever loss of reputation he might sustain or whatever difficulties he might encounter in the attempt.

By the treaty which was concluded on the 27th of October between Isquierdo and Duroc, in which the favourite Godoy was bribed by the promise of a considerable territory in the partition of Portugal, Bonaparte found a specious pretext for introducing his armies into Spain. By sowing dissensions between the royal family of Spain, he designed to divide the people into factions, in order that by playing off one against the other and successively flattering the hopes of both, he might be able to blind the eyes of all to his real intentions, and might thus secure possession of his object before his design could be developed or any effectual resistance be prepared. But his first plan was in some measure altered by intervening circumstances. Instead of dividing the people by causing dissension

in the palace, he found all orders, disgusted with the weak and imbecile conduct of Charles, and his ministers, unanimous in their support of the prince of Asturias. Few princes have ascended the throne with the more general satisfaction of their subjects than Ferdinand VII. The mode which Bonaparte practised to get possession of the crown of Spain varied with his circumstances. At one period he evidently designed, by working on the fears of the royal house of Spain, as he had on that of Portugal, to induce Charles and his court to seek an asylum in their American possessions. Charles and his favourite had evidently begun preparations for that purpose; but the design was frustrated by the commotions at Aranjuez on the 17th and 19th of March. When Bonaparte saw that the old king, whether impelled by inclination, or forced by fear, had abdicated the throne, and that that abdication was universally grateful to the people, he found it very essential to the success of his insidious machinations to obtain possession of the person of Ferdinand. The manner in which he effected this, which is very circumstantially related by Don Cevallos, while it proves Ferdinand himself to be one of the weakest, shews Bonaparte to be one of the most perfidious and flagitious of men. We have heard of silly birds flying into the mouth of a serpent; the conduct of the bird bears a close resemblance to that of Ferdinand. The great serpent Napoleon was waiting at Bayonne ready to receive him in his envenomed embrace; and into that embrace this helpless victim of a king precipitates himself, as if under the influence of irresistible fascination. We think, however, that in this instance the ambition of Bonaparte has overstepped his prudence, and that the seizure of Ferdinand has proved the greatest obstacle to his designs on the sovereignty of Spain. Had he left Ferdinand in the country, he would either have been willing like the old king to govern as his viceroy; or, if he had acquiesced in the general wish to rescue Spain from its dependance on France, the presence of such a weak and contemptible puppet at the head of the government would have paralysed the energetic motions of the patriots, and have left the kingdom a more easy conquest than it will now prove to the troops of France.

Bonaparte evidently mistook the moral and intellectual state of the Spanish people. He thought that, benumbed at once by the united effects of superstition and of despotism, their minds opposed insuperable obstacles to the infusion of any enlightened sentiments, and that the flame of patriotism could not be kindled in their veins.

POETRY.

ART. 20.—*An Heroic Epistle to Mr. Winsor, the Patentee of the Hydro-Carbonic Gas Lights, and Founder of the National Light and Heat Company, &c.* Spencer. 1803.

IF we may be allowed to judge from the removal of the gas apparatus from Pall-Mall, and from the late absence of the Winsorian

puff, from the newspapers of the day, we should be inclined to pronounce the patentee of the hydro-carbonic gas lights to be at length become sensible of his incapability to juggle the people of England to the extent he proposed. The author of the present mock-heroic poem occasionally glances at the facility with which John Bull is duped, and ridicules in a vein of pleasantry his fondness for novelties; among many others the follies of the 'Royal Institution,' are not the least prominent.

' See from the Institution's crowded fane,
Where cradled science holds a gossip reign;
Where sage professors of hermetic lore,
To babes and sucklings dole a weekly store;
Feed infant genius, mewling in the lap,
With chymic caudle—philosophic pap;
Where lady loungers (shopping laid aside)
Assume the pedant port of letter'd pride,
Quit beauty's soft pursuits, and pleasing cares,
For foul experiments on filthy airs;
Raise the Galvanic pile with moisten'd hand,
And bid metallic forms by heat expand;
Midst chymic oxydes, fluids, fæces poke,
Now try the electric spark—and now the stroke:
See thence enlighten'd Misses come to prove,
That Winsor's Gas best feeds the flame of love;
And whilst poor Hero's hapless fate they mourn,
Whose lamp was trimm'd with oil that would not burn,
Say, if thy patent lamps, whose beacon light
Guides to King's Place Leanders every night,
Had from the watch-tower beam'd o'er Helle's wave,
The lovers had not found a watery grave.'

ART. 21.—*Poems. By Mary Leadbeater, (late Shackleton;) to which is prefixed, her Translation of the thirteenth Book of the Æneid, with the Latin Original, written in the fifteenth Century by Maffæus. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

MRS. Leadbeater has had a numerous acquaintance, who have all come in for their share of her poetical palaver; Mr. Burke is the most conspicuous figure in the group, and all the rest, as if unworthy of being named in that same page with the deceased politician, are merely addressed by their initials: We have lines on W. L.'s recovery from a fever—on R.S.'s Watch; on E.G. on I. S. on B. H. on Dr.C. on T.B. and H.D. on A.S, and the whole alphabet.—The longest and worst of the poems in the present volume is the translation from Maffæus; which, however, is as good as the original deserves, notwithstanding the praises bestowed upon him by Julius Scaliger and Vossius. The fair author certainly possesses considerable talents, which we are sorry to find she employs on subjects too trivial to be perused by indifferent readers, and which claim at-

tention only from those who have the pleasure of her intimate acquaintance.

ART. 22.—*Critical Opinions and complimentary Verses on the Poems of H. Downman, M. D. particularly on those addressed to Thespia, edited by a Friend. To the above are added, Verses occasioned by the Death of Lieut. General Simcoe. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1808.*

WHATEVER the friend of Dr. Downman may think to the contrary,

Mediocribus esse poetis

Non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

ART. 23.—*Another Word or two, or architectural Hints continued in Lines to those Royal Academicians, who are Painters, addressed to them on the Selection of Benjamin West, Esq. to the President's Chair, 10th December 1806, by Fabricia Nunny, Spinster, with Dedication, Preface, Notes, and Appendix. 12mo. Payne. 1807.*

FABRICIA writes to persuade a reformation in the royal academy; and if reformation take place, it will be because the good sense of the academy feels the strong necessity.

ART. 24.—*The Comic Works in Prose and Poetry of G. M. Woodward, Author of Eccentric Excursions in England, the Caricature Magazine, &c. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Tegg. 1808.*

MANY of the absurdities contained in this volume we remember to have seen several years ago; some such as the 'Old Maid's prayer,' posted in a temple of Cloacina, and others lying scattered about the same place, either for the amusement or the use of her votaries. Mr. Woodward, who is also an artist, has now collected them into a volume, to which is prefixed a portrait of himself, painted by Buck, and engraved by Cheeseman! a name tragically ominous we fear to the author's 'comic works.'

ART. 25.—*The Vaccine Phantasmagoria. 4to. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1808.*

ART. 26.—*The Vaccine Scourge, in Answer to the Calumnies and Falsehoods lately circulated with great Industry by that extraordinary Surgeon, Mr. Birch, and other Anti-Vaccinists. 8vo. 1s. 1808.*

NON defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.

ART. 27.—*Les Fastes Britanniques. Poeme Historique. Formant un precis de l'Histoire de la Grande Bretagne, &c.*

The Britannic Fasti. An historical Poem. Forming an Abstract of the History of Great Britain from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Rupture of the last Negotiations between France and England. By M. Lenoir, Professor of the French Language and Literature at London, Author of &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 200. 12s. Printed for the Author, and sold by Dulau, Didier, and Boosey. 1807.

THE Work before us is not of sufficient consequence, either in its design or its execution, to merit so long a dissertation on the importance, and antiquity of historical poetry as that which the author has, with all possible solemnity, prefixed to it. He values himself highly on his having compressed all the principal events 'of 1862 years within the limits of 1872 verses;' and if we cannot forbear smiling at his grave request 'that this *vigorous effort* of his genius may not be placed in the rank of *difficiles nugæ*,' we will not, however, deny him the praise of conveying a great deal of useful instruction in easy verse, and a very concise form, and thus contriving a serviceable exercise for the use of young proficients, at once in the French language and in the English history. His expression, '*difficiles nugæ*,' reminds us of another ingenious contrivance for the benefit of historical scholars which was a great favourite with us in the days of childhood, but has never fallen in our way at any subsequent period; a series of cards, containing (together with a portrait of every king since the conquest,) an *acrostic* on the character and principal actions of each of our sovereigns, composed from the initials of his respective name and title. Is that very amusing collection still in existence, or has it altogether perished in the mass of forgotten things?

We would not, however, be understood as instituting a comparison between this little bagatelle and the labours of M. Lenoir, which, besides their being so admirably calculated 'a double debt to pay,' are much more refined and scientific in their principles and execution. The poetry, from the beginning, to the reign of Henry the eighth, is accompanied by a running commentary or historical supplement in prose; and this arrangement continues, in the form of detached notes, to the end of the work. M. Lenoir informs us that he has studiously consulted, for the purposes of this compilation, Hume, Henry, Smollet, Coote, and Macfarlane, besides occasionally, (but with caution,) referring to the *Père d'Orleans* and M. Turpin, his continuator. We could not, however, avoid entertaining some doubts with regard to his accuracy in drawing conclusions, from the following sentence in his preface.

'In like manner as Pope and Boileau demonstrate on the authority of Aristotle and Horace, that such and such writers are unequal to such and such others, so we also shew, on the warranty of the celebrated Hume and others, whom we have consulted, *that Henry VII. was a great king, an excellent prince, and his son a tyrant perhaps worse than Caligula.*'

We immediately referred to that part of the *Fasti*, in which the history of these princes is contained; and find all virtues under the sun profusely lavished on the former of them;

Qui, juste et bon à tous, a soi-même sévère,
Du pauvre industrieux, releva la misère,

While Henry the eighth (bad enough, we will allow) is not only not allowed the shadow of a single virtue, but is gravely charged

with the exploded and vulgar tale of Jane Seymour's death, and with the speech (*froidement barbare*, indeed, had he ever spoken it;) 'Go, save the child! There are wives enough to be had, but one cannot have a son when one pleases.'

These instances prove that it will not be quite safe to take M. Lenoir as an infallible guide to the study of English history; but similar faults occur less frequently than might be expected; and few readers can object to the truth of such lines as the following.

'Broke, Clarke, Watson, Lord Grey, Griffin, Markham,
Le Chevalier Raleigh se joignent à Cobham.

—Norwitch, Owen, Holland, Hamilton et Capel

Eprouvent les chagrins d'un proces criminel,

—Le desloyal Monmouth, le vertueux Sidney,'

'Essex, Howard, Hampden, Russel, Walcot, Rumsey,' &c. &c.
nor do we wish to dispute the accuracy of the fact with regard to Queen Anne, viz. that

'Lady Marlborough, par ses tracasseries,
Finit par la jeter dans les bras des Tories.'

M. Lenoir will excuse us for indulging a smile at the expence of some of his verses, the only faults of which rest on the inharmonious nature of our own language, and the consequent difficulty of the subject he has chosen. We will conclude by extracting a few which are more creditable to his poetical character, at the same time that they reflect infinite honour on his talents as a courtier. Immediately after noticing the death of George II. our bard proceeds;

'Fidèle scrutateur des actions des rois,
Je t'implore, Clio; viens soutenir ma voix.
Du puissant Jupiter si tu te dis la fille,
Les Princes bienfaisans sont tous de sa famille;
O muse, souviens-toi que chanter leurs bienfaits,
De ton père divin c'est retracer les traits:
Pour un si grand dessein, c'est peu d'être poëte;
Daigne donc m'inspirer; prête-moi ta trompette;
Et prêt à célébrer de nos jours le Titus,
Réfléchis, sur mes vers, l'éclat de ses vertus.'

This most interesting and difficult part of his subject, the reign of George the third, is executed throughout with a spirit answerable to so sublime an apostrophe. After enrolling 'Fox, Grey, Sheridan, Erskine, Whitbread, dans la chambre basse; Stanhope, Lauderdale, Norfolk, Bedford, and Lansdown, dans celle des Pairs,' without pity or remorse, in the black list of historical proscription, and after paying the tribute of unqualified applause to the memory of their great opponent in the long war of politics, he concludes with a line, of which we trust that the heart of every Englishman will beat responsive to the truth;

IL EST BEAU DE MOURIR POUR SAUVER SA PATRIE.

NOVELS.

ART. 28.—*Delworth, or Elevated Generosity. By T. Southwood. 3 Vols. 15s. Crosby and Co. 1808.*

DELWORTH, is intended (we presume) by the author to be a very elevated character; but from a careful perusal of this very stupid and pernicious performance, we are compelled to say that we find him of no character at all; or if any, of one that is very unnatural and very profligate. It would be spending our time to little purpose, and wasting our paper, which is very valuable, to give the heads of the story, even if we had the good fortune to make it out clearly. But we have still a stronger motive for not doing this in the immoral tendency of the work itself; and when we consider how indiscriminately books of this kind are read, and how eagerly they are devoured by young girls and young boys, calling themselves young men and young women, we are shocked at the growing mischief; indignant, at the authors of such abominable corruptions, and grieve that the press should be so much disgraced.

To give a specimen of this Mr. Southwood's style of writing we will quote the following paragraph, where speaking of a Mr. Maitland the father of the heroine of the piece, he says, 'He was arrived at that age, when the maturity of man arrives; when he is to be seen in the fairest and most advantageous light; when he is no longer driven about like a feather in the whirlwind of contending passions; when his habits are completely settled and his character is completely formed: when all the powers of his mind are expanded and improved to the fullest extent; and when he resembles the majestic oak, which lifts its towering head to the skies, after it has witnessed the rolling years of a century.'—We might go on still further, but we trust that our sensible readers are sufficiently satisfied with this specimen. If it were possible for the young misses and masters who gorge this kind of reading to appreciate sense and nonsense, no harm would be dreaded; but when we consider how many have to ascribe their folly and their ruin to this kind of pernicious and destructive aliment, we cannot but grieve that a man should sit down and write such a thing as *Delworth*, shocking to every idea of delicacy, abhorrent from all notions of morality, and stupid and incomprehensible in every stage of the story, if a story it can be called which has neither connection, congruity, nor interest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 29.—*Problems in some of the higher Branches of Algebra. 4to. Johnson. 1807.*

THE preface, from which we subjoin the following extract, will sufficiently explain the nature of the contents of the volume before us; premising that the author has executed his undertaking with a

precision and accuracy which would reflect credit upon any mathematician.

‘ Besides, (and this is an improvement of much greater importance), whenever a problem is resolved by substituting for any functions whatever, which contain any powers above the first of the unknown quantities, provided the given equations be thus rationally represented, this resolution furnishes a theorem for resolving particular equations of the higher orders. Thus, if two equations were given to determine two unknown quantities, consisting of rational functions, of any such rational functions of these quantities, as supposing these functions to be known, it would afterwards require the resolution of a quadratic equation to find the quantities themselves: First of all, if by attempting to determine these quantities, directly from the given equations, it is found that they depend upon the resolution of an equation of the sixth degree, then these functions will be determined by the resolution of an equation of the third degree; and afterwards the quantities themselves, by the resolution of one of the second degree. But since it has been seen before, that these quantities which are now known, were the roots of an equation of the sixth degree; therefore, the roots of this equation of the sixth degree are also known.

‘ By reasoning in a similar manner, upon the different resolutions of problems, general theorems may easily be derived, for resolving quadratic, cubic, and biquadratic equations. And there certainly are problems, which by being resolved different ways, and afterwards these resolutions being compared together, will furnish general theorems for resolving equations of the fifth and higher degrees. The great advantage, moreover, of this method is, that every attempt this way furnishes different theorems for resolving particular equations of the higher orders. In order to illustrate the artifices, which the author has just before been endeavouring to explain, he has selected, from among many more, the few problems, which he has now ventured to lay before the public.

‘ From the resolution of the second of these problems, he has deduced a general theorem for resolving biquadratic equations; which, he believes, will be found quite as convenient as any one yet known. The theorem used in extracting the roots of the binomials in the examples of the two first problems, is given by Lacroix, in his Treatise on the differential Calculus, tom. i. p. 306.

‘ In the examples of the other problems, the author has resolved a cubic, or biquadratic equation, by the common method of substituting for the unknown quantities, the divisors of the last term of the equation, until those are found which succeed. This, he thinks, is the easiest way when there are any rational roots, but as there is not the least difficulty attending it, the operations are not set down.

‘ The best method he has seen, for finding the sums of the powers of the roots of an equation, and which he has made use of in the

resolution of the ninth problem, is that explained by Arbogast, in his work "Du Calcul des Derivations."

The rule given in the sixteenth problem, for resolving a general biquadratic equation, will be found rather more convenient than either those of Euler, Des Cartes, or Bombelli: Since in resolving any proposed equation by these rules, it is necessary to destroy the second term of the intermediate cubic equation, before its roots can be discovered by the rule of Cardan. Whereas, by the rule given in this problem, a cubic equation is obtained, of which the second term is wanting, and to which, therefore, the rule of Cardan may be directly applied.

In the last problem, the author has deduced the rules of Des Cartes and Euler, for resolving a general biquadratic equation from that of Bombelli; and he has afterwards compared together the roots of the cubic equations obtained by each of these rules, in resolving the same equation; in order to shew what little real difference there is between them, and how easy it is, when any one of them is known, to reduce the others from it. They are, in fact, all one and the same rule, only under different forms.

ART. 30.—*Thoughts on the Expediency of disclosing the Processes of Manufactories, being the Substance of two Papers lately read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. By John Clennel, F.S.A. Edinburgh and Perth. 8vo. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1807.*

THE author of the present pamphlet is an enlightened and liberal minded man; his design is to introduce to the attention of the public, the expediency of a general and faithful display of the processes of manufactories, in such a manner that every chance may be obtained for effecting the highest improvements with the least possible expence, by the interference of the operations of science: for this purpose he has divided his subject into three parts; first to discover the advantages or reverse which secrecy has effected; secondly, the direct benefit attending a disclosure; and in the third, he answers the objections that are urged by the advocates of mystery. In all these points, the author discovers a thorough knowledge; and no small obligations are due to him for his endeavours to promote so laudable a purpose. If objects are interesting in proportion to their magnitude, and if that importance is to be valued according to their influence on the interests of society, this under our consideration must insure attention, as it embraces the very means of existence of by far the greatest part of the population of the united kingdom.

ART. 31.—*The Doctrine of Interest and Annuities analytically investigated and explained, together with several useful Tables connected with the Subject. By Francis Bailey of the Stock Exchange. 4to, 15s. Richardson. 1808.*

THE mercantile world may consider themselves under peculiar obligations to Mr. Bailey for this very able compilation, the utili-

ty of which is at this time too manifest to be disputed, when we consider the numerous cases of daily occurrence, in which the question of interest both simple and compound is unavoidably concerned; the great and extensive business which is constantly transacting in the purchase and sale of annuities of various kinds, immediate and reversionary, temporary and perpetual; when we consider also the immense quantity of lands (belonging to corporate bodies and to individuals) which are held on leases for different terms of years, and which are continually required to be exchanged, sold or renewed; but above all when we consider its application in regard to our finances and national debt, with the help it affords us of pointing out the easiest and most effectual method of alleviating our present incumbrance, the utility of this publication, we repeat, cannot be questioned. In the first and four following chapters (the superstructure of all the rest.) the author has entered into a full investigation of the doctrine of interest both simple and compound, and has shown the various results which arise according to the periods at which such interest is payable. The next six chapters contain the principles of the doctrine of annuities, with their several affections, not only according to the times of the payment of interest, but also according to the periods at which the annuity itself becomes due and is payable. The twelfth and thirteenth chapters contain a full exposition of the doctrine of reversions and of the renewal of leases; together with several useful tables for calculating the value of fines which ought to be paid for the renewal of leases held under corporations and colleges. The four subsequent chapters contain an investigation of several useful and curious points which could not properly be classed under the preceding heads; and which are indeed of sufficient importance to form distinct sections of themselves. The last chapter is devoted principally to the application of this doctrine to various subjects in finance; and in this part are inserted several new formulæ, which may be very convenient and useful to such persons as have directed their attention to such studies.

List of articles which, with many others will appear in the next number of the Critical Review.

Illustrations of the Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd.

Jarrold's Anthropologia.

Cecil's Memoirs of the Rev. J. Newton.

Riddellian System.

Ingram's Disquisitions on Population.

Madame Cottin's Clair d'Albe.

Wardrop on the Eye.

Parke's Harleian Miscellany.

Margin's Essay on light Reading.

Dalton's new System of Chemistry.

THE
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No. III.

ART. I.—*The Gentle Shepherd, a Pastoral Comedy; with Illustrations of the Scenery; an Appendix containing Memoirs of David Allan, the Scots Hogarth; besides original and other Poems connected with the Illustrations; and a comprehensive Glossary. To which are prefixed, an authentic Life of Allan Ramsay, and an Inquiry into the Origin of Pastoral Poetry &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16 Engravings. 1l. 11s. 6d. Edinburgh and London. 1808.*

ALLAN Ramsay is a most pleasing natural poet; and his taste must be sadly vitiated by over refinement who cannot feel the beauties of the *Gentle Shepherd*. We have no objection that all who prefer an affected title to a real name should call him, if they like it, "the Scottish Theocritus;" and are ready to admit that he deserves the appellation much better than Master Betty ever did that of the young Roscius. Nevertheless, we do not conceive the scene of his poem to be of quite so much importance as the topography of Troy, nor the poem itself to afford quite so good an apology for a commentary of eight times its magnitude as Heyne might have to offer for his less disproportioned edition of Homer.

We most heartily rejoice that the provincial zeal (for now that Great Britain is so closely united together in interest as well as in name, we cannot honour it with the title of a national feeling,) we rejoice therefore that the provincial zeal so strongly exerted among the literary circles of Edinburgh in favour of every thing exclusively Scottish, is not likely to make its way into our English counties. We should otherwise expect every day to see "Tim Bobbin's toy-shop" and "the Exmoor Scolding and Courtship" make their appearance in magnificent hot-pressed quartos, with the best types that Liverpool and Exeter can respectively furnish

and adorned with engravings by the first masters at Lancaster and Taunton.

Some very learned Scotsmen, we hear, profess "a sort of malicious pleasure" in the idea that a certain late publication (which they, of course, consider as possessing every possible degree of excellence) is, as they express it, "a sealed book" to their southern readers, being written in a language to which they are foreigners. We are not able clearly to comprehend what sort of *malice* or what sort of *pleasure* is here meant. Certainly neither Homer nor Shakspeare ever felt any bad passion particularly gratified by the reflection that, in some barbarous countries in the world, their works, though destined for universal fame, would neither be understood nor heard of; neither did St. Paul, we imagine, find any cause for exultation in the thought that the divine precepts which he inculcated would be "to the Greeks foolishness." Perhaps these *malicious* gentlemen may never have heard of the works we just now cited; but we do assure them (if there be any cause for rejoicing in such an assurance) that the literati of Lancashire and Somerset have at least an equal cause for "malicious pleasure" in announcing to them that "until they take the trouble thoroughly to familiarize themselves with the ancient and venerable dialects of those counties, they will not be able to understand three lines of either of them."

The work now before us will, we have no doubt, be excessively interesting to all who esteem it a matter of great importance to ascertain every trifling circumstance relating to the "Gentle Shepherd" and its author. But we do not imagine that the world in general can wish for any further information concerning either than that Allan Ramsay was born at a cottage in Lanarkshire in the year 1686, that for the first fifteen years of his life he tended sheep in that country, was sent in 1701 to Edinburgh, and bound apprentice to a wig-maker, and continued in that trade for about twenty years, during which time he married and became the father of a family; that he had a natural genius for poetry, which, however, did not begin to display itself till he was about the age of five and twenty; that this talent, added to a social and merry disposition, brought him gradually into notice; that, finding his publications answer in a pecuniary point of view much better than his trade, he turned bookseller about the year 1721, and lived an inoffensive, good-humoured, scribbling life, diversified only with the common pleasures and mortifications incident to men, booksellers, and poets, to the year 1738; that the first scene of the Gentle Shepherd was published under the title of a pas-

toral dialogue in the year 1718, while its author still paid more attention to the outward appearance than to the inward furniture of his customers' heads; that the second scene appeared, in the same detached form five years after; and that the whole work, as it now stands, was first published in 1725; that the character and descriptions were certainly taken from the inhabitants and scenery of the Pentland hills near Edinburgh, with which the author was particularly conversant, and that there is no doubt but that the poem may be considered as a faithful and admirable painting from nature, as it then and there existed.

We confess that this is all the information we should ever have *required* concerning the author or his performance; and this, or almost the whole of it, may be collected from the author's own works. When we say "this is all we should ever have *required*," we do not mean that we have any objection to be amused by such further communications respecting them as any kind friend may think it worth his while to collect and bestow upon us. But it excites a smile to see so very much importance attached to what is in itself so wholly unimportant, and two octavo volumes appropriated to the investigation of the precise spot chosen for the scene of a Scotch pastoral.

It seems that New-Hall in the parish of Pennecuik, county of Edinburgh, together with the neighbouring farms, had long been pointed out for that spot by tradition, and that sir David Forbes, the proprietor of that place, and the friend and patron of the poet, was supposed to be the prototype of sir William Worthy. The inhabitants of the adjoining parish Glencross, however, animated doubtless by the instigations of the enemy of mankind, the great original liar, Satan, fell, at what time we are not informed, into a most damnable and dangerous heresy, setting up a Baal of their own invention in the person of sir William Purves of Woodhouselee, solicitor general to king Charles the second, who alone (they had the unparalleled impudence to maintain) was typified in the character of the "loyal knight," adding that *his* house was sir William Worthy's house, and *their* parish the scene of the "Gentle Shepherd." It is impossible for us to conjecture to what extremities the deadly feuds which hence originated might have been carried, had not the two octavos now before us been published to put a final termination to the dispute; but it is likely enough that the world might soon have been eye-witnesses to such facts as would have greatly diminished the incredibility of Juvenal's account of the Gombyses and Tentyrites in Upper Egypt.

The writers of the Statistical History of Scotland (with the

most benevolent intentions, no doubt, but with a total want of that firmness which the serious importance of the schism, and the virulence with which both the Glencrossites and the men of Pennecuik appear to have been animated, demanded,) contented themselves with barely mentioning the connection of New-Hall with the pastoral in the 10th volume of their work, to which in the 15th volume, they added an intimation of the pretensions of the Glencrossites, considering them as purely conjectural. This, in more quiet times, might have been all the testimony which good and honest men are required to pay to the truth; but, when we reflect on the nature of the unhappy dissensions which then prevailed, we cannot altogether agree with the author of the volumes before us, who is willing to consider the bare opinion of three respectable gentlemen whose names are prefixed to the statement, as an effectual refutation of every pretension on the part of the Glencross faction. It is evident, at least, that the Glencross-men themselves were too far heated in the dispute to consider it in that light or to relinquish their pretensions in consequence of it. Nor was this great political ferment at all more allayed by the declarations of Mr. Tytler, who, "in his edition of *King James's Poems*, testifies that he (Ramsay) used to recite' to 'the literati' 'at New-Hall, near Pentland Hills,' the 'different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed.'

If we were to give implicit credit to our present historian in this part of his narrative, we should conclude that, as he himself expresses it, 'the minds of all who were disinterestedly and impartially acquainted with these circumstances being fully satisfied and made up upon this point of national history,' the two states enjoyed an uninterrupted peace for the next four years. But, decidedly orthodox as we are in our own faith, we cannot help remarking that it does not appear to us safe to trust altogether to this author's *facts*, however we may agree with him in all essential matters of *opinion*. Throughout the whole of his work, he shews himself too decidedly a Pennecuik-man, and too violent an abhorrer of the Glencross heresy, to be on all occasions an impartial historian; and we confess it is to us hardly credible that, in the great political effervescence which still remained, so long a period should have passed without the spilling of ink on either side. If, on the other hand, we admit the validity of our author's testimony as to this supposed pacification, the Glencrossites will appear to have observed it with worse than Punic faith, or very much in the way that the zealous advocates for war in our own country wish us to believe that Bonaparte would have acted, had the

endeavours of the late ministry to restore peace to Europe, been attended with success. We are credibly informed that, during the whole of this apparent calm, the treacherous heretics did not scruple to use all means of strengthening their infamous faction by pointing out to strangers the house of Woodhouselee and the adjoining valley as the actual scene of Allan Ramsay's pastoral.

At length the veil was removed, and the grand attack, which they had so long and so deeply meditated, was made at once. The astonishment and indignation of the people of Pennecuik and, in general, of all honest men in every country of Europe, can be better conceived than expressed when the unparalleled perfidy of their insidious neighbours was thus made manifest. We cannot relate the melancholy event in more strong and energetic language than that of our author.

'After a lapse of four years, in 1800 was printed in London a bulky edition of Ramsay's works, professing to be the most complete and correct that ever had been published. To this edition is prefixed an 'advertisement,' 'a life of Ramsay,' and 'remarks on his writings,' in which, *to the astonishment* of such as had read the accounts of the parishes of Pennecuik and Glencross, with the appendix to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History, the *abandoned and exploded suppositions* as to a connection between the parish of Glencross and sir William Purves and the Gentle Shepherd, are *not only repeated, but swelled into assertions, and soundly stated as facts*, without pretending to produce any evidence whatever of their truth.'

Did the powers of darkness ever before suggest a deed of such complicated and enormous atrocity? Not only was this impudent assertion conveyed in the most insidious shape, in an edition, (a *bulky* edition, professing to be the most complete and correct that ever had existed,) of the very author whom it libelled, but that edition was actually published *at London*, to give it the greater notoriety, and, as it were, to enlist mankind on the side of a most gross and dangerous untruth. How justly our author has appreciated the extent of this terrible mischief, the *pernicious consequences* of so flagitious a falsehood, our readers shall now see.

After absolving (as we think him in candour bound to do) the weak, though we believe well-intentioned gentlemen who signed the paper in the Statistical History above-mentioned, from any participation in this horrid business, he proceeds to say,

'As, however, this edition is, of any yet published, in appearance

the most respectable, although, as the following pages will shew, it contains *many errors*; as, among others, those *mistakes* with regard to the scenery of the comedy, in particular, are *extremely imposing* (mark the subtlety of these knaves!) 'from their containing affirmations, with great *seeming* indifference and confidence, advanced *as if* accidentally, and *as if* there was no room for hesitation or doubt as to their truth; as these allegations are altogether inconsistent with, and contradictory to, the associate declaration in the Statistical account of the parish of Glencross, by persons residing on and near the places referred to; and as but very few have any opportunity of examining the scenes in nature whence Ramsay's pastoral pictures were copied, *justice and truth* seemed to require, that the *mischievous effects* of this editor's *blunders and misrepresentations* should be prevented. The *pernicious consequences*, too, of the air of truth which they bear, by introducing them into publications of character rendered it the more *indispensably necessary* to check their farther adoption and belief; by exposing the *impropriety and faultiness* of these assertions, and by presenting correct *views* of the original scenes to the public, in order to enable such as had no opportunity of seeing them in nature to judge of the *exact coincidence* between them and Ramsay's imitations.' Introd.

Thus have we unfolded, in as few words as the great public importance of the subject justified, the origin and progress of that deadly controversy which gave birth to the present volumes; and it is with pleasure we add that never has the cause of truth enjoyed a greater triumph than in the complete exposure which they present of the falsehood of the Glencross heretics and of their Baal, Purves. Those children of Satan have now, indeed sustained a most signal overthrow; and henceforth we trust that the woods and rocks of Pennecuk will maintain the uninterrupted possession of the honours which are so undoubtedly due to them.

We now proceed to give a short summary of the contents of these volumes. To the introduction, which contains the history of the transactions, which we have here abridged for the benefit of our readers, succeeds a life of Ramsay, in which we observe with pleasure many marks of the same honest impartiality and love of truth that our author has displayed in the preceding instance. In pp. 7 and 8 we have a very learned and sensible refutation of a most extraordinary opinion which appears to have prevailed with regard to Ramsay's original profession, and which is adopted without hesitation in the infamous edition of his work before mentioned. Our readers will sufficiently estimate the obligations which they are under to this zealous champion of truth, when they learn that the assertion thus contradicted is of no less gross a nature than that Ramsay carried on only the

wig-making branch of his business, and was totally ignorant of the *shaving* art, an assertion, the ignorance of which is only equalled by the malice that gave birth to it. No less than five pages are devoted to the rectification of another mis-statement of equal importance concerning Ramsay's acquaintance with the Pennecuik family. In p. 53, with the same honest boldness, he corrects Swift for a glaring error in geography, an error which, we will venture to say, it is a shame for that learned man to have fallen into.

'You are yet too volatile,' says he, in a letter to Gay, 'and any lady in a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.' But the humorous and humoursome Dean of St. Patrick had forgot, that, besides the whole length of our continent, there were two seas between Great Britain and Japan, so that it was beyond the power of horses or horsemanship to enable the beautiful and accomplished duchess to carry his friend from the one to the other.'

We can hardly decide whether there is more truth or humour in this remark; for we must not neglect to observe, that our author is extremely humorous (or humoursome) when he pleases, as in the following alliterative sentence: 'Ramsay had now rattled his rhymes till he had roused universal attention, and raised himself into a higher station of life,' &c. and again, 'As if the fortunes and fates of Ramsay and Ridicule were the same,' &c. and again, 'Pride is the parent of playfulness, whose sole business is to mortify,' &c. &c. &c.

Our author proves himself a Scotchman by his talent for essay-writing, having introduced from p. 33 to p. 45 of this *Biographical Sketch* an essay on the nature and effects of ridicule, which we wish it had been consistent with our plan to borrow by way of introduction to the present article.

But enough of this portion of the work, in which to speak fairly, we can discover nothing very entertaining or instructive. Next follows 'an Inquiry into the Propriety of the Rules prescribed for pastoral Poetry,' which is full as good as most inquiries of the sort; and at last, about the middle of the first volume, we are introduced to that which appears to have been the principal object of the work, 'Illustrations of the scenery * of the Gentle Shepherds.'

The confidence of the author himself in the infallibility of the proofs here presented seems (as is very natural) to have increased with the progress of his undertaking. The fol-

* We see no reason for this new mode of orthography, which is adopted throughout the present work.

lowing sentence in his introduction is almost as remarkable for its modesty as its elegance.

‘It is for the public at large, for whose satisfaction they have been collected to determine whether or not, the proofs, *positive, intrinsic, and collateral*, now fairly, fully, and finally presented to it, are, or are not, *decisive*, as to the facts upon which these *illustrations* are founded: facts, which give weight, and *general* importance to the subject of these volumes, by attracting the attention of genius,’ &c. &c. &c.

But in p. 207, he forgets the assumed gentleness of his former demeanour, and declares, without hesitation, that

‘Such a combination of circumstantial, positive, and intrinsic proofs, all co-operative and convergent, *must* be in the highest degree satisfactory to every disinterested and candid mind.’

He does not, however, so implicitly trust to the force of his arguments as to disdain the use of a most powerful auxiliary, the importance of whose services to the cause of truth we must judge him, by the essay above-mentioned, fully able to appreciate. Some unfortunate scribblers of the Glencross faction having had the impudence to build a rustic temple, to the memory of Ramsay near the habitation of the Baal Purves, and to affix upon it a poetical inscription, beginning,

*Here midst those scenes that taught thy Doric Muse
Her sweetest song; the hills, the woods, the stream,
Where beauteous Peggy strayed, &c. &c.*

our author jocosely observes, ‘Peggy must have strayed indeed!’ if she was found here, on the other side of the Pentland hills; and the houses of Glaud and Simon, and Habbie’s How, were at the remote head of Glencross water.’

But we have already, had sufficient opportunities of estimating his talent for ridicule, and shall enlarge no farther upon that head.

As to the ‘Illustrations,’ themselves, we are informed that the greater part of them were designed for (and, we believe, made their appearance in) the Edinburgh Magazine, for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803; and, to speak with sober seriousness, they seem to have been a very proper object for a work of that description, and to have been executed in a manner perfectly answerable to the original design. The engravings from different scenes on the banks of the North-Esk River, above and below New-Hall-House, have an air of great fidelity, are very picturesque in the subjects, and very happily finished in the workmanship. The accompanying descriptions are calculated to convey a lively, and (we doubt

not) a correct, idea of the spots represented; they are pleasantly connected with the scenes in the pastoral which are supposed to refer to them respectively, and, bating a good deal of unnecessary verbiage, are written with some taste and feeling. As a guide to travellers through a most beautiful tract of country, this portion of the work abridged might prove a very acceptable present. We cannot, in justice to the author, do otherwise than select a specimen of the manner in which this part of his task has been performed. We shall take it from his description of 'Mary's Lin and bower,' p. 278.

'In going "farer up the burn," from the washing green, to Habbie's house and how, distant about a quarter of a mile, three objects particularly attract the attention of a passenger. An excavated and perforated rock, called the Hermitage, on the Tweeddale side of the Esk, opposite to the site of the old washing house, on the Lothian side, at the head of the 'howm': a rustic ornamented hut, on the Lothian brink of the glen: and *Mary's Lin*, on the same side, above it. The remain of the *Bower*, near the Lin, on the top of the bank, westward, is hid among the trees. The Lin, copied after rain, from the south-east, is shewn in the *view*.

'Immediately above the hermitage, is a level glade, with the Esk sweeping round the north side of it, under a lofty wooded skreen down to the perforated rock. In consequence of some of these animals having been seen upon it, it has got the name of the Squirrel's Haugh. By making a turn to the right, in going up the burn, this haugh is concealed in the bosom of the high shade under which the clear and animated current hurries on, except from the opposite remain of the old washing house, at the lower corner of it. The hermitage, or jutting rock of freestone, scooped by the weather, and the rivulet in the course of hollowing its trough, into caves and grottos, advances, with its drapery of birches, heath, crow, and bilberries, deciduous and evergreen, to the verge of the current, and cuts off this flat over against the ruins of the washing house, from the 'howm', below; the stream meets the irregularly-wooded counter bank toward the south behind the hermitage, a little way up in the channel of the stream above; and the whole of its area is only about 70 yards in length, by 40 in breadth, across its centre. A part of its skreen on the north-west, is seen at a distance, in the representation of the washing green.

'Opposite to the head of the 'howm,' is a perpendicular concave front of stone, of a reddish hue, making a part of the sandstone point or hermitage above it. The overflowings of a mineral well, once celebrated in the neighbourhood, trickle down its face, marking its course by a dark brown tint to the rivulet below. This natural wall forms part of the same ruddy layer on which, overlooking the Esk, are proudly situated in succession downwards, Brunstane Castle, Old Woodhouselee, Roslin Castle, and Hawthornden.

North of the glade, under New-Hall House, is a subterraneous passage at the edge of the water, that pierces the bank, leading to different holes and chambers made in following and working out a vein of coal. Since it has been relinquished by the colliers, lest their operations should endanger the house, it has often been taken possession of by the fox, as a convenient kennel, from the surrounding cover, and the nearness of the flocks on the adjacent hills. A little to the west of north, on the summit of the steep, above a clear spring shaded by a reverend and fantastic thorn, are, an old lime-tree, and the ruins of the chapel with its garden behind, formerly mentioned; and, on the west side of the point from whence they look down, filled with wood, and terminating near the mouth of the coal waste, is the western ravine, descending from the lawn with the obelisk upon it, on the south side of a walk between its edge and the garden wall.

'From the Squirrel's Haugh downwards, the channel of the Esk is full of round pebbles, among which it 'trots' playfully along, 'wimpling' through 'hawms,' from side to side, watering the washing green and passing through the Craigy Bield to Glaud's Onstead at the head of Monk's Haugh. It is precisely,

'A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.'

'It meanders frequently, from bank to bank; shifts its lively capricious course; and roams about, glittering in the sun, amidst its flowery lawns, without restraint or controul, with the licentiousness of unbounded freedom. The trees have sufficient depth, and range of soil; plenty of nourishment; and grow with luxuriance. All is open, and unconfined, and cheerful; the glen is expanded; and its bold projections, rocks, and recesses, seem to retire, as if to avoid interference, and to leave the merry sparkling stream at liberty and ease to enjoy the pleasures of its excursions.

'Upwards from this sequestered flat, the glen assumes another character. Only a path is left at the bottom of the southern precipice, leading up, along the edge of the water, to 'Habbie's How,' and, previously, branching off below it, to his cottage near at hand on an eminence. The high confining banks, are in general, stern, and rocky, and threatening; in some places, almost perpendicular above the path. On this side, the precipice is chiefly composed of horizontal strata of limestone abruptly cut down with their edges of irregular breadths, rough, and broken, appearing, and sometimes projecting to a considerable distance, amidst the feathering foliage, and flowers of shrubs and copse-wood. The warmth of these enrichments is increased by the ruddy tints of the limestone rock, which is of a yellowish red. Here, the trees often stick out constrainedly, and horizontally assume uneasy and dangerous attitudes, in search of openings, through which to shoot upwards with freedom; and their roots appear frequently unprotected, adventurously reaching from chink to chink over the naked rocks, forced, for a while, from their element, and from home by the cravings of want, to risk their lives in quest of scanty pittance of food and moisture. The ivy labours

up the steep, settling in bunches at every resting place, as if unwilling to proceed; and the woodbine, protruded from rocks, roots, and branches, by the weight of its rich and elegant flowers, missing its aim, recoiling, collects upon itself, clusters over head, and floats toughly in the air in spite of every blast that rushes, with compressed fury down the glen.

Birch is the prevailing wood; but on the north side of the stream where the acclivity is least steep and rugged, there are several oaks. There, the lime rock, in one instance, puts on the appearance of chalk; and though mellowed by the shade of some branchy elms, pushing themselves horizontally from the incumbent soil, and mantled with ivy, it surprises by its novelty, and whiteness. At this place mid-way between the Squirrel's Haugh, and Mary's Lin, to the west, looking down on a broad excavation of the bank, the back front of the rustic hut appears prominent on the bulging rock, with the other open face of it to the lawn between, and the hills, on the most elevated part of which is the obelisk.

The stream closely hemmed in above the Squirrel's Haugh, is a continued succession of little cascades, struggling for ease and room, over limestone rocks perpetually thwarting its progress. It is farther incessantly teased and stopt by points, fragments, and heaps. It seems to make up for delays, by bustle and speed; when opportunities offer. It brawls and justles, and leaps, and hurries eagerly and discontentedly on, murmuring, foaming, and raging at the numberless crosses it meets with, as if in the expectation of attaining quiet, and liberty, and pleasure in the plains below.

The warm colouring of the rocks here, is more agreeable to the eye, than the hoary hues of the Craigy Bield and Harbour Craig; both which are of a bluish grey, and are only recommended by their colder effects in the neighbourhood of these other lapideous stratas from the pleasure of variety. The Craigy Bield, and the Harbour Craig, ought to be viewed under the ruddy glittering splendour of the morning sun. This spot should be reserved for the mellow glow of the evening, when a deep shade covers the north-west bank, and, favoured by a turn in the glen, and a hollow to the west, *between and Habbie's House*, a blaze of light marking every inequality, is thrown upon the precipice and the pinewood above it; when all else is dark, except when the rays of the retiring sun gleam through the tuftings of the opposite trees, or dart across the shade from the window of the rustic hut, which is open to the front, and show the inside of its roof lined with light, and reflecting his beams from below.

Farther up, the bottom of the glen widens into a small circular green, with a knoll upon it, looking north-westward, over the Esk, to a stream that falls down a deep woody chasm in the limestone rocks in broken and irregular stages under the name of *Mary's Lin*, as it is represented in the view, from the under-edge of the knoll. The stand is in the shire of Peebles; and the Lin in that of Edinburgh. The highest part of this waterfall can only be seen from the wooden bridge appearing in the plate; or from the summit of the

opposite bank of the Esk, immediately behind the station from whence it is shown.

'To the left, about twenty yards south-westward, at the extremity of a turn in the bank, rendered bolder in consequence of its sinking, and flattening, *between and Habbie's house*, is a round turf seat, once sheltered and decorated by an arbour. It is called *Mary's Bower*. It gave the name, it yet retains, of *Mary's Bower Quarry* to that part of the limestone rock, a short distance behind it, which is wrought for burning.

'The traditional history of *Mary's Bower* is as follows.'

We must not, however, extend this article, already too long, by retailing it; nor indeed do we think it worth preserving, though the author has given it us twice over in the present volumes, both in prose and in rhyme, any more than another story, p. 352, about a young lady and Dr. Hutton, which is the silliest we ever heard told. Our readers will find, in the long passage which we have now selected, a good deal of pleasant natural description, though not a little mingled with the author's prevailing faults of affectation and prolixity. The art with which he has swelled these simple observations into two octavos is still further apparent from the long catalogues of plants and animals, which he has thought fit to annex to each separate illustration, as if he had been a botanical traveller describing some new discovered island in the South Sea. Of his affectation, we will give but one more instance too gross to pass unnoticed, and then take our leave of this part of his labours,

'Whilst volunteering was in its vigour, before the late ever-to-be lamented death of that able, eloquent, and virtuous minister, Mr. Pitt, this green was used by the young men of the neighbourhood, as their *Campus Martius*, under a serjeant, to learn the manual exercise, that they might be enabled to assist their brethren in arms, in defending our beloved and glorious constitution, from the threatened attacks of envy and ambition,' &c. &c. p. 398.

'Bating this disagreeable fault, the style is in general tolerably correct, though disfigured by a few provincialisms. One mode of expression, in particular, is adopted by the author, so frequently as to make us almost imagine that he proposes to introduce it into general usage. It occurs once or twice in the passage we have quoted. But, in p. 366, it follows three times in as many successive sentences. '*North from these, between and the hills.*' '*North corner of the mansion, between and the offices.*'—'*Beyond to the west, betwixt and the other ravine.*'

Some unfortunate man, who has written a pastoral come-

dy professedly in imitation of Ramsay, falls frequently under the lash of this unrelenting censor, who has dealt with him in so unmerciful, and (as far as we can perceive) in so unprovoked a manner as totally to remove all the compunction which we might otherwise have felt from the idea of having treated the critic himself with too much spleen on our sides. Quite the reverse of following that much abused precept, 'Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,' it is our wish to catch hold of every circumstance that can justify, or even excuse a favourable judgment; but this inclination is greatly diminished towards those who have taken upon themselves, without being called upon, to judge, and to judge with severity of others.

The 'Illustrations,' extending beyond the termination of the first, occupy about a hundred pages of the second volume. Then follows the comedy itself, which has been the innocent occasion of all this unnecessary fuss; and this takes up a hundred pages more. We are then presented with 'Memoirs of David Allan,' affectedly stiled, 'the Scots Hogarth,' equally barren of incident and of reflection; with a selection from the poems of Dr. Alexander Pennecuik, first published in 1715, some parts of which are really too good for the company in which they are at present found; with a farther selection from Allan Ramsay himself; with a 'poem by the Rev. Mr. Bradfute from the 17th vol. of the Statistical History, entitled A Morning Walk at New-Hall;' with a few 'original poems,' which only serve to cure us of the supposition which we had begun to entertain, that the author of the illustrations might possibly write verse better than prose; with a few more verses by one James Forrest the son of a Lothian labourer, which are only remarkable considering the situation of the writer; and lastly with a very full and complete glossary, kindly intended for the 'southron folk,' as a key to those treasures which some gentlemen tell us they feel 'a malicious pleasure' in keeping to themselves. For our own parts, though we are always ready to acknowledge the good nature which lends us such a key, we have never felt disposed to cry at the *manger philosophy* which would withhold it.

ART. II.—*Anthropologia: or, Dissertations on the Form and Colour of Man; with incidental Remarks.* By J. Jarrold, M.D. Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. 4to. Cadell and Davies. 1808!

DR. Jarrold is the author of some 'Dissertations on Man,

which we noticed with considerable satisfaction in our Review for January, 1807. In his present work he rises in our estimation as an author who has read much, and reflected more; whose remarks are acute, and whose heart seems imbued with a degree of devotional feeling which adds greatly to the interest of his work.

In the first part of his work Dr. Jarrold controverts the theory of some writers that there is a regular connected gradation in the scale of being from men to brutes, from brutes to plants, and from plants to the products of inorganized matter; that between each of these different classes of beings, there is some connecting point where the superior is dissolved as it were into the inferior. Thus this theory would teach us to believe that there is some point where the brute creation approaches to an identity with the human; and those who have been most willing to degrade the natural dignity of the African, have asserted that this point of connection is between the negro and some of the larger species of monkey.

‘Taking a glance of nature,’ says Dr. Jarrold, ‘we are struck with the idea that a vegetable is superior to a stone, that an animal is more complete than a vegetable, and that man is the head of this part of creation. But this view points to no chain; it shows no relation but the reverse.’—‘Each kingdom of nature forms part of the whole, but not of the nature of a chain. There is no passage of transmutation between the kingdoms; no transmutation of metals into vegetables, no vegetable that assumes the nature of an animal, no animal that ever became a centaur or a sphinx, or a mermaid. That many parts of the economy of plants, and animals bear a resemblance may be explained without involving the principles of their existence; the motion of the sensitive plants for instance has been said to be properly vegetative and is common, though in a less degree, in every individual of that vast kingdom. The trembling of dissected flesh is not a proof of life, but a specific effect of matter on matter causing operations or the reverse; as cold or heat are specific influences, and give motion to certain bodies.’—‘I submit it to the judgment of the reader whether the gradations can establish a theory important or even interesting in its consequences; if he can not, the negro is set free from his most galling chain, the chain that was thought to connect him with the brute.

‘This theory of gradation has something in it so mean, so unworthy of infinite power, that it cannot be contemplated with pleasure even by man. This confusion of being, this want of completeness, this continual progress towards something that is better, in place of producing order confounds. It robs every part of the creation of God of the hope of immortality, or it gives it to the whole. Man has no prerogative, no privilege, no honor; he is only a little more rational than an elephant, a little more agreeable in his per-

son than an ouran-outang, a little more loquacious than a parrot. To deprive such near associates, such competitors for excellency of immortality which man claims it for himself, is either to injure them or to declare that the space between them and us, is so wide, that no link can reach it; it is to declare that there is no scale of gradation. Bring the links as near as you can, deduct from the one and add to the other, if the parts do not embrace there can be no chain.—To this point then I would draw the attention of the reader as the natural and necessary result of gradation. A gradation not only in the person and the economy, but in the faculties of man and animals as the friends of the system expressly declare. Can such a system exist and a line be drawn to determine at what point the promise of immortality stops? Does it stop at the verge of Europe or America? No, Asia was the cradle of the human race, the birth-place of man. Nor can we stop here, for Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands and the truth shall make her free. Here we make our stand and embrace as brethren; embrace as those who have a promise full of immortality. But the gradationist, hateful, disgustingly hateful to relate, has no point where to stop. If he allows that any thing is immortal, it is not because there is any thing peculiar in him; any thing exclusively his own; what he possesses in that system begins with the European, and goes progressively down to brutes, vegetables, and stones. If it does not stop at the first point, does it at the second? Does it stop after it has passed through the different species of men, and some of the higher orders of animals as they are called? It is impossible to say where it stops. A chain has no division, no resting place. Happily the theory of gradation thus refutes itself: it is a mere rope of sand, the work of an exuberant fancy?

In the diversified existences, the inorganized, the vegetable, the animal, and the rational, we may discern, as we view them either in an ascending or descending scale, numerous resemblances, which seem at first sight to indicate the possession of a common nature. But resemblances, however numerous or striking they may seem, do not constitute identity. The polyptis may make a very close approximation to a plant, or present various affinities, but still the animal life of the one and the vegetable of the other must cause an essential and permanent difference between them. There is no connection of identity, such as is requisite to establish the theory of the gradationists. Whatever may be the resemblances between the negro and the ouran-outang, yet the possession of reason which belongs to the one and not to the other, constitutes an essential difference; and forms an impassable line of separation between the man and the baboon. For if reason differs from instinct not in degree but in kind, or if what Bacon would call their *forms*, be essentially diverse, so that no addition of quantity can raise the

inferior quality to a level with the superior, then the possession of the intellectual faculty makes an impassable barrier between man and the other animals. What then becomes of the gradation?

'Reason is the glory that encircles man; he may dim its lustre, or add to its brightness; but instinct is without glory, it receives not honour, nor suffers shame. Reason presents the human race at the footstool of their Maker to adore and worship him; it is man's highest, his greatest honour; but instinct grovels in the dust, it soars no higher than the wants of the body; it is a provision to preserve life.'—'I wish not to pass by, or to detract from the endowments of animals. I would not rob them of the smallest gift to place it on the head of man, the human race would be degraded by their highest endowments. I allow all that is asked for them—memory, contrivance, foresight; and I allow that instinct admits of improvement by the use of these endowments. Where then, it may be asked, is the distinction, where the separating wall between instinct and reason? It is here; it is in the object on which the capacity given can be employed. The mole that digs a hole to hide itself, discharges the highest duties of its nature, and displays the utmost sagacity of instinct: but man erects an altar to his God.'

Instinct is perfect on its first communication, and length of possession or largeness of use are not connected with the improvement. The beavers make the same house, and the bee the same shaped cells as beavers and bees did two thousand years ago. Neither in the individual nor in the species has any additional excellence been obtained by the lapse of ages. The instinctive faculties probably remain in the same state of perfection as they were at the beginning of the world. Knowledge is not progressive among brutes. One generation is not made wiser nor better by the defects nor the excellence of the preceding. But reason in its incipient state is so imperfect as in many instances hardly to afford any evidence of its existence: but by culture it may be improved to a degree which is previously incredible. Instinct is a mere stationary quality, but reason is perpetually either retrograde or progressive. Reason is improved in proportion to its exercise: but instinct may be indefinitely exercised without ever being improved. The habits and the instinct of animals may in some measure be altered (ought we not to say *vitiated*?) by domestication with man; but as we cause them to recede farther from their original instincts, they do not become in reality more intellectual than before.

'A dog guards and defends a flock of sheep, not by instinct, not

by its own will, but because it has been taught so to do; left to itself it would destroy them. A dog has been known to howl at the striking of a church clock; the animal was terrified. I have seen a mastiff tremble, and almost fall to the ground at a clap of thunder. A dog at Edinburgh, Mr. Smellie informs us, begged a penny of its master every day to buy a mutton pie. Another dog regularly rang the house-bell when it wanted admittance. A thousand such anecdotes might be selected, but to what do they amount? Is not every trick the effect of fear, the consequence of discipline? Even the fawning of a dog is in proportion to its domestication, in proportion as its spirit is broken and subdued. Let a dog be made to dread the whip, and it is delighted when it meets its master without one, but cringes if it be produced. The spirit of a bull-dog is less broken than that of a spaniel, therefore it fawns less.'—'There is another fact equally decisive of the capacity of animals. It is this—the equality of the capacity they possess. The elephant, that half-reasoning creature as it has been called, that animal, which according to Pliny and others, pays acts of adoration and worship to the sun, has in fact no faculty which a worm or a caterpillar does not possess in equal measure.'—'A fox, we say is cunning, but this it exemplifies only when in danger; it is not more cunning than other animals, if not more hunted. Read those partial and exaggerated accounts of the elephant, which are related in books, and even these are equalled by the caterpillar, so similar are their capacities. Let a shrub be shaken on which a nest of them have been hatched, and suppose a thousand fall to the ground, not one will crawl away, but with one consent they turn upwards towards the tree from where they fell, and with all possible dispatch ascend the stem. Other species of caterpillars, after living separate, display great sagacity in assembling together, and spinning a net to contain their whole number, and in observing a kind of military order, by following a leader when they go out in search of food, which having obtained, they return in the same order, by the same track, having in their journey spun a thread through the whole course by which they are guided. Reduce the elephant to the size, and place it in the circumstances of the caterpillar, and can it be imagined that with all its boasted attainments it would display greater sagacity? An elephant rejects a poisonous plant, so does a caterpillar. An elephant is domesticated, it knows its keeper, and in some measure imitates him; but a caterpillar is not domesticated.'

Man is endowed with a principle which holds instinct in subjection, and soars above it, or renders it subservient to his will; it asks not for such aid, except in infancy. This principle is the faculty of reason. Were instinct and reason essentially the same, differing only in degree, had they any thing common in their natures, animals might improve, having an example before them in man. But mark the true character of instinct; under circumstances the most advantageous, it makes not a single advance be-

yond its own limited range, while man goes on in intellectual attainments ; that ray of pure intelligence which dwells within him presses him forward, and opens to his view unbounded prospects. He thirsts for knowledge, and as he attains it, his thirst increases.'

In sect. 8, Dr. Jarrold treats of the origin of bone, in which he pleads for a more liberal use of salt than our observation or experience would permit us to recommend. We agree with Dr. Darwin that the common use of salt is injurious to health. But Dr. Jarrold thinks that salt is one of the elementary parts of bone, and that in the food which we take we should select what is fitted to produce bone as well as flesh. But will not the nutriment which produces flesh always support the growth and supply the waste of the bones ? The bones indeed are subject to disease like other parts, but the disease, as the *mollities ossium* for instance, does not seem owing to the quality of the food so much as to some organic or accidental defect of the discerning powers. The matter of bone as well as the matter of flesh is secreted from the blood. The elementary parts of the one as well as the other are derived from the same common source : but the power of extracting the matter of bone, or the chemical and mechanical agency of the vessels which perform the ossifying process, may be defective without any defect in the system of the elementary principles of bone. As far as salt is one of the elementary principles of bone, there seems no occasion to recommend a liberal use of salt in its native state in order to obtain it. For there is a natural tendency in the system either to form salt by an unknown process, or to extract it from the aliment which we take whatever it may be. Most of the secretions, as the saliva, the urine, and the tears, contain a large infusion of salt ; and where a larger proportion has been mingled with the food, the common effect is to produce that acrimony in the secretions which causes scurvy, and which is immediately relieved by a mild vegetable diet.

Dr. J. says, that ' animal food is more nutritious than vegetable, and contains more of the elementary parts of bone than vegetable ;' but this does not seem true, for the elephant, the horse, the ox, and the stag, which are animals of the largest bone, subsist entirely on vegetable food : and among our own species, the largest boned men may be found among those who live almost entirely on farinaceous substances, as the lower orders of the Scotch and Irish. But Dr. J. seems to think that those people who live principally on vegetable food render that food as nutritious as the diet of the rich by using a larger quantity of salt. Those who are acquainted with the culinary processes in a rich

man's kitchen, will not, we believe, assert that his day-labourer consumes more salt in a meal than he. Indeed, Dr. J.'s predilection for salt has led him to consider the desire as 'the expression of a natural want.' P. 81.

'If,' says Dr. J. 'the countenances of the poor are less interesting their limbs are better shaped, they are less frequently distorted than those of their less opulent neighbours.' This greater symmetry and less deformity of the limbs, the Doctor evidently refers to the more plentiful mixture of salt in the aliment of the poor than of the rich.

'There are instances,' says Dr. J. 'of many children being subsisted entirely on milk, or milk and bread, till they arrived at their third or fourth year, but such children are not healthy; in several instances the teeth have decayed and fallen out, occasioned doubtless by a deficiency of osseous matter in the system; other children become crooked, and all are delicate and feeble. By changing the diet health and vigour have been imparted. Milk will subsist the flesh, but it will not subsist the bone.'

Those children who have been brought up on bread and milk, that have come under our inspection, have certainly been more remarkable for health and strength than for debility or disease. In parts of Lancashire, where animal food was a few years ago very little used, and fermented liquors hardly known, milk in some of its modifications of whey, butter-milk, or cheese-curd, constituted the principal ingredient in the food of the inhabitants, and never was there a hardier nor a healthier race: neither deficient in muscle nor in bone.

With respect to children, they seem to have an instinctive propensity rather for sugar than for salt, and thus of that milk which nature intended for the primary food of infants, the predominant taste is rather saccharine than saline.

In his 13th section Dr. J. has some very excellent remarks on physiognomy, in which he combats the principles of Lavater. Lavater considers the characteristic marks of genius or imbecility to reside essentially in the bodily conformation; the skull especially, which includes the forehead, he deems an unerring guide.

'I dissent,' says Dr. J. 'from such opinions, because the figure of the head is determined before the character is formed: the one does not keep pace with the other; and when once formed it admits of no variation. The character fluctuates; at one period it has the mildness and the gentleness of contentment, the calmness and serenity of patience, at another all is perturbation, fretfulness, anger, and moroseness.'

Lavater considers 'the peculiar delineation of the outlines and position of the forehead to be the most important of all things presented to physiognomical observation;' but the forehead is only a hard and unyielding substance, which of itself is no index of the mind. But though we do not believe that the interior of the mind can be traced from the form of the forehead, of the nose, of the mouth, the chin, or any particular feature, yet we think that there is an *external expression of the countenance* which shews, like a clear mirror, the internal state of the mind and heart.

'Every human countenance,' says Dr. J. 'is capable of expressing every passion and every sentiment; let us endeavour to exemplify it. Among the circle of our friends, but especially in our own families, we are all physiognomists. Who is there that does not as carefully attend to the expression of the face as to the words of his acquaintance? Who is there that cannot distinguish between the lowering of the countenance from a ruffled temper, and the sadness which is expressive of a dejected mind? Or that cannot distinguish the expression of sorrow for the loss of property from that which arises from the death of a friend? and so of every other sentiment or passion. Through the whole tide of life not a single ebb or flow passes unobserved by those who are our familiars; they know without the use of words at what time we are sad, and when we rejoice. What is thus manifest to our friends, a more general observer discovers in those with whom he is not so well acquainted; he discovers it even in a stranger; and his rule of judging is not the particular shape, but the expression of the face; he acquires a knowledge of extreme characters; he learns to distinguish a philosopher from a fool—the man whose heart is black with malignancy from him whose heart overflows with benevolence. It is easy thus to distinguish characters remotely opposite; their expressions impress the mind, after which the application is easy.'

The following remarks discover much acuteness of observation :

'If on a countenance there be no expression of a decided character, no strong traces of virtue or vice, no evident marks of strength of intellect or vacuity, the character of the person is mixed and tarnished; no dependance can be placed upon it; he is now the friend of virtue, charmed with its beauty, and satisfied with a conscious dignity in its practice—then stung with remorse and disgusted with himself and with the world; one day the secret adviser of mean and unworthy actions, or the slave of base and unhallowed passions, the next eager of knowledge and thirsting after virtue, now furious with anger, or sullen with contempt—then softened with feminine tenderness. Such characters compose the bulk of mankind; and if no strong expressions of sentiment are marked on the countenance, such

is the individual. Without strength of character there is no strength of expression; if the muscles are not habitually associated by one prevailing disposition the expression cannot be decisive; it is not free from ambiguity; and ambiguity of expression is versatility in character. The predominant sentiments of the mind and the feelings of the heart may perhaps be traced, yet they are so mixed, so confounded with the expression of other sentiments, other feelings, that they do not excite attention; they neither delight nor disgust; such persons are of the multitude.

That the character is determined less by the features than by the expression of the countenance, we may learn from this circumstance, that in an assemblage of persons of similar habits and dispositions, as of misers, drunkards, voluptuaries, though the features, the form of face, the forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, of all might be different, there would still be a characteristic expression of countenance in all the individuals of the same class :

‘ If,’ says Dr. J. ‘ every passion, when felt, discovers itself on the face by an expression proper to itself; if every sentiment, every step in knowledge, is capable of the same, then it is not in the natural configuration of the person that we are to search for the rank an individual or a nation holds in the scale of being.’

‘ Of the eye,’ Dr. J. remarks, that ‘ it is made capable of expressing the gentle, soft, and grateful feelings much more powerfully than their opposites; joy and gladness, sympathy and kindness—the mother’s fondness, the lover’s ardour, are its proper objects of expression; but the depressing passions it cannot speak: tears are equivocal, they may be of joy or grief, or of corporal pain; besides tears do not arise in the eye, but at a distance from it; they pass over and bedew it, but it is not their source; a tear rolling down the cheek speaks as forcibly as on the eye; it is the tear and not the source which excites attention. The countenance of a blind man is capable of expressing the passion of revenge, of lust, of anger, and of grief—but it is not capable of expressing the passion of love, nor can it be felt by such an one in its full force. A sculptor cannot pourtray this passion; his art goes no farther than a stupid placidity of countenance, or that lengthening of the muscles of the face, that baboon cast of the countenance, as Lavater properly calls it, so characteristic of lust. The living eye best expresses the virtuous passion. Lavater considered the eye as the least expressive of all the features; and so in fact it is of the more boisterous and violent passions; but those which swell the breast with pleasure speak through the eye a language so forcible that it cannot be misunderstood.’

In section 15, Dr. J. very ably vindicates the dignity of an African nose as suited to an African face :

‘When a feature,’ says he, ‘is an object of attention, it should be considered as part of a whole, and not by itself. The negro nose is becoming and proper, in its relation to the other features of a negro face; it harmonizes with them, which is a test of its suitableness. A large aquiline nose, projecting from between the high cheek bones of that people, or a delicate Grecian nose, sunk almost below them, would excite laughter: such a want of proportion would destroy the man, and produce a caricature. We must then assign to the African face the African nose, as that alone would become it.’

On this and on other occasions, Dr. J. embraces every opportunity to assert the claim of the African to as high a rank in the scale of being as the European. In this work, therefore, those persons who grounded their defence of the slave trade on the assumption that the negroes were only an inferior order of beings, and a sort of connecting link between man and brutes, will find their sophisms ably refuted and the illusions of their theory exposed.

We were struck with the justness of the following remarks:

‘A sour temper, a weak judgment, a corrupt heart, or the opposite of these have a strong influence on that part of the face (the nose) of which we are speaking. No vicious passion improves the countenance; a fact which ought ever to be kept in mind by those who desire to appear agreeable to others. Lust draws the nose and the muscles of the cheek towards the mouth, and occasions what Lavater properly calls, the baboon nose; this effect, however is most evident on the face of men—but the expression is not less, though not precisely of the same nature in females. Those who have known a girl, once lovely, once the joy and consolation of her parents, and the delight of her friends—betrayed, abandoned, and renouncing her name, her family, and her character—one who once tasted of happiness as it flowed in a smooth transparent stream close by the path of virtue, now drinking greedily at an impure fountain—those who saw her when innocent have been struck with the change in her person now that she is no longer so. The nose, in fact every feature witnesses against her. Drunkenness is another vice which has influence on this part of the countenance. By it the nose is swelled and inflamed. We know a drunkard by this circumstance; he writes his own character, and bids the world read it.’

The following observations on the appearance of a woman in a state of pregnancy, evince a discriminating and a benevolent mind:

‘Pregnancy is another state which materially deranges the order and harmony of the countenance. Females are sometimes surprised

and mortified at the change they notice in themselves ; their beauty seems leaving them. Were any other instances necessary to prove that expression is far more powerful than beauty, I would cite that before us—have females lost in complexion and in sprightliness ? They have gained in influence : no one sees the countenance of such an one but he is interested ; it is a period when protection is peculiarly requisite, and nature has not forgotten to call forth the disposition.'

In p. 157, and sect. 16, we cannot assent to the opinion of Dr. J. that our ancestors were better and stronger than we are ; and that their descendants have degenerated in size in proportion to the progress of civilization. At this rate, the earth would in process of time be covered with a race of pigmies. But what is more remarkable Dr. J. seems to attribute this gradual deterioration or rather diminution of the species to the general use of wheaten bread ;

' Which,' he says, ' though more nutritious than oaten, contains less of the rudiments of bone, or of that substance on which the size of the body depends. The Romans did not use wheat bread till about three hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ, since that period it has made a slow but gradual progress through the different provinces of that vast empire. Towards the north it has long combated and still continues to combat much opposition ; but when it once prevails the oat cake at no after period is introduced ; the triumph of the wheaten loaf once atchieved, it is at all future periods secure, no instance having occurred of the oat cake superseding it. Hitherto the wheaten loaf has not penetrated through Yorkshire ; but already the struggle is unequal ; and at no great distance of time wheat bread, it is probable, will alone be used, and the oat cake be abandoned, as it has been in the southern parts of the kingdom ; but as yet the men are raw-boned and tall, especially those who live towards the borders of Lancashire. In the highlands of Scotland, wheat bread is scarcely known, and in what part of the globe are the inhabitants stouter ? On the contrary, in the metropolis of the kingdom and in the country that surrounds it, wheat bread alone is used, and the people are much less in stature than those of the Highlands or the borders of Lancashire.'

We do not believe that the average strength or stature of the inhabitants of Great Britain is less than it was four hundred years ago, when the country was overrun with barbarism, compared with the present high state of civilization. Since that time indeed great improvements have been made in machinery : and many species of labour are now performed by artificial means which were formerly executed by the hand of man. Hence there may seem an

inaptness in modern times for some species of muscular exertion which were formerly more universally practised. But we are not hence to infer any declension of actual strength. The capacity of acquiring any habit of muscular action is as great as it was then; as well as the consequent capacity for enduring labour and fatigue. All the muscles are strengthened by use, and those become most strong, which are exerted most, as we see in the arms of blacksmiths, the thighs of post-boys, and the backs of porters. Our ancestors could indeed bear armour under the weight of which their posterity would sink; but an Englishman of the nineteenth century would bear a coat of mail, with as much facility as his ancestors in the thirteenth, if the practice were begun as early and continued as long.—The latent capacity is the same, it wants only to be exercised. We believe indeed that the London draymen, who eat wheaten bread and live in the midst of a luxurious capital, are not inferior in muscle and in bone to any of the Scots who feed on oat cake, and are exposed to the rudest winds on the bleakest mountains, or even to any of the massive forms that were the admiration or the terror of the age of chivalry. That the general stature of the inhabitants of this country is not less now than it was some centuries ago, and that it is not, as Dr. J. says, gradually increasing in proportion to the progress of civilization, we are convinced from various admeasurements which we made several years ago in the bone-house at Stratford upon Avon, which we believe has since been built up. We found these bones on an average not to exceed the length of the bones of our contemporaries. If we may reason from the general complaints of poets, philosophers, and moralists, in all times, from the age of Homer to that of Dr. Jarrold, there has been a general propensity to depreciate the present, and to magnify the past; and to complain of the gradual deterioration of the human race, both in body and in mind.—We are not fond of indulging such gloomy thoughts, which tend to depress hope and to relax exertion. We think with Bacon, that the past ought rather to be called the infancy than the antiquity of the world; and that man is far from having reached the acme of moral, of intellectual, or physical improvement.

In sect. 17, on the jaw bone, we meet with a number of acute and judicious observations. Among them we notice the following:

• The muscles give to the jaw its form; nature designed them to be thrown into frequent action by the part assigned them; by them the milk is drawn from the breast and passed through the mouth,

When this pleasure is denied the child, a want of personal beauty is the consequence. As the child grows up the defect may be overcome; but while infancy remains, I defy the mere nurse to present so lovely a babe as one who is a mother and acts a mother's part. Such a child may be in health, but it does not present a lovely countenance; not a feature is beautiful. But, independently of the ill effects such conduct produces on the person of the child, another powerful objection attends this practice, it is cruel. The circle of a child's enjoyments are extremely limited; what does it know or care for, but its mother? It possesses every faculty, but on what are they exercised? the strongest perhaps is that of taste; but it is milk only that is grateful; it sees, but no object is distinct and none interesting except its mother. Its tiny hands embrace no object with pleasure but the breast. To rob the child of these sources of pleasure is to make the world a void. Why do so many die? it may be as much because they are made unhappy as because their food is unpleasant. I pity the child who is treated with such great though unintended cruelty. It is not strange in such a case, if the muscles of the face never being called into their destined action, do not produce a well-shaped jaw-bone.'

There is a great deal of truth, of force, of real and discriminating benevolence in the following observations. The author is speaking of illegitimate children.

'They are their mother's shame; she feels them as such: and, this feeling is in some instances, at the moment of the child's existence, the cause of its destruction. But if it be once placed to her breast, passion flows with her milk and the infant is secure from injury; she can bear the shame, she can endure reproach, she can suffer want—but she cannot wish her child were dead; much less can she be its murderer. I have always pitied the mother who suffered death for the murder of her infant; she sought to conceal her shame; and she was not checked by natural affection, for it was not yet in existence; it is unlike in its nature to every other kind of murder.'

In the sections on the air, its colour, influence, &c. &c. we find many ingenious and interesting observations; some of which the general reader will not perhaps like the worse for being seasoned with a spice of paradox. In these sections Dr. J. continues very ably to defend the dignity of human nature as it appears in the complexion, &c. of the negroes. In speaking of complexions the Doctor seems to give the jet black of the African the preference to the lily white of more northern latitudes. It may be asked, says he,

'Which is the most desirable colour? which the most conducive to health? Each has its admirers, as to appearance; but which on

the whole is most desirable as a complexion? Black is the most permanent, the child of negro parents may traverse from the equator to the pole unburt, unaltered; but the child of English parents cannot accompany him without a loss of complexion and of health. From this slight view of the subject the negro complexion appears the most desirable.'

'In the pride and vanity of our hearts,' says Dr. J. 'we have cherished the notion that the complexion of an African is much less to be esteemed than our own. Blackness we think is incompatible with beauty; and hence we arrogate a superiority over those of our brethren who are of that colour. But we betray our ignorance; we are unacquainted with the benefits derived from the complexion of the African; we have never weighed its utility against its appearance; and although health is essentially connected with the subject, yet that has not brought it into notice; we are under the influence of prejudice, and judge from its dictates when we speak of the colour of the slave.'

'Can the African endure the region in which he was born; can he enjoy the climate of his native soil? Yes; it is salubrious and balmy to him, but it is not so to others: an European inhales from it pestilence and death. There is some natural cause for this difference: and that cause, I scruple not to say, is indicated in the complexion; a certain state of the juices of the body being ever connected with a certain state of the skin. The assertion is bold and may disgust and offend, but I advance it without fear of refutation that the perfection of the human colour is the negro blackness; it is the most complete, the most permanent, and the most useful, and therefore is the most perfect. The negro can bear the hottest or the coldest regions: he can sustain the vertical blaze of the meridian sun; he can traverse the arctic circle unannoyed; he resists every vicissitude; but it is not thus with any other people. An European shrinks even at a change of seasons; what he calls the fervid heat of summer or the chilling blasts of winter, are to him objects of apprehension and dread; but they are not so to a negro. Has an European determined to leave his native country in quest of honour or wealth, his mind is filled with alarm for his personal safety; disease in a thousand forms presents itself to his view: to guard against which, his dress, his conveyance, his mode of life, even to the minutest particular, are all directed by experienced persons; he dares not trust himself to the direction of his own understanding, so imminent is the risque to which his life is exposed; a risque so imminent, that, with all the precaution which is taken, a very small proportion of those who exchange England for India, ever see her shores again; and those who are gratified with the sight, often feel the pressure of an incurable malady. And does not this imply an imperfection unknown to the African?'

'Our being so limited in our capacity to bear vicissitudes of cli-

mate, is not proper to men, it is a defect which requires a remedy. The birth place and inheritance of man is the world; it is a gift which was presented to him by his maker; and can he not possess it? Must he be confined to a narrow spot, and not traverse his domain, not know the extent of his blessing? The world presents but one family; the members of which have wants that must be reciprocally supplied; and can there be no intercourse but at the expence of life? These wants were planted in our natures that we should assist and know each other; and must they only be felt? must a narrow circle be drawn round man, beyond the verge of which he has duties to perform and is prohibited? This would be to inflict a punishment. The nature, the character and the rank of man imply his power to exist in the full and equal exercise of his faculties in every region; for were the atmosphere to occasion his degeneracy, he might lose his authority over the brutes; and even sink beneath them.

Our present incapacity to endure changes of climate Dr. J. seems to ascribe to a defect of hardihood produced by the abuse of civilization; and this abuse he makes to consist in not suffering a larger surface of the body to be exposed to the free action of the air. We do not believe that Dr. J. would recommend a state of total nudity; but still at p. 218 he says that,

‘Whatever may be the present opinion, a sense of decency was, I believe, the origin in most nations of the wearing of apparel; it was not a matter of necessity.’

Some of our modern females seem endeavouring to prove how well they can get the better of this sense of decency; for though they are still partially clothed, yet the thin and tight drapery which they wear leaves the surface which is covered as visible as that which neither lace nor muslin are employed to veil. Dr. J. seems to think that under a more natural treatment the skin of a man would adapt itself to the climate as well as the fur of an animal. He supposes that the skin of the ancient Britons was much better adapted to endure the vicissitudes of wet and dry, of heat and cold than that of the present inhabitants of the island; for as they were at that time sold as slaves to the Africans they must have been able to endure the climate or they would not have been imported; and if they could endure the climate of Africa what climate might they not endure?

‘It is a well known fact that the Carthaginians traded in our blood; they sold our countrymen perhaps to the Egyptians, and they perhaps to others; we were the injured people of those days; but our constitutions could bear it. The question then naturally occurs, why can we not bear what they sustained? the answer leads

us to an interesting fact. They had learned to endure one climate and this prepared them for others. They had no contrivance to shade them from the sun, to shield them from the storm; it was what was natural to their country, and therefore was not injurious. The way they attained this hardihood was by the frequent exposure of their persons; they had met the storm till they had ceased to fear it. Their complexion was that which was proper to the climate.

‘The same may be said of all rude and barbarous people; of all who have endured the climate of their native country unprotected by garments. The weather having exerted its full influence on such, their skin becomes as complete a defence as those of animals are to them.’

‘A common consequence of exposure to the weather in any climate is a darkening of the skin. It is honourable to the Negro that in every country the colour of its inhabitants verges towards his; it is thus made a standard, thus held up to general notice and observation. What is a freckled or a sunburned skin, but an approximation to the African complexion? and not to be sun-burned or freckled, supposes care and trouble in preventing it. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that the original colour of man was black: be that as it may, certainly it is a colour friendly to health. Even in England, where a skin as pale as the image of death is cultivated and thought comely, a dark complexion is preferred for its healthfulness. Do we not say of such, they look hardy? do we not prefer such for our servants? thus we honour, while we affect to despise the colour of the Negro; and thus we bear our testimony to the position advanced, that a dark complexion bears its possessor above the vicissitudes of the weather more than any other.’

We do not entirely coincide with all that Dr. J. says in favour of the skin and colour of the African. While the inhabitants of the Tropics are black, those of more northern latitude are fair; cold seems to bleach and heat to blacken the skin. But if the inhabitants be most white where the cold is most intense, and if this effect be seen not only in the skin of men but in the fur of animals, does it not prove that a white skin is better suited than a black to a cold temperature? For nature certainly accommodates the form, the colour and skin of animals to the circumstances in which they are placed. And as we find the fairest skins where we feel the most inclement cold, and the darkest where the heat is most intense, we may reasonably infer that a white skin is best fitted to endure the greatest severity of cold. But as there are blacks who can bear the rigor of the coldest regions; so there are whites who can endure the utmost fervors of the torrid zone. The hardy inhabitant of the Highlands will endure heat proportionally as well as the African will bear cold. There are few plants or animals which will live in every soil or

every clime: and though this may be a faculty which man may acquire by habit yet he does not inherit it from nature. Man may by discipline and habit inure himself to the variations of every clime: but this capacity does not belong exclusively to a man with a flat nose, or a long, with thick lips or with thin, to one whose skin is black as jet or white as snow, but to any individual who will take the pains to acquire it by a mode of life suited to the climate in which he is placed. We shall not enter into any discussion respecting the different advantages of vegetable or animal food; but this we will say, that a mild diet and a total abstinence from fermented liquors will be found the best preservatives of health in every clime, whether the complexion be brown, olive, black or white. The nature of the diet appears to be of most consequence. We cannot assent to the opinion that the habit of wearing clothes, which Dr. J. says is rather the effect of decency than necessity, has had any pernicious influence on the body. More constant exposure of the surface to the wind and rain, to burning heat and freezing cold, might cause it to increase in hardihood; but what it gained in hardihood, it would lose in sensibility. And the sensibility of the skin is certainly connected with intellectual improvement. The more insensible the skin the more dull is the mind. This was particularly seen in the savage of Aveyron. His skin had been rendered hard and insensible by constant exposure to the elements; and the warm bath was very judiciously employed in order to render the external surface of the body more sensitive, and thus to quicken the perceptive faculty and facilitate the expansion of the mind. As civilization advances, the skin is usually rendered more sensitive to external influence; man, if we may so express it, becomes a more sensational animal; but, at the same time he rises higher in the intellectual scale. And this is the scale in which we are most desirous of seeing him rise higher and higher, till he parts with many of his present imperfections. For this purpose physical and moral culture must be combined; but if we endeavour to render the skin dull we shall never render the mind acute. A very sensitive skin is not incompatible with a power of enduring even the extreme variations of the seasons, without any considerable inconvenience. But to the species of hardihood, which we think it possible for man to attain, to that exemption from disease and that uniformity of health, which we believe that he *might* enjoy, he must ultimately be indebted to diet and regimen more than to any other cause. The present mode of living even among the most civilized is comparatively gross and barbarous; it excites the system into an unnatural action; it inflames the

passions; and renders man, who ought to be the creature of reason, the slave of sense; it thus impedes the moral amelioration of the human species, while it accumulates the matter of disease, and shortens the period of human life!

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, late Rector of the united Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard Street; with general Remarks on his Life, Connections, and Character. Second Edition, corrected. By Richard Cecil, A.M. Minister of St. John's, Bedford Row. 12mo. 4s. Hatchard. 1808.*

THE Rev. John Newton is a person of some note in the literary history of the times, not from any particular excellence in his own productions, but from his having been the friend of Cowper, whose mind he is supposed to have tinged with the cypress hues of Calvinistic christianity. Mr. Cecil tells us indeed that the melancholy of Cowper was 'originally a constitutional disease;' but was it not greatly aggravated by the horrors which are inseparable from the gloomy creed which was instilled into his mind by the inauspicious industry of Mr. Newton? Did not the theology which he imbibed from Mr. N. increase the morbid depression of his mind, and render it incurable? If the natural temperament of Cowper were inclined to hypochondria, would it have terminated in mental derangement, if the physical malady had not been increased by the incumbent weight of Calvinism?

John Newton was born in London on the 24th of July, 1725. Mr. Newton says of himself that his 'mother was a dissenter, a pious woman,' who 'made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct him and *bring him up in the fear and nurture of the Lord.*' She had 'devoted him to the ministry from his birth,' but '*the Lord had appointed otherwise.*' When the hero of Mr. Cecil's biographical labours was only four years old, he appears to have been a great proficient in theology, for he tells us that he could 'repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, *with the proofs*, and all Dr. Watts's smaller catechisms, and his children's hymns.' We believe that many a preacher of methodism has *begun business* with a smaller stock in trade than this.

Mr. Newton says, that 'his father was a very sensible and a moral man, *as the world rates morality*,' but that he was not '*under the impressions of religion.*' In the writings

of Mr. Newton, Mr. Cecil, and other gentlemen of the same *evangelical* fraternity, we observe a studious attempt to separate morality and religion, as if they were not one and indivisible, or as if morality did not constitute the essence of religion. When they speak of a *moral* man, they do it with a contemptuous sneer: as if a moral man were a being of an inferior genus and species to a *religious*. But what is morality? Is it not a conformity of the conduct to those laws which God has appointed for the government of his accountable creatures? Is religion any thing more or less than obedience to the laws of the Creator? When Mr. Newton says of his father that he 'was a moral man, but not under the impressions of religion,' the affirmation is as absurd as if he had said, that he was 'a moral man, but yet not under the impressions of morality.' For morality and religion are, when rightly considered, exchangeable terms; or morality is the spirit and the substance of true religion. If any distinction be made between them, it will not tend to exalt religion by depressing morality. For if religion be the rite, morality is the end; if religion be the shell, morality is the kernel.

When Mr. Cecil's hero was eleven years old, he went on board his father's ship in Long Reach, and made five voyages to the Mediterranean. In this last voyage, he was left for some months with a merchant at Alicant in Spain; where 'he might have done well if he had behaved well.' But by this time he informs us that his '*sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit*,' though we had been lately told that he was a perfect adept in 'the Assembly's Shorter Catechism *with the proofs*.'—But we are to recollect that Mr. Newton was to be 'a special instrument of grace,' and that he was to furnish a proof of the greatest sinner becoming the greatest saint.

About that period of his life when Mr. Newton himself says that '*his sinful propensities had gathered strength by HABIT*,' his biographer nevertheless tells us that '*he was often disturbed with religious convictions*,' that he 'therefore began to pray, to read the scriptures, and to keep a diary,' we suppose, of his *religious experiences*. But, in the next sentence, Mr. Cecil gives us to understand that Mr. Newton '*learned to curse and to blaspheme*,' and that he became '*exceedingly wicked*.'—All this may seem a little incongruous, but we are to recollect that Mr. Newton was serving his noviciate for his saintship; and that he had already mastered the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism *with the proofs*.'

At this period, when Mr. Newton had 'begun to pray, to read the scriptures,' 'to curse and to blaspheme,' we are

told that he was nigh breaking his neck by a fall from his horse, 'near a dangerous hedge-row, newly cut.'—Upon this 'his conscience suggested to him the dreadful consequences of appearing in such a state before God.' Other occurrences, equally fortuitous, concurred to produce similar impressions; but we are told that he still 'kept sinking in greater depths of wickedness.' Can we wonder at this from his intimate acquaintance with the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism with the proofs?'

Mr. Newton tells us that he 'often saw the necessity of religion as a means of escaping hell;' but that '*he loved sin*, and was unwilling to forsake it.' 'I did,' says he, 'every thing that might be expected from a person entirely ignorant of God's righteousness, and desirous to establish his own.' In this passage we have a specimen of the *evangelical slang*, in which righteousness, or the habit of doing right, instead of being a personal acquisition is supposed to be a miraculous communication. But we will ask the *evangelical* Mr. Cecil whether a man ought, or ought not, to endeavour to do right? Whether he ought or ought not to labour to attain the habit of well doing? Mr. Cecil will hardly answer these questions in the negative. How then will he be able to affirm that righteousness is not a personal quality, acquired by individual exertion, but the infusion of a superior power, depending neither on conditions nor exertions? If such a doctrine be sincerely embraced, what must be the practical result?

At a petty shop at Middleburgh in Holland, Mr. Cecil tells us that his hero met with a volume of Shaftesbury's Characteristics, which 'operated like a slow poison' on his mind, 'and prepared the way for all that followed.' Instead of ascribing any *immoral* influence to the perusal of the writings of Shaftesbury, we should rather impute it to the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism with the proofs,' in which Mr. Newton was such an early proficient. Besides, with what appearance of truth can Mr. Cecil assert that the writings of Shaftesbury operated like poison on the mind and heart of Mr. Newton, when Mr. Newton himself tells us that, *previous* to his reading Shaftesbury or any other writer on morals, his '*sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit*? The truth appears to have been that the Calvinism, which he had imbibed from his mother, and which had been rendered more deleterious by the '*Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs*,' had vitiated his moral principles, and prepared the way for the career of profligacy which he afterwards ran. But, in this career, Mr. N. once received '*a remarkable check by a dream*;' and Mr. Cecil mentions many other

fortuitous occurrences, which he seems to interpret into supernatural admonitions.

Mr. N.'s life was certainly checquered with considerable vicissitudes, but these were principally owing to his restless and enterprizing disposition. His father had procured him an appointment in the West Indies, but the future *saint*, having previously made a journey into Kent, discovered a young lady with whom he fell 'almost in love at first sight,' and with her he remained till the ship in which he was to have taken his departure had sailed. This act of disobedience greatly offended his father; and the repetition of it, on a similar occasion, rendered him almost inexorable. He was afterwards seized by a press-gang and carried on board a tender; but his father had interest to get him made a midshipman on board the Harwich man of war. In this situation Mr. C. tells us that his companions 'completed the ruin of his principles;' though, according to his own confession, this had been already done to their hands. While the Harwich lay in the Downs in 1744, Mr. N. having obtained leave to go on shore, made use of the opportunity to pay a visit to his mistress, who lived in Kent; but he remained beyond his time, and lost the favour of the captain. At Plymouth our saint deserted from his ship; but in two days after he was apprehended, brought back, publicly whipt, and degraded from his rank. He sailed in the Harwich as far as Madeira, when by the intercession of some of the officers, he was discharged, and placed on board a Guinea ship. This ship was bound to Sierra Leone and the adjacent parts; the captain, who knew his father, received him kindly, but he soon forfeited all claim to this kindness by his conduct. According to his own language, he 'not only sinned with a high hand himself, but made it his study to tempt and seduce others upon every occasion.' While on the coast the captain of the ship died, and Mr. N. being on bad terms with the mate, who succeeded him, instead of sailing with the ship, resolved to remain in Africa. Mr. N. accordingly entered into the service of a slave-trader on the coast. Mr. N. says, that he might have lived tolerably well with his master if he 'had not been much under the influence of a black woman,' who lived with him as his wife, and who had from some unknown cause, conceived a considerable antipathy against the future *saint*. His situation therefore was rendered sufficiently miserable; he was at times famished with hunger, and he tells us that his misery excited the compassion even of 'the slaves in the chain, who secretly brought him victuals, for they durst not be seen to do it, from their own slender pittance.' But notwithstanding

ing his superfluity of mental and corporeal suffering, Mr. Cecil seems to think that his heart, not yet softened by any instillation of *saving grace*, remained desperately hard ; and he says that ‘ he was no further changed than a tiger wasted by hunger.’

There is something pleasing in the following account ; and the circumstance, which it mentions, interested us more in the fate of Mr. N. than if we had seen him reading the ‘ Assembly’s Catechism,’ in the dreary waste.

‘ Having bought Barrow’s Euclid at Plymouth, and it being the only volume he brought on shore, he used to take it to remote corners of the island, and draw his diagrams with a long stick upon the sand. “ Thus,” says he, “ I often beguiled my sorrows, and almost forgot my feelings ; and thus, without any other assistance, I made myself in a good measure master of the first six books of Euclid.”

Mr. N. remained in this situation nearly twelve months, when he wrote to his father to solicit his assistance ; but before any answer arrived, our hero exchanged his service, and took up his residence with another master, from whom he experienced kinder usage. He ‘ was treated as a companion and trusted with his effects to the amount of some thousand pounds.’ Here, says Mr. N. in the true cant of Calvinism, ‘ I began to be *wretch enough* to think myself *happy*.’ When he compared his present situation with that which he had recently left, his present plenty with his former want, his present pleasures with his former pains, would he not have been an ingrate if had thought otherwise ? But gratitude, arising from a consciousness of present benefits, is not one of those sensations which is cherished in the bosom of a methodist.

Mr. N. had been but a few months in his new situation before a ship arrived on the coast, the captain of which was commissioned to convey him to England. While he was on his way home, he tells us that his ‘ whole life, when awake, was a course of most horrid impiety and profaneness.’

‘ Not content,’ says he, ‘ with common oaths and imprecations, I daily invented new ones ; so that I was often seriously reproved by the captain, who was himself a very passionate man, and not at all circumspect in his expressions.’

On his way home Mr. N. narrowly escaped shipwreck. The violence of the storm, and the proximity of the danger, made him indulge in many devout thoughts and much religious speculation. ‘ The great question,’ says he, ‘ was how to obtain *faith* ? by which he tells us that he does not

mean 'an appropriating faith, of which he then knew neither the nature nor necessity.' Did he ever know it?

'I had no idea,' says Mr. N. 'of those systems which allow the Saviour no higher honour than that of an *upper servant*, or at the most a demi-god. I stood in need of an Almighty Saviour, and such a one I found described in the New Testament. Thus far the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing. I was no longer an infidel.'

But though '*the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing*' in thus removing the infidelity of Mr. N. he tells us in the next page but one that he cannot consider himself to have been 'a believer till a considerable time afterwards.' If the cessation of Mr. N.'s infidelity was, as he represents it, a miraculous work, and yet, if when infidelity ceased, belief did not ensue, to what purpose was the miracle wrought?

'I had no apprehension,' says the *saint*, 'of the spirituality and extent of the law of God, "*the hidden life of a christian, as it consists in communion with God by Jesus Christ.*" The meaning of this may be very clear to Mr. Cecil, but it is very obscure to us. It is only a jargon of words without any definite signification. Words, without meaning, constitute the basis of methodism.

Mr. N. arrived at Liverpool in May 1748, where he was very kindly received by the friend whose ship had brought him home.

'But,' says Mr. N. 'it would not have been in the power even of this friend, to have served me effectually, *if the Lord had not met me on my way home.* Till then I was like the man possessed with the legion.'

But though a miraculous interposition had been vouchsafed for the conversion of Mr. N. and though '*the Lord had met him on his way home,*' yet he informs us, in his next voyage, in which he went as mate on board a slave-ship, that '*his soul still cleaved to the dust.*' We do not think that the *moral sense* of our hero was much purified by the '*Lord having met him on his way home,*' on a former voyage; or we cannot believe that he would so soon after have engaged with so little compunction in the traffic of human flesh. On this voyage Mr. C. tells us,

'It does not appear that any thing new was presented to his mind, but that in general he was enabled to hope and believe in a *crucified Saviour.*'

The reader will not fail to observe that while Mr. Newton

was thus *enabled* (by miraculous interposition ?) to hope and believe in a crucified Saviour, he was actually engaged in a trade founded on the most atrocious cruelty and injustice ; and connected with the most heart-rending scenes of pillage and murder. Yet Mr. Cecil goes on to say, that 'after this,' meaning the infusion of saving grace recited above, '*the burden was removed from his conscience,*' that '*his peace was restored,*' and that '*though subject to the effects and conflicts of sin dwelling in him, he was ever after delivered from the power and dominion of it.*' This is a notable specimen of the indefinite jargon and illogical statements of the evangelical school. We are first told that the conscience of Mr. Cecil's hero was purified, (N. B. While he was engaged in kidnapping his fellow creatures on the coast of Africa) that '*his peace was restored,*' that the serenity of virtue was produced, and yet that he was '*subject to the effects of sin dwelling in him ;*' that is, that he was guilty of *habitual transgression* ; for sin cannot otherwise be said to dwell in, and exercise its pernicious effects on the individual ; but that nevertheless '*he was ever after delivered from the power and dominion of it.*' Thus Mr. Cecil has in effect told us that, though Mr. Newton was '*enabled to believe in a crucified Saviour,*' and though '*the burden of sin was removed from his conscience,*' he was yet subject to the *effects of sin*, that sin '*was actually personified in his conduct,*' and yet that he was '*liberated from the power and dominion of sin.*' After this precious farrago of contradictions and nonsense, our indignation was so much excited against this Life of the Rev. John Newton, that we were tempted to throw the book into the fire ; and fear that we should certainly have been guilty of great indecorum by making it fly at Mr. Cecil's whitened pericranium if he had been in the room. But luckily this was not the case ; we laid the book aside till we ceased to be angry ; and then resolved to see how the Rev. John Newton would terminate his career.

On opening page 93, we found him learning Horace by help of an old English translation, and acquiring '*a spice of classical enthusiasm.*' This put us into good humour again, and we felt disposed to believe that the Rev. John Newton was not quite so destitute of good sense as we had supposed.

On the 1st of February, 1750, we behold Mr. N. united in the conjugal tie with the lady in Kent, for whom he had conceived so early an attachment, the constancy of which constitutes one of the most amiable traits in his character. But we soon find the husband degenerating into the *saint* ; and Mr. N. assuming the affected cant of the evangelical school, says of himself :

'My poor narrow heart was satisfied. A cold and careless frame, as to *spiritual things*, took place and gained ground daily.'

But Mr. N. was soon called from his mixed state of conjugal bliss and spiritual regret to the command of a slave-ship, which sailed from Liverpool in August, 1750. In this voyage he not only performed the duties of captain but officiated as priest. Besides this he tells us that he prosecuted his Latin studies 'with good success.' He 'added Juvenal to Horace.' 'He read Terence, Virgil, several pieces of Cicero, and the modern classics: Buchanan, Erasmus, and Casimir, and made some essay towards writing elegant Latin.' But Mr. N.'s classical ardour soon yielded to his *evangelical*. 'Neither poet nor historian,' says he, 'could tell me a *word of Jesus*, and I therefore applied myself to those who could.' He had before asserted that 'the Lord was pleased to draw him nearer to himself.'

Mr. N. returned from his first voyage after his marriage in November, 1751, and he sailed again from Liverpool in a new ship in July 1752. In this and his former voyage he tells us that he 'never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion.' While Mr. N. was enjoying some of these *sweet hours*, some hundreds of slaves on board his ship were enduring the horrors of the middle passage! There may seem a little incongruity in the association; but the *saints* have unparalleled skill in reconciling contradictions. In 1753, Mr. N. made a third voyage to Guinea. Even in this voyage, after all the spiritual infusions and marvellous interpositions which Mr. Cecil's hero had experienced, he still tells us that he had only 'a general view of Gospel truth,' and that 'his conceptions still remained confused!' But at St. Christopher's Mr. N. meets a 'captain of a ship from London,' who is called a man of experience in the things of God. Mr. Cecil tells us that this person's discourse 'not only informed his understanding, but inflamed his heart;' that 'his conceptions became more clear and evangelical;' and that 'he was delivered from a fear which had long troubled him, of relapsing into his former apostacy, and taught to expect preservation *not from his own power and holiness*, but from the power and promise of God.' Mr. Cecil had told us above that the '*Lord had met Mr. Newton on his way home*;' but yet no such effect is reported to have resulted from this interview as from his conversations with this 'captain of a ship from London.' After the first Mr. N. still had 'only a general and confused view of gospel truth;' but after the second '*his conceptions became more clear and evangelical*;' and '*he was delivered*

from the fear of a relapse.' Thus Mr. Cecil eventually ascribes more efficacy of persuasion to this 'captain of a ship from London,' than to 'the Lord who met' Mr. Newton 'by the way.' The truth appears to have been that Mr. Newton, who, if it had not been for the officious interference of the captain above mentioned might have halted between reason and fanaticism, became infected by the superstition of his guide, till the rational religionist was totally lost in the bewildered visionary.

In 1754 Mr. N. abandoned his maritime employment, and ceased to be conversant with the application of 'chains, bolts and shackles' to the limbs of his fellow-creatures. In 1755 he settled at Liverpool, where Mr. Cecil says that 'he determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.' The theological captain whom Mr. N. had seen at St. Christopher's, and by whose godly discourse he had profited so much, had exhorted him to '*speak a word for God.*' Mr. N. accordingly thinking it better to '*speak a word for God*' in the established church rather than among the dissenters, 'solicited ordination from the Archbishop of York;' but he experienced a refusal. He afterwards renewed his application but met with no better success. The archbishop was 'inflexible in supporting the rules and canons of the church &c. ;' but in 1761 he experienced more pliancy on the part of the bishop of Lincoln, by whom he was ordained deacon at Buckden in 1764. Mr. N. made his first attempt to '*speak a word for God*' as curate of Olney, where he retailed his evangelical prescriptions during a period of sixteen years; at the expiration of which he was presented to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth by the late John Thornton, Esq. whose diffusive benevolence Mr. Cecil celebrates in terms of merited commendation. But we could have wished that Mr. Cecil had not polluted his eulogy of this gentleman by those cant-phrases, which are always in the mouths of the *saints*, but which excite the contempt of men of more sober understandings. Thus Mr. Cecil, not content with telling us that 'Mr. Thornton was a Christian indeed,' must add this evangelical periphrasis, that '*he was alive to God by a spiritual regeneration.*' When Mr. Cecil tells us that Mr. Thornton was a philanthropist on the largest scale; 'that he was the friend of man under all his wants, was temperate in all things though mean in nothing,' and that 'he seemed to be most in his element when appropriating a considerable part of his large income to the necessities of others;' we can understand what he means; but when he says that Mr. Thornton or any other man '*was alive to God by a*

spiritual regeneration ; he uses words to which no definite ideas can be affixed ; and to use words which have no definite ideas, can answer no other purpose than to bewilder the understanding. This indeed, if not the principal, seems the *general effect* of what is in these days called *evangelical preaching* ; by which reason is outraged and morality degraded.

While at Olney, Mr. Newton partook largely of the bounty of Mr. Thornton. Mr. Thornton made him an annual allowance of 200l. per. annum, and told him to apply without hesitation for what he wanted more. This was an instance of munificent generosity ; and deserves, among other examples of Mr. Thornton's largeness of heart, to be recorded in letters of gold.

We cannot subscribe to the supposition of Mr. Cecil, that Mr. Newton's residence at Olney was appointed by Providence ' among other reasons for the relief of the depressed mind of the poet COWPER.' Though it be not true that the *evangelical preaching* of Mr. Newton, was the original cause of the mental dejection of Cowper ; yet it cannot be doubted but that his natural melancholy was rendered more dark by the calvinistic gloom which the theological oratory of Mr. Newton, threw over his mental sight.

In 1779 Mr. Newton was presented by his kind-hearted patron, Mr. Thornton, to the rectory of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch-Haw, Lombard-street. Here he continued to preach, *what he thought* the gospel, with his usual zeal. He died on the 21st of December 1807 at the advanced age of 82 years. Mr. Cecil evidently designed this work not more as a life of Mr. Newton than as a history of what he calls '*vital and experimental religion*.' On a careful perusal we cannot say that it is very likely either to instruct or to amuse. The narrative of Mr. Cecil, which is copiously seasoned with the phraseology of methodism, may indeed gratify some of the rigid and saturnine devotees of St. John's chapel ; but there is hardly a single sentence in the whole work, which indicates depth of reflection or charms by beauty of style.

ART. IV.—*Riddellian System ; or, New Medical Improvements ; containing a concise Account of the Advantages to be expected therefrom. With some illustrative Examples. By Colonel Riddell. 8vo. Ridgway. 1808.*

THE Riddellian System ! The world has been much annoyed by systems of medicine ; and they have followed each other

so fast that we are scarcely masters of one before we are obliged to unlearn it, and to apply ourselves to another. The ancients had their sects of medicine, as well as of philosophy and religion; they had their methodists and pneumatists; their empirics and their dogmatists. Chemists and Galenists have divided the earlier schools of modern times. Afterwards we had systems of Stahl and Sylvius; of Boerhaave, Hoffman, and Cullen; Brunonians, and Darwinians, have made much noise in these latter days; at a distance from home, and among young students we believe their theories still are the subjects of some idle contentions; nor are they quite forgotten in the land which gave birth to their authors. The system of Darwin was so very hard to understand that except in names it made few proselytes. Of Brunonians there has indeed been a plentiful crop. And we understand that there is even now in the metropolis *one* physician who calls himself a Brunonian; and who does not feel the ridicule of pluming himself upon a tenacity to jargon, utterly forgotten or despised by all the rest of the world.

By a *system* of medicine, invented by an army colonel, we were indeed appalled, and trembled for the fame of the sages of the divine art. But on reading for a page or two we recovered from our panic. If the gallant colonel is not invested with the highest honours and the regular insignia of the profession, he has at least paid it the compliment to *aspire* after them. The Earl of Leven (a very competent judge we dare say, of medical practice) was so struck with the wonderful success of this military *Æsculapius*, that he applied to some of the Scotch colleges in his behalf for a diploma. How perverse it is in these learned bodies to refuse so slight a favour even to his majesty's commissioner at the general assembly!

We must observe that the colonel has been guilty of a misnomer in talking about *his system*. By a system we understand a set of principles by which to connect events, and from thence to deduce proper rules for conduct. But the colonel simply announces himself, as the inventor of a new antimonial preparation, which possesses certain wonderful powers so as to exceed in virtue all others known. From whence he learnt his chemistry, we are not informed; but we suspect that every apothecary's apprentice has a great deal more. His principles, or his *system*, if it must be so called, are taken from Dr. James's Treatises on his fever powder, who seems to be the colonel's oracle. The account of his medicine we will give in his own words.

It is from the management, combinations and totally new use

of antimony, sometimes counteracting its effects, and sometimes forcing it into particular action, that I have derived that system which will appear to the reader to have been so singularly fortunate, and which I call the art of *medicine simplified*; which, the more it shall be tried and experienced, will, I am confident, be found more and more satisfactory.'

This is cunning enough. The panacea is to be *managed, combined, counteracted, and forced into particular action*. In a word, the martial doctor is to superintend its operation. But let him proceed.

'Antimony thus combined and administered, though possessing power equal to any effect to be expected from medicine, is nevertheless so mild, that it may be given to infants a day old, and to pregnant women with the utmost safety, and often with the happiest effects: its action is absolutely determined by the contents of the stomach and bowels; and if nothing should be found there injurious to health, and offensive to the ease and comfort of life, it will pass off without any kind of trouble or inconvenience. Its powers in correcting and removing vitiated bile, may safely be called wonderful; and during its operation, the patient is strengthened and animated in a way that has never yet failed to excite great astonishment. This is a fair and, I believe, an unexaggerated statement of the advantage offered by this system of medicine; and which I can promise, on the honour of a gentleman, will not be disappointed.'

The honour of a gentleman has nothing to do with points which are to be determined by the judgment; and it is far from delicate to appeal to it in a case where the appellant hopes to derive much private emolument. That Col. Riddell makes use of a good antimonial purge, we will not dispute; that he is the inventor of any, we must beg to doubt, though it be asserted *on the honour of a gentleman*; because we find no evidence of his possessing an atom of chemical skill. We are willing to believe too, that by the use of this antimonial purge great benefit may have been conferred in some fevers; suspecting at the same time that from its indiscriminate application by an unskilful hand it may often have produced equal mischief; but we are not disposed to allow that this antimonial purge has any specific effect, or any superiority over those in common use: we cannot allow this, we say, on the *ipse dixit*, of so ignorant a man as colonel Riddell; and when we see such assertions as that by the use of this preparation (always *as managed by himself*, be it remarked) 'he can subdue any fever known in the country in a few hours,' and that it effectually cures and era-

dicates every kind of fever in a very short time, that it would put an end to the devastation of the yellow fever; though the colonel were commander in chief of his majesty's forces, we should not hesitate to pronounce such assertions to be the offspring either of folly or of fraud.

If any thing can heighten the ridicule of these swaggering pretensions it is the absolute nullity of the proof. The colonel has seen some children recover from scarlet fever, in ten days; a man who had been given up in a putrid fever, get well, in spite of the doctor's prognostic; and so forth. A month's real practice would supply twenty better tales than any we meet with here. The colonel's cures too are attested by the Earl of Leven, and by the worshipful G. Crawys, Mayor of Tiverton; and he produces the letters of his patients, some very mawkish, and others very foolish. The colonel too attended Sir Francis Burdett, whose limbs were weak after a fit of the gout, and then my Lady Burdett, became his patient, who had been ill of we know not what; and then too my Lady Bute, (sister to Lady Burdett,) discharged her doctors, and the colonel spent three weeks at Luton in her service. 'The benefits her ladyship received from my system, and administration of medicines,' he says, 'in this time, I have no doubt that she will long live to acknowledge.' We understand that in this point at least the colonel reckons without his host. The marchioness was so perverse as to fancy he did her much mischief, sent him packing, (perhaps, however, with a civil face and a handsome fee,) recalled her old doctors, and is now contented with the best advice the country can afford.

It is a good rule to make the best of our situation, and if possible to extract good out of evil. As we therefore can gain neither sense nor information from Colonel Riddell and his system, we have been willing to search for a little amusement; and having found some are desirous to impart it to our readers. The following letters are written with so much sprightliness and *naivete*, that we cannot but be pleased with their author, and hope that he has continued satisfied with his purgations. We suspect these letters were never meant for the public eye; if so, their good-humoured writer must not blame us, but his communicative doctor.

'Cheltenham, April 18, 1806.

'DEAR SIR,

'I am much indebted to you for your kind attention, and a second dose of your admirable medicine. I shall not fail to follow all your directions *à la lettre*, and doubt not, but I shall have reason to rejoice in the implicit confidence I repose in

the medical knowledge you have so generously and politely exerted for my relief. I also feel this change of weather, but certainly not so much as usual, which I only impute to the benefit I have already received from your medicine, in removing a part of the bilious load that has so long tormented and oppressed me.—As you take such benevolent care of others, I hope you are not neglectful of yourself, lest the cold you mention should occasion a return of your habitual disorder. With great esteem I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

Cheltenham, April 19th, 1806

MY DEAR COLONEL,

'You have heard of *Hermippus Redivivus*. I am not *Hermippus*, but I am *Redivivus*, through your benevolence and skill. Things go on *à la merveille*. I have eaten like a porter, slept for two hours since like a dormouse, and am now all alive and merry. When I hear you talk of the potency of your medicine, I shall raise my voice and say *probatum est*.—Prometheus, we are told, made a man by infusing the ethereal spirit into his clay; and you with your powder may be said to relume the light of life, and make it burn with new vigour and brightness, when dying in its socket, or shorn by disease of all its cheering beams. I long for to-morrow, that I may learn the effects of your panacea on my admirable friend Mrs. Hannah More.* The restoration of her health would be a public benefit.—To-morrow night, you may perhaps judge it expedient to send me a third dose of your incomparable medicine; yet in one respect it is ill adapted to these times, as it would tempt many a man to eat himself out of house and home.

I am, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DEAR COLONEL,

Cheltenham, April, 21st, 1806.

'Notwithstanding the internal symptoms I mentioned to you yesterday morning, and my finishing the pot of electuary at bed-time, it did not operate till seven o'clock this morning, and then though comfortably, only once, and not violently. But as your excellent medicine has now made its way good, I trust and believe that its operation will not rest here. I have had a night of most delightful and refreshing sleep, and feel well and cheerful. As I did not stir out of the house either yesterday or Saturday, I much wish, with your approbation, to take an airing in my carriage this morning, though probably you may wish me to take another pot of your electuary after dinner, which I think will thoroughly clear me out, and set me firm on my legs.'

I am, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

* This lady wrote me a letter of acknowledgment for the benefit she received from the medicines given to her.

Cheltenham, April 22nd, 1806.

' MY DEAR SIR,

' All obstruction having been removed from the upper and lower passages by the first pot of your electuary, the doses which I took last evening, and at bed-time, were so active that they threatened to disturb me between four and five this morning; however, I fell asleep again, and the operation did not take place till seven, which has been copious but salutary, as I now find myself in every respect relieved by it. The burning heat and internal agitation which I felt during four hours, on Saturday night, was the great crisis, and from *that time* my health, (I mean after the subsequent evacuation of some black bile on Saturday morning) has sensibly improved, and I am become a fitter patient for the cook than the physician.

' I am, my dear colonel, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

' MY DEAR COLONEL,

Cheltenham, April 23rd, 1806.

' As I have been a sluggard this morning, my daily *bulletin* is later than usual. I took a good dose of your electuary on going to bed at eleven, and slept without interruption from that hour till five this morning, when a certain motion in my bowels made it necessary for me to rise hastily. After a copious evacuation I went to bed again, and slept sweetly till eight. Since I rose, the medicine has operated moderately again and I feel myself much relieved. Indeed my spirits are now quite light, and my nerves steady.

' I am, dear colonel, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

Cheltenham, April 24th, 1806.

' DEAR COLONEL,

' My sleep last night has been very refreshing, and I am quite alive this morning. The electuary has had very little effect; which proves, I think, united with my feelings, that the bad bile is conquered; and nothing surprises me so much respecting your medicines, as their leaving the nerves so tranquil after such profuse evacuations. It was what never happened to me before, as my *extremely* delicate and *irritable* nervous system, is usually shaken in pieces by purgatives, and does not easily or soon recover their debilitating effects. Long may you live happy in yourself and family, and a blessing to others.

' I am, dear Sir, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

Malvern Wells, May 9th, 1806.

' MY DEAR COLONEL,

' I had no occasion to take any of the electuary with which you so kindly supplied me. Indeed I shall not

think of applying to it on trifling occasions, as I keep it for my *sheet anchor*, in time of great need. The elastic air and pure water of this delightful hill are very favourable to my digestion and nerves. I climb about like a goat, to explore the variety of fine landscapes that break upon the eye on every side, and am astonished at my own vigour and agility. We leave Malvern on Monday, and intend travelling by easy stages northward as far as York, going and returning by different routes, to increase our amusements by varying the objects. I hope all your patients do justice to your generous attention, by conforming strictly to your prescriptions and advice. It would give me great satisfaction to hear that government had been influenced to accept the proposals offered by you for the *relief* of your country in *general*, and more especially the army and navy, from those dreadful pestilential fevers which have proved so destructive of the human race. A sovereign remedy for this fatal and increasing distemper has long been a desideratum, and would be an inestimable blessing to the British empire. About the middle of July we intend returning to our domestic comforts at Mendip Lodge, where it would give Mrs. Whalley and myself great pleasure, whenever you can spare time from your benevolent exertions if you will favour us with a visit.

‘I am, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged, faithful,

and most obedient Servant,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.’

We much doubt whether the colonel's correspondent is not a little given to *hoaxing*. But whether he be in jest or in earnest the colonel would have done much better to have kept a volume of such testimonies in his drawers, or produced them only for the gratification of Mrs. Riddell and his own fire side.

Our inclination has been to believe Col. Riddell a mistaken and well meaning enthusiast. And even now as we are sensible that nothing is more common than for men to deceive themselves with regard to the motives of their own actions, we are unwilling wholly to renounce this idea. If a man has made a real discovery which may be serviceable to society, he cannot conceal from himself the degree of honour and emolument which he expects to flow from it; and we must expect that these flattering prospects will stimulate his zeal and activity. We will not therefore make it an object of reproach that the colonel is looking forward to public remuneration for revealing the secret of his nostrum; or to the sweets of sharing with the regulars the honours and the profits of medical practice. Poor man! let him build his castles in the air: these can hurt nobody but himself. But when we find that this military officer has more nostrums

than one: that he has a *Country Cottage Spa*, of admirable virtues, that he has a miraculous lotion; when we hear him saying 'we have since discovered medicines, which by the new system of administering them, are more extensively useful, *more certain in their effects*, mild and safer in their operation: and I have abundant authority to say that by *this system life may, in most cases, be protracted considerably beyond the period at which it would end, if left to the operation of disease under the present practice*; we must confess that our charity begins to desert us, and we cannot help exclaiming, surely this is rank quackery and downright imposture! It is not worth our while, however, to attempt to develop the motives which influence such a man as the writer of the Riddellian System. If it be fraud, it is so clumsy that it must defeat itself: if it be folly, we seriously advise him not to carry it so far as to oblige his friends to find him a retreat within the walls of St. Luke's hospital.

ART. V.—*Disquisitions on Population; in which the Principles of the Essay on Population, by the Rev. T.R. Malthus are examined and refuted. By Robert Acklom Ingram, B.D. Rector of Segrave in Leicestershire. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Hatchard. 1808.*

MR. Ingram commences his work with some very sensible observations on the general tendency of Mr. Malthus's Essay on the Principle of Population.

The great object of Mr. Malthus seems to be to prove that it is the duty and the interest of states to restrain the progress of population, and to make matrimony an object of political discouragement. The popularity which the work of Mr. Malthus obtained on its first appearance, was not more owing to the glitter of paradox, which always attracts fugitive admiration, than to the refutation which it seemed to furnish of the system of Mr. Godwin, which was then an object of general reprobation and dislike. The system, therefore, which is defended by Mr. Malthus, owed the favourable reception which it at first experienced, rather to the detestation of the works which it opposed, than to its own inherent excellence and truth. It was thought a powerful antidote to doctrines which were esteemed highly deleterious; and while the poison of the supposed evil was regarded with dread, the efficacy of the equally imaginary remedy was immoderately extolled. It was cherished

by the rich because it seemed to sanction their selfishness, or at least to release them from the obligations of beneficence; and those, who shrunk with dismay from the universal philanthropy which was preached by Mr. Godwin, eagerly took refuge in the hard-heartedness which was encouraged by the system of Mr. Malthus. Those who dreaded any improvement or innovation in the forms of political society, which would have increased the general good while it diminished the gratifications and emoluments of particular individuals, were happy in acquiring such powerful supplies of argument as the Essay of Mr. Malthus seemed to furnish, to prove that no amelioration could take place in the condition of man; that the happiness of the whole was hardly susceptible of augmentation; that misery and want were wise and necessary expedients to prevent an overflowing population; and that the benevolence of individuals tended only to increase the wretchedness of society. Mr. Malthus came forward to batter down the speculations of Rousseau, of Condorcet, and of Godwin, clad in the panoply of arithmetic! His shield was composed of the multiplication table, thickened in innumerable folds; which seemed impervious to every dart. Towering in his strength, he bade defiance to every assailant; elated with the idea of invincible prowess, he rose paramount to the laws of God, and the passions of man. He threatened to impose the chains of his theory on the most imperious desire; and both sexes were required, at his beck, to extirpate, to suspend, or to forego their mutual regard; and to arrest or to decline the work of generation. The friends of man and the lovers of women stood aghast at the potent voice of this declaimer against connubial rites. They began to look on matrimony as the origin of all human woe; and to consider celibacy as a law, whose ordinances were not to be broken without accumulated punishment.

Many who startled with horror at the conclusions of Mr. Malthus, were yet confounded into conviction by his figures. They could not suspect that any fallacy lurked behind the plain position that two and two make four; or that numbers increasing as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, would not soon be outstripped by a series augmenting as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16. Mr. Malthus, therefore, for a time seemed to be left without an opponent in the field. Even Mr. Godwin appeared to succumb under the weight of his arithmetic, and rather to endeavour to elude the pressure of conviction by illusory expedients than manfully to stand up against his adversary, and break the force, or shew the futility, of his arguments. In

our review of Mr. Jarrold's Dissertations, Jan. 1807. we expatiated at some length on the system of Mr. Malthus and endeavoured to expose its weakness and absurdity. We were happy to find a writer possessing so much strength of reason and solidity of judgment as Mr. Ingram, devoting his talents to the refutation of so pernicious a theory as that of Mr. Malthus.

‘Upon the first perusal of the sentiments of Mr. Malthus,’ says his able opponent, ‘the religious mind revolts at the apparent want of intelligence, and contrivance, in the Author of the creation, in infusing a principle into the nature of man, which it required the utmost exertion of human prudence and ingenuity to counteract. I shall not, however, enlarge upon this topic; as it is not always in the power of human intellect to fathom the counsels of Divine Wisdom. But the virtuous heart recoils still more forcibly at what is an obvious inference from Mr. M.’s theory; that vice is a necessary evil to correct the imperfections that exist in the works of Providence. According to Mr. M., moral restraint, vice, and misery, are the only checks, or preventives of that rapid increase of population, beyond the limits of subsistence, which would otherwise result from the constitution of human nature. “Moral restraint (Mr. M. maintains), has in past ages operated with very inconsiderable force, whatever hopes we may entertain of its prevalence in future;” i. e., when the principles of his work shall be generally received: though indeed, as he assures us, he believes, “that few of his readers can be less sanguine in their expectations of any great change in the general conduct of men on this subject, than he is.” Virtue, I am persuaded, is conducive to an increase of population. It is not to be expected, that the mass of mankind should be philosophers enough to adopt the principles of Mr. M. from mature deliberation. The desire of the connubial union is strongest in virtuous minds, who are the most anxious to share with a beloved family the profits of their industry and frugality. So that vice, which is itself a fertile source of calamities, remains, as in reality, the only effectual preventive of that excess of misery, which would otherwise be produced by the natural progress of population. Preventives also, and impediments to early marriages, such as Mr. M. appears to recommend, however they might operate as moral restraints at first, would hardly fail to produce more or less vice, even in the most virtuous communities. Thus misery originates from every source; and one species of calamity is the only corrective of another. Surely then, the condition of human existence is truly wretched; and if such sentiments are admitted, we must cease to regard benevolence as the predominant feature of the Almighty mind. However, for our consolation, I trust, I shall make the very reverse of these statements appear to be the truth; viz. that we have no occasion for “every possible help, that we can get, to counteract the tendency to early marriages;”—that the prevailing opinions, or principles of action, in lieu of encouraging marriage too much, have a very contrary effect; and that this

country, so far from being overpeopled, might support a much more considerable population with more real comfort and enjoyment, than is, at present, generally experienced. I shall farther endeavour to shew, that, if vice is calculated to overwhelm even a thinly inhabited community with a large portion of misery; virtue on the other hand, might enable the same territory to maintain an abundant population with ease and happiness. This then, is a principal fallacy in Mr. M.'s argumentation. His category is incomplete. Moral restraint, vice, and misery, are not the only efficient causes in adjusting population, and the means of subsistence. Virtue and intelligence have a very powerful influence in preventing, or alleviating, the misery, which originates in vice, or any causes connected with population, by other means, than, simply, as a restraint on the powers of generation. So that, in proportion as any community is rendered more virtuous and enlightened, there may be a smaller share of actual restraint on the principle of population, or the propensity to contract early marriages, and, at the same time, a diminution of human misery.'

The fundamental principle of Mr. Malthus's theory is that there is a constant tendency in the human race, to multiply beyond the means of subsistence which any exertion can procure; and that all the great impediments to an increase of happiness and to an amelioration of the social condition of mankind, have been in past ages and are in the present owing to a surplus of population. Mr. M. also says that all the counteractions of the predominating principle of population, are resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery. But, as Mr. Ingram has well remarked, virtue or the moral principle, affords the strongest encouragement to marriage: and therefore vice will at last be found the only barrier which can be devised against this supposed overpowering principle of population. But can we think of God as the maker of the world and the moral governor of the universe, who has infused a principle into human nature, the operation of which is so mischievous that it cannot be counteracted without the aid of that vice which he condemns?

'But I shall endeavour to prove,' says Mr. Ingram, 'that the wise and benevolent Author of the universe has so adjusted the principle of population, i.e. the sexual appetite, and the desire of marriage, to the general condition of human life, and the varying circumstances of each community, that the population has been, for the most part, reduced to the standard of subsistence, without that excessive degree of wretchedness and woe, which accords with Mr. M.'s view of the subject: that it has not continually pressed with the violence, which he supposes, on the limits of subsistence; and that a large portion of the misery, which has actually occurred, is more properly to be attributed to a defect of virtue or intelligence,

or other human imperfections, then to a superabundance of population. Some degree of suffering must ever be expected from the fluctuations of food and population. Various, indeed, are the sources of human misery, of which this, no doubt, is one. But, that many individuals in every age have suffered from a deficiency of sustenance, is not, altogether, to be attributed to the want of food, or of the means of procuring it, in each community, but much more generally, to the unequal distribution, and wasteful consumption of it. These evils are never likely to be effectually obviated, but might be considerably alleviated by the increasing influence of religion, and the diffusion of liberal knowledge. The means proposed by Mr. M. would only aggravate the calamity.'

Neither history nor experience warrant the supposition that population has a tendency to increase with that accelerated velocity which Mr. Malthus seems so much to dread.

'It has been ably contested,' says Mr. Ingram, 'and is still a matter of some uncertainty, whether the world, before the coming of our blessed Saviour, was as populous, as it is at present. There can, however, be little doubt, that several nations were much more populous formerly, than they are now; such as Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Syria, Persia, Barbary, and Spain. India and China, were, probably, as populous as at present, as also Italy, during the most vigorous periods of the Roman Empire. These several countries are capable of feeding as many inhabitants as heretofore, and more so by the aid of modern improvements in agriculture. Why then are they not equally populous, if population has a constant tendency to increase with the rapidity assigned to it? And did the population continually press with violence on the limits of subsistence, it must have excited mankind, at least in the more enlightened and enterprising communities, to greater exertions of skill and industry: so that there would now have been hardly visible any uncultivated wastes upon the surface of the earth.'

Mr. Ingram very sagaciously remarks that the utmost extremity of human misery instead of being found where there is the greatest redundancy, has been discovered where there is the most scanty supply, of population.

'I would ask the readers of Mr. Malthus from his own statements, which may be admitted as sufficiently correct for the present purpose;—which are the countries, where the wretchedness and sufferings of the miserable inhabitants are most deplorable? Must we not be immediately compelled to answer;—In those unhappy climes, where the density of population bears the largest proportion to the fertility of the soil? For the most part, the fact is the very reverse. It is in such desolate regions, as Terra del Fuego, Van Diemen's Land, the Andaman Islands, and New Holland, that a few half-starved wretches, covered with filth and vermin, emerging from their thinly

scattered hovels, the stench of which alone is productive of the most loathsome disorders; are contending with each other for a little stinking fish; are climbing trees 80 feet high, with incredible labour, to collect small quantities of honey, that have escaped animal depredation; or are ransacking putrid wood for worms as nauseous as their offensive habitations. In those fertile and hospitable domains, which now support millions of active and intelligent inhabitants in comfort and affluence, that double their population in the space of five-and-twenty years; but three centuries ago, a few vagrant tribes of hunters were disputing with wild beasts the spontaneous productions of an almost universal forest; were miserably perishing under the accumulated pressure of famine, loathsome diseases, and war; or protracting a wretched existence on scanty portions of spiders, ants' eggs, worms, lizards, serpents, and unctuous earths; or were reduced to the direful necessity of supporting life on the flesh of their own children. In some parts of Siberia, the soil consists of a fine black mould of so rich a nature, as not to require, nor even to bear dressing, and is, as might be supposed, of extraordinary fertility; and yet, two hundred years ago, it is said, its population was far inferior in numbers to that of the almost desert tract of North America, and most probably, not less wretched.

‘But are there any such appearances of misery in the most populous kingdoms of either ancient or modern times, where the soil perhaps is even of much inferior fertility? Does not the meanest cottager in this country possess articles of accommodation, and sources of comfort, unknown to the most powerful chief in Terra del Fuego or amongst the Indians in North America?’

‘The most deplorable instances of wretchedness are to be sought for in the most thinly inhabited communities, rather than the most populous. If so, the sufferings cannot with propriety be attributed to an excess of population, when ample subsistence might be produced with the greatest ease. To what causes, then, are they chiefly to be referred? Manifestly, to indolence, improvidence, insecurity of property, and other such causes connected with vice, and human imperfections. Inspire the same nations with a spirit of industry and activity, render property secure, and persuade them to exchange habits of plunder and rapine for agricultural employments; and they will soon acquire an abundance of subsistence to supply the wants of rapidly increasing population. Thus it seems, that in a vicious, degraded, and unenlightened community, the population presses on the limits of subsistence from the earliest ages. Promote virtue and intelligence, and that period may be extended to almost an unmeasurable distance.’

The means of subsistence cannot be multiplied to any great degree where there is not a general division of labour; but labour cannot be much divided where there is not a re-

dundant population. In a country, which is thinly sprinkled with people, each individual is obliged to concentrate in his own person many different species of industry, from the impediments which are placed in the way of exchanging one commodity for another. The greater the subdivision of labour, the more redundant must be the population; and the greater the consequent facility of exchange. But, as the means of subsistence are multiplied in proportion as the division of labour is increased, it follows that a redundant is more favourable to the increase of the means of subsistence than a scanty population. A maximum of population is most likely to produce a maximum of subsistence by increasing the division of labour and augmenting the facility of exchange. Thus subsistence, all other circumstances being equal, will always be found more abundant in a populous country, than in one which is thinly inhabited; and as no country in Europe has hitherto reached its maximum of population or subsistence, and as, till that is the case, the division of labour and the consequent facilities of exchange may be still farther promoted by an increase of population, it is rather the duty of governments to encourage the practice of matrimony, of which Mr. Malthus seems to entertain such alarming apprehensions.

If we afford encouragement to matrimony, Mr. Malthus thinks that accumulated misery will rapidly ensue from a surplus population. More mouths would soon be opened, than bread could by any means be procured to feed. But this conclusion is not warranted by experience; it is on the contrary refuted by experience. The theory of Mr. Malthus is founded on a false assumption of the relative velocity between the production of food and the generation of human beings to consume it. The population of the world has never increased in the ratio which is assumed by Mr. Malthus; and why then should we be afraid lest it ever should so increase? The figures of Mr. Malthus seem incontrovertibly to establish the theory which he wishes to maintain; but unfortunately for his reputation, the experience of ages, which is in such instances the safe criterion of falshood or of truth, refutes his calculations. His theory is arithmetically true, but it is experimentally false. And why should we suffer such a theory as this of Mr. Malthus, which is very specious, but at the same time very fallacious, to harden our hearts in selfishness, and from the dread of some unknown, some improbable, and at best very distant evil, to omit every endeavour which benevolence would otherwise excite us to make, to diminish the actual sum of human misery, and to meliorate the present condition of mankind?

If Mr. Malthus would look around his own neighbourhood, he would probably find that large families in general thrive better than small; but a nation is only another name for a collection of families; and hence we may draw an inference in favour of the prosperity of those states which are abundantly peopled, over those which are defective in population. There is an old proverb, which has consoled many a parent with a large family, that, God never sends mouths, but he sends food for them to eat. The truth is, that every child, by interesting the affections, proves an additional incentive to industry. The parents are incited to redouble their exertions for the support of their progeny, and their toil is sweetened by the dear objects for whose good it is designed. In a large family the industry of the parents is copied by the children. Idleness is loathed as the certain road to misery and want. Hence large families are usually the most industrious and consequently in the great majority of instances flourish most. Thus, however paradoxical it may seem, we do not hesitate to assert that, instead of an increase of food producing an increase of population, the contrary is more true, that an increase of population produces an increase of subsistence. The multiplication of human subsistence is not confined within any narrow limits; and our conviction of the infinite goodness of the Creator leads us to believe that the quantity of the increase, mocks the vain efforts of human calculation; and that, while the world lasts, the production of food may be made to keep pace with the demand. Of the vast link of second causes by which the Deity designed to exercise the intellectual faculty of man, comparatively only a few are yet known. How absurd, how presumptuous, is it then to pretend to circumscribe the productive powers of the earth, or to fix the boundary which it cannot pass! **THIS IS NOT A FATHERLESS WORLD.** Mr. Malthus has not sufficiently considered this; and the omission has caused him to indulge in a field of erroneous and pernicious speculation.

Mr. Ingram draws the following brief contrast between the doctrine of the Christian scriptures and the sentiments of Mr. Malthus.

‘ Christ says, or virtually says, “ Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, take the stranger in.” Some particular persons he directed to sell what they had, and give to the poor; and respectful mention is made of one, who gave half of his goods to the poor. But Mr. M. has now taught us, that the distressed poor are intruders; that they have no business, where they are; and that the relief, that is given them, should at least be extremely scanty. Are we to conclude that Christ and his apostles were very short-sighted in their policy,

when they regarded love, or a communication of good offices, as the very basis of the Christian religion, and by doctrine, as well as example, inculcated unremitting beneficence to the souls and bodies of men, and thereby facilitated the rearing of families?

The great and fundamental defect in the theory of Mr. Malthus is its immoral tendency; its total discrepancy with every idea which the serious and rational mind can entertain of the providential and moral government of the world. It seems to exclude the Deity from all interposition in human affairs and from all concern in the happiness of mankind. It makes God at variance with himself; and part of his works irreconcilable with the rest. If it do not deny the importance of virtue; yet it makes vice necessary to check the virtuous propensities of man.

Mr. Ingram concludes his judicious and sensible pamphlet with the following paragraph:

‘ I have endeavoured to vindicate the counsels of a wise and gracious Providence, and to elucidate the policy of that active, intelligent, and diffusive benevolence, which is the doctrine of the religion, whose very basis is love. I trust, that I have made it appear, that the greatest part of the calamities, we suffer in this imperfect state of existence, proceed from human misconduct or neglect of improving the noble faculties and endowments, with which we are graciously entrusted; and not, as Mr. M. imagines, from those “ deep-seated causes of evil, which result from the laws of nature;”—and that vice, and luxury are the chief and most efficacious sources of national imbecility, rather than the bugbear population. I shall rejoice, therefore, if I have deprived the luxurious and dissipated of any one argument for perpetuating their licentious pleasures, or the avaricious for retaining their means of beneficence in their pockets; and if I shall have succeeded in dissipating the gloom, which Mr. M.’s publication appears to have generally diffused amongst his numerous admirers.

ART. VI.—*Claire d'Albe, &c. Clara d'Albe, by Madame Cottin, Author of Elizabeth, Matilda, &c. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. Colburn. 1808.*

THIS novel is written in a series of letters, most of which are from Clara d'Albe to her friend Eliza de Biré. The heads of the story are as follow:—Monsieur d'Albe, who is represented as sixty years of age, while his wife is only twenty-two, is the proprietor of an old family chateau, within a few leagues of Tours, where he has established a considerable manufac-

tory. Notwithstanding the great disparity of age between Clara d'Albe and her husband, they are represented as a happy couple. If Clara, who is said to have given her hand to M. d'Albe in compliance with the wish of her parents, were not passionately fond of her spouse, she at least respected him for his integrity, and esteemed him for the benevolence of his heart. Two children, a boy and a girl, were besides an additional pledge of their mutual regard. 'Considering the world,' says Clara to her friend Eliza, 'and looking round among my acquaintance, ought I not to bless my father for having united me to such a man?' But still there were moments when Clara seemed to think that her lot was not so happy as it might have been. She was conscious that the sensation of love had never been kindled in her breast; and she thought that the germ of the passion which was folded in her heart was never likely to be disclosed.

'Doubtless,' said she, 'to solicit the approaches of love would be a crime; and even to harbour the idea is a vice; but believe me, Eliza, that it is rare, very rare, that I dwell at all upon the subject; for the most part, I have only some vague and general ideas which I never indulge. You would do wrong to suppose that they return more frequently in the country; on the contrary, it is there that beneficent occupations and useful cares afford me the most favourable opportunities of escaping from myself. Eliza, I am weary of the world; I meet with nothing in it which pleases me; my eyes are tired with beholding those nullities of existence who conflict in their little sphere for the precedence of a line. He who has seen one man has nothing new to see; there is for ever the same circle of ideas, of sensations, and of phrases, and the most amiable of all will never be any thing more than an amiable man. Ah! leave me to my shade; it is there that musing on a better ideal, I find the happiness which heaven has denied. But do not think, my Eliza, that my lot is the object of my complaint. I should be guilty indeed if it were; for is not my husband the best of men? He loves me; I revere him, and would die for him; and besides, is he not the father of Adolphus and of Laura? How many claims has he to my tenderness! If you knew how much he is delighted with this spot, you would agree that this motive alone ought to attach me to it; every day he expresses his happiness at being here, and his thanks to me for approving it. In every situation he says that he should be happy with his Clara; but here every surrounding object contributes to his delight. The care of his manufacture, the conduct of his workmen, are occupations congenial to his taste; it is besides a means of promoting the prosperity of his village. Thus he employs the idle, and gives bread to the hungry; the women, the children, all work; he is, as it were, the centre and the cause of all the good that is done within ten leagues around. This scene makes him young again. Ah! my friend, had the world as much

attraction as it inspires disgust, I would still remain here ; for a woman who loves her husband reckons the days in which she experiences pleasure only as ordinary days, and those, in which she is the means of communicating it, as days of festivity and joy.'

After this incongruous effusion of virtue and of vice, of frivolity and seriousness, in which the sense of duty is not sufficiently strong to prevent the mind from preying on itself, and the heart from being corroded by regrets which the conscience condemned, the reader need not be surprized that she does not in the sequel prove impervious to temptation : and that indeed she yielded apparently to the first that came in her way.

M. d'Albe had a young kinsman by his mother's side, whom, at the age of 19, he receives into his family, treats with the confidence and affection of a son, and makes the superintendant of his business. This young man makes a very important personage in the present novel. At the first glance which Madame d'Albe has of him, she thus describes his appearance, in the language that indicates what may be called intuitive captivation, and which is hardly becoming in a married woman, and particularly a woman of so much delicacy and virtue as Madame Cottin represents Clara to have been :

'He appears to me beautiful, very beautiful. His demeanour is noble, his physiognomy open ; he is reserved, and yet not embarrassed.'

In her next letter she says,

'This young man is very interesting. He has been entirely brought up among the Cevennes ; and his residence on these mountains has given as much suppleness and activity to his body as originality to his mind and candour to his character. He is totally ignorant of our usages. If we are at a door and he is in a hurry, he goes through first ; at table, when he is hungry, he helps himself to what he wants without waiting to be asked. He has no reserve in asking any thing that he wants to know, and his questions would be often indiscreet, if it were not evident that he asks them only because he is ignorant that they ought not to be mentioned. For myself I love that novel character which shews itself without disguise, that naked frankness, which makes him deficient in politeness but never in complaisance, because the gratification of others constitutes one of his wants.'

M. d'Albe, who is by no means depicted as a jealous husband, places young Frederic, who is still a stranger to the world, in a great measure under the sage instructions of his

wife. 'Behold me,' says she to Clara, 'erected into the grave preceptor of a young man of nineteen!' While M. d'Albe is engaged with his manufactory and his workmen, his lady and his kinsman pass a great deal of their time together; and they often walk in the deep woods which hang over the Loire. Thus the two parties are represented as insensibly imbibing a passion for each other, before they have meditated on the consequences or are conscious of the guilt. Eliza de Biré, who discerns the dangerous tendency of her friend's originally innocent admiration of Frederic, admonishes her to repress her fondness, and to beware of the effects. But Clara, who designs no evil, trusts too much to her own sense of duty and strength of principle, and keeps gradually imbibing the poison till no antidote can be found. The first dawn of love in the simple and untutored bosom of Frederic is thus described :

'This afternoon,' says Clara, writing to Eliza le Biré, 'we were alone, my little girl was sitting on my knee and I was endeavouring to make her pronounce my name. The appellation of mother recalled what we had been talking about the preceding evening, and I asked Frederic why he gave the name of father to M. d'Albe. "Because I have lost my own," said he, "and his goodness supplies the place." But your mother is dead also, you must put me in her place. "You!—oh, no!" "Why not?" "I remember my mother, and what I felt for her has no resemblance to the feeling which you inspire."—"You loved her much more than me?"—"I loved her in a manner totally different; I was quite at my ease with her, but the sight of you often produces embarrassment.—I was incessantly embracing her. . . .—"Could you not embrace me then?"—"No; you are much too beautiful."—"Is this a reason?"—"It is at least a difference. I embraced my mother without thinking of her figure; but with you I could think of nothing else."

The passion of Frederic which was thus early conceived is soon so far developed that it is impossible for Clara not to discern that she was the object, while her own heart too forcibly informs her that it is mutual. She still however seems to think herself incapable of any criminal sentiment; and she takes no timely precaution against the ruin which threatened her own honour and the peace of her family. For awhile she contrives to hide the peril of her own situation from herself by cherishing the delusive supposition that the love of Frederic is nothing more than the sentiment of friendship.

'Is not friendship,' says she, 'far from being a cold sentiment? Has it not its emotions, its transports? but they preserve their

physiognomy, and when we confound them with a more impassioned sensation it is not the feeling but the judgment that is in fault. Frederic experiences the feeling of friendship for the first time in his life, and he expresses it with vivacity. Do you not remark that the image of my husband is always connected with mine in his heart? When I see him so tenderly attached to M. d'Albe, so assiduous in his attentions to a man of sixty, when I recollect the effusions of similar regard which we both experience, can I wonder that Frederic has conceived a lively friendship for me? Say, if you please that he ought to be insensible to the feeling; but do not say that it is not as it ought to be.

This insidious sophistry was far from extraordinary in such a situation.

In the 18th letter, Clara acknowledges that the friendship of Frederic was a very different sentiment. She there relates an incident which induced him to make an open avowal of his love; the situation into which the parties are brought is rather interesting, but there is something rather too *glowing* in the description. Clara and her husband with Frederic and a young lady named Adèle were walking in the meadows which are watered by the Loire, when they were suddenly assailed by a wild bull; and M. d'Albe would have been the victim of his rage if Frederic had not hazarded his life to save that of his benefactor. Calling forth all his strength, he seized the animal by the horns, and kept contending with him till some shepherds came up who felled the furious beast to the ground. But before this could be accomplished he had succeeded in goring an old man; and the blood gushed from the wound. Clara stanchd it with her handkerchief; and the poor man was borne to his cottage accompanied by Clara and by Frederic. The poor man had a wife and numerous family, who were thrown into the utmost consternation by the accident. A surgeon was sent for, who appeased their alarm by declaring that the wound was not mortal. As night set in, Clara fearing that her husband would be uneasy at her absence quitted the cottage, with the benedictions of the family. We shall translate part of what follows as a specimen of the work.

‘My heart was still vibrating with the different emotions which I had experienced. I walked on in silent meditation on what had passed. I recalled the heroic intrepidity with which Frederic had exposed himself to almost certain death in order to save the life of his father. I cast my eyes on him; the moon beamed mildly on his visage, and I saw it suffused with tears. Softened into tenderness, I went up to him; my arm rested on his bosom; he pressed it with eagerness to his heart; this caused mine to palpitate. Clara, Cla-

ra, he exclaimed with a half stifled voice ; how cheerfully would I sacrifice my life for the prolongation of this instant. My heart now touches all that I hold dear ; I see her ; I press her to my soul ; in truth I was almost in his arms. Hear me, he added in a sort of frenzy, if you are not an angel whom I ought to adore and whom heaven has lent for some moments to the earth ; if you are really a human being tell me why you alone of all your sex have received that soul, that look, that profusion of virtues and of charms which render you the object of my idolatry ? Clara, I know not whether I offend you, but as my life breathes only in your veins and depends only on your will, tell me if I am guilty in your sight ; bid me die, and you will see me expire at your feet : He had already fallen therein fact, his forehead was burning, and his look wild. I will not paint what I experienced ; my bosom thrilled with compassion, tenderness, and love in short, such as it was perhaps my destiny to feel ; I supported myself with difficulty till I sat down on the trunk of an old tree which was stripped of its leaves. Frederic, I exclaimed, dear Frederic, return to yourself ; resume your reason ; why will you distress your friend ? He raised his head ; he reclined it on my knees ; Eliza I believe that I pressed it with my hand, for he soon exclaimed : O Clara, that motion of your hand which brings me closer to your bosom imparts ecstasy to mine. Saying this, he folded me in his arms, my head fell on his shoulder ; a deluge of tears was my reply. this unhappy man had so worked on my compassion. Ah when we are the cause of so much suffering, and when the sufferer is a friend, have, I Eliza, no excuse for the weakness which I showed ? I was so close to him that I felt the impression of his lips which caught my tears. This new sensation made me summon my resentment to my aid, and pushing Frederic from me with violence, Wretch ! I exclaimed, can you forget that your benefactor, that your father is the husband of her whom you have the presumption to love ? Can you, you Frederic, be perfidious ? be yourself again ; treachery is ill suited for your generous heart. He rose instantly up and gazing on me with affright, What have you said ? ah, what have you said, inconceivable Clara ? I forget every thing in your presence ; but your reproof, like a clap of thunder, makes me sensible of my duty and my crime. Adieu ; I am going to depart, adieu : this is the last time which shall see us together. Clara, Clara, farewell. He went away ; alarmed at his intention, I called him in a tone of despair, he heard me and returned. Hear me, said I, the good man whose confidence you have betrayed, is ignorant of the wrong which you have done him ; if he suspected it, his peace would be destroyed. Frederic, there is only one way by which you can expiate your fault, and that is by annihilating the sentiment which has caused it. If you run away what will your benefactor think ? that you are perfidious and an ingrate ; you, his child ! his friend ! No ; no ; you must still conceal what is past and dissemble what you feel ; it is a dreadful punishment, I allow, but the guilty ought to suffer, he should efface his crime by enduring all the woe it brings. Frederic made no reply, he seemed petrified ; suddenly the noise of

horses was heard ; I perceived the carriage which M. d'Albe had sent to meet me, &c. &c.'

In the above passage, though madame Cottin evidently designed it to be highly pathetic, the reader will no doubt discover in some parts a rather close approximation to the ridiculous and absurd.

After this adventure Clara resolves studiously to avoid being alone with Frederic ; and, when she is accidentally placed in that situation, she determines that her extreme coldness shall deprive him of all hopes of profiting by the interview. But these resolutions, like those of lovers in general, were very fugitive, and the fluctuating inconstancy of Clara is very naturally and very ably described. Even in the 18th letter, after the proof which she has furnished of harbouring a very different sentiment, she says ;

'I call heaven to witness that it is friendship alone which attaches me to Frederic ;' but in one of her next communications to Eliza, she says, 'I adore Frederic ; he is the only object in the world that attracts my notice ; he knows it, and it is my delight to let him know it ; if he were here now I would tell him so again, for in the present aberrations of my mind, I am no longer myself.'

In the 27th letter we have the description of another solitary interview with Frederic, in which her former courageous resolutions of appalling him by the coldness of her behaviour are forgotten ; and yielding to the violence of her passion she makes a full and unreserved avowal of her love, but still she preserved her honour from violation.

'The lips of Frederic,' says Clara, 'were close to mine, I was undone, if virtue had not made a last effort to rend the voluptuous veil, which obscured my sight. Tearing myself from the arms of Frederic, I fell prostrate at his feet. Oh, spare me, I conjure you, spare me,' I exclaimed ; 'render me not vile in order that you may love me still. In this moment of extravagance, in which I am entirely in your power, you may, I know, gain an easy victory ; but if I am yours to-day, I shall be to-morrow in the grave. I swear it in the name of honour which I outrage, but which is more necessary to the life of Clara than the air which she breathes. Frederic, Frederic, behold me prostrate, humiliated at your feet, and merit her eternal gratitude, by forbearing to render her the vilest of the vile.' 'Frederic retired with precipitation. I withdrew to my chamber ; a long swoon succeeded these lively agitations. When I came to myself I saw my husband leaning over my bed ; I pushed him away with terror and alarm, I thought that I beheld the arbiter of my destiny who was going to pronounce my sentence. How are you my love, my Clara, said he, in a sympathizing tone ; it is your husband who holds out his hand to you ; I was silent, I felt that if I had spoken, I should have disclosed every thing. Perhaps I ought to have done it, I felt instinctively impelled to do

it; the confession quivered on my lips, but reflection prevented the utterance. Far be from me that barbarous frankness, which might have solaced me at his expence. By remaining silent, I felt the accumulated weight of his misery and my own; the disclosure of the truth would only have communicated to him a part of the grief which ought to be exclusively mine.' 'Retired from the world,' says Clara, in the same letter, 'I was peaceful in my retreat; happy in the happiness of my husband I cherished no desire beyond it. He introduces a charming young man endowed with all that there is exalted in virtue, amiable in disposition, seductive in simplicity. He tells me to cherish him as my friend; he leaves us incessantly together; in the morning, in the evening, every where and at all times he is the object placed before me. Continually alone, in the shade, in the midst of nature's most smiling views, we must have been born to hate if we had not learned to love. Imprudent spouse! why thus associate two beings whom a mutual sympathy seemed so forcibly to attract? two beings who, strangers to love, might feel all the first impressions without knowing it? Why envelop them in the dangerous veil of friendship which served so long as a pretext for concealing their real sentiments.'

Clara remains dubious whether her husband is acquainted with her passion, but the consciousness of her own guilt makes her entertain the most dreadful apprehensions. She resolves however never more to see Frederic. Too much presumption, said she, has undone me, and I will no longer trust myself. She even prohibits him from writing to her, for she says 'your letters are so tender that I involuntarily press them to my lips, and place them near my heart though it is only poison which they breathe.'

'Frederic,' says Clara, in her last letter to him, 'I love you, and I never loved any but you; but can I purchase your happiness by perfidy? Frederic, you would not wish it. Insensate, you wish that Clara should be yours, only yours: is she then at liberty to make a choice? And whom do you wish that she should betray? her husband and thy benefactor; he who made you the friend of his bosom; whose confidence placed in your hands the whole treasure of his bliss. An assassin would deprive him only of his life; and would you in return for his goodness, bring dishonour on his house, ravish his companion, and replace by adultery and treason the candour and the virtue which prevailed here till you forced them away? Consider the subject, Frederic, and tell me whether there be a monster of depravity that could do more than you? Can your heart be deaf to that voice which tells you that you are tearing asunder the ties of hospitality and gratitude?

On the departure of Frederic from the house of M. d'Albe to that of Eliza De Biré the friend of Clara, Clara at first assumed a forced gaiety, and afterwards sunk into a dejection against which she struggled in vain, and which seemed to be rapidly hurrying her to the tomb. All correspondence

between her and Frederic was prevented ; and the real situation of one was carefully concealed from the other. But Frederic accidentally hears from a person who has come from the house of M. d'Albe that Clara is dangerously ill. He flies with precipitation to the spot, he finds her pale and languid reclined under the shade of some poplars, in the garden of M. d'Albe. The lovers talk in a strain more than usually extravagant at this concluding interview. For instance, Clara, gently repressing the ardent impatience of Frederic, and surveying him with a look of surprize says,

' O thou who art the image of him whom I loved so much ! thou who art the shade of that Frederic whom I regarded as my god ! tell me, dost thou descend from the celestial abodes to inform me that my last hour is nigh ? and art thou the angel who art destined to direct me to the regions of eternity.'

But however after this sublime effusion the two parties prove to be very flesh and blood ! We shall not say what follows, except that Frederic is represented as more gross and Clara more compliant than either had hitherto been. But shame, horror and remorse are depicted as the only fruits of what Madame Cottin calls '*cette jouissance delicieuse et unique, rare et divine, comme le sentiment qui l'a crée*'. The loss of honour which Clara has sustained is soon followed by that of life. Her death bed is described as one of sorrow and contrition. We shall translate a part of the closing scene : Clara is addressing her husband, who together with Eliza is standing by her bed.

' Weep not, my friend, you are not yet going to lose me, but when in a moment of scandalous weakness I authorized the love of Frederic, when, under the impression of a specious sophistry, I showed a want of confidence in you for the first time, it was then that, ceasing to be myself, I ceased to exist for you. From the instant that I deviated from my principles, the sacred ties by which we were united were broken, and left me without a stay in the gulph of doubt. Then I became the victim of seduction which fascinated my eyes, quenched the sacred flame of virtue in my heart, and insinuated its influence through all my senses. Instead of flying from the evil spell by which I was enchanted I approved the effect and then my ruin became inevitable. O my Eliza ! continued she, in a more elevated tone, you, who will become a mother to my children, I do not recommend my son to your protection, for he will have examples of virtue in his father ; but watch over my Laura, and let her interest outweigh even your friendship for me. If any virtues adorned my life, tell her that my error effaced them all ; when you relate to her the cause of my death, be wary of excusing it ; for that would be to interest her in my crime. Let her know that what proved my destruction was the sophistry which coloured vice with the charms of virtue. Tell her that he who disguises virtue is even more guilty

than he who despises it; for when we make it serve only as a veil to the opposite, we are deceived, we are bewildered, and we pass the boundary of vice when we think that we are keeping within the confines of virtue. In short Eliza, added she, while her voice began to fail, repeat often to my Laura, that if some friend had boldly stripped my love of the fallacious blandishments with which I had invested it, if I had been plainly told that she who enters into a compromise with honour, has already lost it, and that the effects of vice must for ever be remorse and shame, I might then have vanquished the sentiment which has brought me to the grave.—Here Clara could proceed no farther; she in vain endeavoured to finish the sentence which she had begun, her ideas were disturbed and her feeble tongue could pronounce only some disconnected words.—After a short interval she demanded the blessing of her husband; on receiving it, a beam of joy seemed to reanimate her languid eyes. At present I die in peace, said she. I can now appear before God.—I have offended you more than him, he will not be more severe than you.—Then casting on him a last look, and pressing the hand of her friend in hers, she pronounced the name of Frederic with a sigh and expired.

We have no farther account of what became of Frederic. The author says, 'no person ever knew what became of him;' it is only said that, at the funeral of Clara

'A stranger muffled up in a great coat, and with a slouched hat followed the procession in a profound silence, and that at the instant when the coffin was let down into the earth he leaped up and fell flat with his face in the dust; and that as soon as the grave was filled up he fled with precipitation, crying out, 'At present I am alone, but I shall soon be thy companion in the grave.'

Such is the end of this romantic tale: marks of no inconsiderable talent are visible in the execution. The characters are few, and the story is not perplexed with episodes. The unity of the plot conduces to the preservation of the interest. The language is often elegant, but often hyperbolical and extravagant after the manner of the French school. The varying sensations, the absurdities and inconsistencies of the tender passion, are well described, and the conflict between the sensation of love and the sense of duty in the bosom of Clara is depicted with considerable vivacity and effect. Many of the sentiments are just, and some of the observations are those of an author who has studied the human heart. There are some passages very reprehensible, as they may tend to corrupt those persons by whom novels are perused with most avidity and delight: but the author evidently designed the catastrophe to leave on the female reader an impression favourable to the faithful observance of her conjugal vows, even in circumstances which, like those of *Madame d'Albe*, seem to furnish the strongest incentives to the violation.

ART. VII.—*A new System of Chemical Philosophy. Part 1.*
By John Dalton. 8vo. Bickerstaff. 1808.

MR. Dalton's credit as a chemical philosopher, and a patient investigator of the laws of nature, is so well established, that it is needless to say, that whatever issues from his pen, ought to be received with respectful attention. We shall therefore enter upon the contents of the work before us, without any farther exordium.

This first part of Mr. Dalton's System is divided into three chapters: the first *on heat or caloric*; the second, *on the constitution of bodies*; the third *on chemical synthesis*.

Heat or caloric, Mr. Dalton supposes not to be a quality of corporeal substances, but an elastic fluid of great subtlety, the particles of which repel each other, but are attracted by all other bodies. Mr. Dalton, however, like all other philosophers attached to this hypothesis, seems to us to assume in his premises, the very point which should be proved in his conclusion. Certain circumstances are universally stated as affording to bodies exposed to them *equal increments of heat*. This assumption is completely begging the question. If heat be a quality, there may be degrees of intensity, as there are degrees of intensity, of sound or light, but there cannot be equal increments. Arbitrary measures may be assumed to denote fixed states of intensity. But these cannot be measures of any thing absolutely added or taken away from the body. Nor does their utility depend upon any such hypothesis. Their real utility is to produce an uniformity both in observations and in language; to assure to persons engaged in experiments, that any body whatever, on which observations are to be made, is put precisely in the required condition, and to investigate whether the results are uniform or otherwise.

The expansion of mercury is supposed to be equable, that is to say, proportional to supposed equal increments of heat; on which account it is adopted as a scale of its measure. Mr. D. shows in his chapter on *temperature*, that this cannot be correct. Two reasons oppose it.

1st. The mixture of water of different temperatures is always below the mean by the mercurial thermometer; for instance, water of 32° and 212° being mixed, gives 119° by the thermometer; whereas it appears from the preceding remarks that the temperature of such mean ought to be found above the mean 122°. 2d. Mercury appears by the most recent experiments to expand by the same law as water,

namely, as the square of the temperature from the point of greatest density. The apparently equal expansion of mercury arises from our taking a small portion of the scale of expansion, and that at some distance from the freezing point of the liquid.

‘From what has been remarked it appears that we have not yet any mode easily practicable for ascertaining what is the true mean between any two temperatures, as those of freezing and boiling water; nor any thermometer which can be considered as approximating nearly to accuracy.’

Mr. D. seems to think it a general law, that all pure homogeneous liquids, as water and mercury, expand from their point of congelation, or greatest density, a quantity always as the square of the temperature from that point. But in order to establish this law, a thermometer must be used not graduated by a scale with equal differences, as in the ordinary way; but one with its lower degrees smaller and its upper higher, corresponding to hypothetical equal increments of heat at different points of the scale. These very increments, however, are applied not to a body in its ordinary state expanding in proportion to its heat; but to one that shall be made to preserve an uniform bulk and capacity. These suppositions, it is obvious, render it almost impossible to construct a thermometer experimentally upon this principle. A common thermometer may have its scale divided so by the assistance of a complex calculation; but for the real use of a measure of heat, that of being certain that a body is at the precise point of heat we require, or to ascertain the precise point when it is doubtful, the common scale will answer every purpose.

In the construction of his scale, Mr. D. assumes the common points of Fahrenheit's scale 32° and 212° for the freezing and boiling points. The first number in the column 175° denotes the point at which mercury freezes, marked on the common scale 40° . The calculations are made for every 10° from 68° —to 212° ; above the last number for every 100° . What is marked 110° on the common scale, Mr. Dalton marks 122° , the numerical medium between 32 and 212, apprehending that the true mean temperature may be at this point of Fahrenheit. But the differences below 32° and above 212° , become more remarkable. In the lowest part of the scale the divisions being shorter, of course they are more numerous and the numbers higher, — 75° we have seen to correspond with — 40. In the higher part of the scale the divisions being longer, are the less numerous, and the numbers lower. 642° the highest point of the old scale is marked 462° on Mr. Dalton's. According to this construction there must be one point at which the length of a degree upon the old and new

scale must be exactly the same; from thence they must diverge each way, become gradually smaller downwards, and larger upwards. But Mr. Dalton has not informed us what is this precise point on his scale.

We meet with some very neat experiments to show the different capacity of water at different temperatures. As the account is very short we will transcribe it.

‘I took a vessel of tinned iron, the capacity of which was found equal to 2 oz. of water; into this were put 58 oz. of water, making the sum = 60 oz. of water. The whole was raised to any proposed temperature, and then two ounces of ice were put in and melted, the temperature was then observed, as follows:

60 oz. water of 212° + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave $200^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$

60 oz. water of 130° + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave 122°

60 oz. water of 50° + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave $45^{\circ}3$

‘From the first of these 30 parts of water, lost $11^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$ each, or 345° and one part of water of 32° gained $168\frac{1}{2}$. The difference $345 - 168\frac{1}{2} = 176\frac{1}{2}$, expresses the number of degrees of temperature (such as are found between 200 and 212 of the old scale) entering into ice of 32° to convert it into water of 32° . Similar calculations being made for the other two, we find in the second 150° ; and in the third 138° . These three resulting numbers are nearly as 5, 6 and 7. Hence it follows that as much heat is necessary to raise water, 5° in the lower part of the old scale, as is required to raise it 7 in the higher, and 6° in the middle.

Mr. Dalton proceeds to consider the principal effects of heat, and other questions concerning its nature, and its relation to the constitution of bodies. But his reasonings are so much, from the nature of his subject, involved in arithmetical calculations, that we find it impossible to follow him regularly with advantage to our readers, and must therefore confine ourselves to particular inferences, or detached experiments. We must content ourselves with saying, in general, that the most important points on this curious but abstruse subject, are discussed, and several new and ingenious conjectures are offered, as the different questions pass in review before him.

That water is not at its greatest point of density at its freezing point; that it can be cooled many degrees below its freezing point, if it be kept perfectly at rest; and that by a slight agitation it may be suddenly congealed, and of course in this process becomes much warmer, are properties equally curious and surprising. It is not easy to determine the precise point at which water arrives at its greatest point of condensation; it is obvious this determination depends on obtaining with perfect precision the expansion of

the vessel in which it is contained. Dr. Hope has fixed this point at 40° of Fahrenheit. Mr. Dalton (who had formerly espoused the opinion that the freezing point was that of the greatest contraction) is now inclined to fix it at 36° . His experiments, on which he founds this conclusion, are not all of them wholly uniform; but the reasoning we deem unexceptionable.

In a subsequent chapter on *Congelation*, we have an attempt to explain the mode in which this dilatation takes place, to which we cannot deny the praise of considerable ingenuity. He supposes that at the temperature of the greatest density, the spherical organic particles of water are disposed in layers, and each superior stratum is so disposed that every individual particle is received into the cavity made by four contiguous particles of the stratum below. This is a perpendicular arrangement, like a square pile of shot. Now if this square pile be made suddenly to assume a rhomboidal form it will be found that by this change the base of the pile will be made smaller, but its height will be increased; and by a calculation Mr. Dalton estimates that the first arrangement contains more particles in a given space than the second by 6 per cent.

'The last, or rhomboidal arrangement is that which the particles of water assume upon congelation. The specific gravity of ice and water should therefore be as 94 to 100. But it should be remembered that water usually contains 2 per cent. in bulk of atmospheric air; and that this air is liberated upon congelation; and is commonly entangled amongst the ice in such sort as to increase its bulk without materially increasing its weight; this reduces the specific gravity of ice 2 per cent. or makes it 92, which agrees exactly with observation.'

As the molecules of ice are formed of rhomboids with angles of 60° , this theory is at least plausible; but when Mr. Dalton states that a 'change from the square to the rhomboidal arrangement is in all probability made both by the addition and abstraction of heat,' we can hardly avoid recalling to our minds the fable of the traveller, who blew hot and cold with the same mouth. We are afraid that Mr. Dalton is a little too fond of accounting for every thing, though it would be often more ingenuous to acknowledge ignorance.

On the *Constitution of the Elastic Fluids*, we confess that we have received far more pleasure from the speculations of Mr. Dalton, than from his treatise on Caloric. In the last we have but a repetition of doctrines which rest upon a very uncertain foundation: but in the former he is an original thinker.

If two elastic fluids of different species, as hydrogen and azote, which in their elastic form have no affinity, for each other, be brought together, they become uniformly diffused, whatever be the difference of their specific gravities, and occupy the same space as they both did when separate.

We cannot but agree with Mr. Dalton that in this phenomenon there is no sign of this union being a consequence of chemical affinity. In chemical combination there is always either a change of temperature, or a change of bulk, or both. To account for this fact, Mr. Dalton assumes it as an axiom,

‘That every species of pure elastic fluid has its particles globular, and all of a size; but that no two species agree in the size of their particles, the pressure and temperature being the same.’

It is well known that our author proposed a theory on the subject of mixed gases, which has attracted the notice and received the animadversions of some of the most eminent chemical philosophers. The basis of this theory was that the gases exercised no solvent powers on each other; that they existed in a state of mutual diffusion merely; that even water existing in the atmosphere in the state of vapour, is not dissolved by the air, but exists independently of it; so that there is properly an aqueous atmosphere; an atmosphere of oxygen; an atmosphere of azote; and an atmosphere of carbonic acid: and if any one of these were annihilated, the others would remain exactly as they are at present, except that they would not occupy the same space.

With regard to water, it is strongly in favour of this theory, that every gas apparently takes up exactly the same quantity of water; that if a gas be condensed, still it receives neither more nor less aqueous vapour; the torricellian vacuum *dissolves* (if the phrase be admissible) aqueous vapour, and the vapour in such vacuum is precisely the same in quantity and force as in the like volume of any kind of air of extreme moisture.

As according to this theory elastic fluids do not act upon each other, Berthollet has asked,

‘Is such a division of the same pressure of the atmosphere analogous with any physical property yet known? Can it be conceived that an elastic substance exists, which adds its volume to that of another, and which nevertheless does not act upon it by its elastic force?’

Mr. Dalton answers,

‘Certainly, we cannot only conceive it, but bring an instance.

which must be allowed to be in point. Two magnets repel each other, that is, act upon each other with an expansive force; yet they do not act upon other bodies in the same way; but merely as inelastic bodies; and this no doubt would be the same if they were reduced to atoms. So two particles of the same kind of air may act upon each other elastically, and upon other bodies inelastically, and therefore not at all unless when in contact.

In answer to some other of the objections of Berthollet, we think our author equally successful.

We will not, however, pretend to decide upon the merits of Mr. Dalton's theory. He allows that from the common principles of hydrostatics, each particle of a fluid should sustain the whole pressure; and acknowledges that the leading feature of his theory consists 'in the renunciation of that hydrostatical principle.' According to him, each particle of elastic fluid repels the same kind, but is wholly quiescent upon particles of a different species. We are not surprized that philosophers are not ready to admit a system which has for its basis a position which is in opposition to what has been deemed a fundamental maxim in physics. We think it fair, however, to hear the author's defence of it, and to give an account of the modifications, of which mature reflection has suggested to him the necessity. In his present view of the subject he has renounced, if we mistake him not, the postulatum, that the particles of different gases are mutually inelastic.

'When we contemplate upon the disposition of the globular particles in a volume of pure elastic fluid, we must perceive it must be analagous to that of a square pile of shot, the particles must be disposed into horizontal strata, each four particles forming a square: in a superior stratum each particle rests upon four particles below, the point of its contact being 45° above the horizontal plane, or that plane which passes through the centre of the four particles. On this account the pressure is steady and uniform throughout. But when a measure of one gas is presented to a measure of another in any vessel, we have then a surface of elastic globular particles of one size in contact with an equal surface of particles of another: in such case the points of contact of the heterogeneous particles must vary all the way from 40° to 90° ; an intestine motion must arise from this inequality, and the particles of one kind be propelled amongst those of the other. The same cause which prevented the two elastic surfaces from maintaining an equilibrium, will always subsist, the particles of one kind being from their size unable to apply properly to the other, so that no equilibrium can ever take place amongst the heterogeneous particles. The intestine motion must therefore continue till the particles arrive at the opposite surface of the vessel against any point of which they can rest with stability, and the equilibrium at length is acquired when each gas is

uniformly diffused through the other. In the open atmosphere no equilibrium can take place in such case till the particles have ascended so far as to be restrained by their own weight; that is, till they constitute a distinct atmosphere.

It is remarkable that when two equal measures of different gases are thus diffused, and sustain an invaried pressure, as that of the atmosphere, the pressure upon each particle after the mixture is less than before. This points out the active principle of diffusion; for, particles of fluids are always disposed to move to that situation where the pressure is least. Thus in a mixture of equal measures of oxygen and hydrogen, the common pressure on each particle before mixture being denoted by one, that after the mixture when the gas becomes of half its density will be denoted by $3\sqrt{\frac{1}{2}} = .794$.

This view of the constitution of mixed gases agrees with that which I have given before in the two following particulars, which I consider as essential to every theory on the subject to give it plausibility.

1st. The diffusion of gases through each other is effected by means of the repulsion belonging to the homogenous particles; or to that principle which is always energetic to produce the dilatation of the gas.

2d. When any two or more mixed gases acquire an equilibrium, the elastic energy of each against the surface of the vessel, or of any liquid, is precisely the same as if it were the only gas present occupying the whole space, and all the rest were withdrawn.

As Mr. Dalton conceives the diffusion of a vapour through the air to be independent of chemical attraction, he believes likewise that the mixture of gases with water is merely mechanical; the elasticity and other properties of the gases being retained in the mixture, as if the water was not present.

The third chapter on Chemical Synthesis is a very short one, and is a sort of *coup d'œil* of the principles which the author adopts in the part of his work which is still unpublished, and the results which he has obtained from his investigations. It is of much consequence, he conceives, to determine not merely the relative weights of the simples, which constitute a compound, but the relative weights of the ultimate particles or atoms, of which bodies are constituted. And he announces it as one great object of his work

to shew the importance and advantage of ascertaining the relative weights of the ultimate particles, both of simple and compound bodies, the number of simple elementary particles, which constitute one compound particle, and the number of less compound particles which enter into the formation of one more compound particle.

He has annexed conclusions on this head, deduced, as he

informs us, from chemical facts already well ascertained. The relative weights of the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen composing water, for example, are as 1:7 nearly. In ammonia the weights of the atoms of hydrogen and azote are as 1.5 nearly, and so forth.

What great advantage can accrue to science from this corpuscular system, we confess we do not distinctly see. We are rather of opinion that all sound philosophy is versed about real entities; about the things which actually do, or at least which we might, see, or hear, or feel. But we are unwilling to prejudge a laborious and intelligent author, and shall abstain from an opinion of the general merit of his speculations, till we have the whole system fairly before us.

ART. VIII.—*The Harleian Miscellany: a Collection of scarce, curious, and entertaining Pamphlets and Tracts, as well in Manuscript as in Print. Selected from the Library of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford. Interspersed with historical, political, and critical Annotations, by the late William Oldys, Esq. and some additional Notes by Thomas Park, F. S. A. Vol. I. 4to. White, 1808.*

THE original publication of this celebrated collection was accompanied by an introduction, which Mr. Park, the present editor, on Boswell's authority, ascribes to Dr. Johnson, and which, indeed, bears strong internal evidence of its author. The work itself is so well known to all men of historical research, and has been so long considered as of established importance in the illustration of the most interesting periods of our national annals, that it would be superfluous in us to say any thing in explanation of its design. Indeed, as Dr. Johnson observes, 'the scheme of the miscellany is so obvious that the title alone is sufficient to explain it.' To the same introduction we refer our readers for an eloquent and, for the most part, a very just estimate of the value of such collections in a nation where, by reason of the freedom of the press, so much valuable history of the day is dispersed abroad in the form of pamphlets and newspapers.

In compiling the original work, we are of opinion, however, that the greatest judgment should have been engaged to select only such pieces as were of real intrinsic value, and worthy of the attention of posterity; and notwithstanding the high character which Mr. Oldys obtained among his

contemporaries, we really question if a more improper person could have been found for the task. We will venture to assert that of all the pieces contained in the present volume, scarcely one half could, at the time of its publication, have been thought really deserving of being rescued from destruction; and, of the remaining portion, we believe that more than half might now be suffered to sink into the grave of time without the regret or notice of the present age.

Mr. Park informs us that the extreme scarcity of the original work and the difficulty of procuring a complete set have been his principal motives for engaging in this republication. The celebrity of the work is, perhaps, a sufficient excite for the enterprise; and it has been so long considered as an essential portion of antiquarian and historical libraries that we are far from prognosticating that he will not meet with the return which in a commercial point of view he probably expects in his speculation. But, however averse we may be, in general, to the plan of *abridgments* of old established works, we cannot hesitate, in the present instance, to declare our opinion that Mr. Park would have done a greater service to the cause of literature by reducing the miscellany from eight, to three or four volumes at the most, if not to two. We do not mean in this to comprise the two additional volumes which Mr. Park has promised us, since we have no intimation of their contents; but we shall think it somewhat extraordinary, should it prove that Mr. Oldys, when he admitted so many insignificant articles into his collection, neglected such a number of really valuable ones as to fill two of these bulky volumes when taken in hand by a future compiler.

Our second strong objection to the plan of this miscellany is its want of connection. It seems that the original compiler would not even give himself the trouble to examine what he was about, but picked up pamphlet after pamphlet as they lay before him on the floor, and, without waiting to dust them or brush off the cobwebs, sent them, as fast as he could gather them together, to the printer. The reason assigned in the introduction above mentioned for this want of arrangement is surely the most childish that was ever invented.

* Those who have gone before us, in undertakings of this kind, have ranged the pamphlets, which chance threw into their hands, without any regard either to the subject on which they treated, or the time in which they were written; a practice, in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular circumstances of times and things, and most interesting and entertaining to the reader.

“Of the different methods which present themselves, upon the first view of the great heaps of pamphlets, which the Harleian Library exhibits; the two which merit most attention, are to distribute the treatises according to their subjects or their dates, but neither of these ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our collection in order of time, we must necessarily publish those pieces first, which least engage the curiosity of the bulk of mankind, and our design must fall to the ground for want of encouragement, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general regard: by confining ourselves any long time to any single subject, we shall reduce our readers to one class, and, as we shall lose all the grace of variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one objection of equal force against both these methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the advantage of any future discoveries, and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the pamphlets which have been written in any age or on any subject.” *Introd. p. 17.*

So that, in fact, because the original publication came out in numbers, the collector thought it necessary to make each number an entertaining breakfast-table lounge, at the expence of rendering a work, which was calculated to be of the most grave historical importance, such a ‘rudis indigestaque moles,’ as the world never before witnessed. As for the second excuse offered in the passage we have cited, nothing can be more lame. Surely the undertakers of so great a work might have taken time enough to arrange *all* their materials before the publication of *any part*; and, if in the execution of so extensive a plan, some pieces were forgotten in the proper place, which required or deserved insertion, where would have been the difficulty in making an appendix of such casual omissions?

It may be supposed that we think the blame which we have imputed to the original collector, equally attaches to the present editor who, with all the materials before him, could certainly have found no difficulty in making the arrangement which was at first so strangely and unnecessarily neglected. We confess that we are not at all satisfied with the reason which he assigns for not having done so, which is simply ‘*the well-established credit of the principal compiler, together with the honourable testimony borne by Dr. Johnson to the merits of the work.*’ But there is another reason which makes us perhaps hesitate in deciding that he is wrong in following the *no-arrangement* of the original miscellany. That miscellany, from the importance of many of its contents, is now become a standard book of reference; and all who are in the habits of study must be aware of the great inconvenience which attends any altera-

tion, even in the *paging*, of a work which is often and familiarly cited. Since then Mr. Park has thought fit to republish the *entire* collection, we at least think that there is a better reason than any he has given for republishing it in its original form.

With regard to the 'Historical, Political, and Critical Annotations' which Mr. Oldys is stated in the title page to have interspersed through the work, and also the 'additional Notes' which the present editor thinks it necessary to inform us he has been at the trouble of inserting, we can only say, that we believe no book of so great a bulk and of such a variety of materials was ever accompanied by so small a portion of such bald and insignificant commentary. It may be alleged that detached pieces of history, all of them comprized within the period between Elizabeth and George the first, stand in no great need of elaborate illustration. But if so, why pretend to illustrate them at all? We are no friends to the modern practice of making books by the help of an indiscriminate mass of useless annotation; but surely where the very title-page promises 'historical, political, and critical annotations,' by a scholar of so much reputed antiquarian knowledge as Mr. Oldys, the reader is led to expect some information rather more new and more valuable than that 'Neptune was god of the sea,' and 'Pallas, another name for Minerva goddess of wisdom.' These profound and necessary explanations actually occur in the volume before us, and it actually contains very few that are at all *more* profound or *more* important.* Mr. Park's 'additional notes,' are more scanty and not much more valuable than his predecessor's. We have not been able to discover more than two for which we can thank him. The first is that in which he restores to their right owner, the celebrated 'Du Plessis Morvay,' those eloquent 'Contemplations upon Life and Death,' which are attributed in the original collection to Sir John Fenwick. (See p. 542.) The second is that in which he denies to Lord Strafford, on the authority of Somers's Tracts, the property of the following excellent verses, which are to be found subjoined to the piece last above mentioned, and there said to have been 'written by a very great man, and prime minister of state, in the reign of Charles the first, but a little before his execution.' The note, however, does not go so far as to establish the real author.

* We do not include among the 'annotations,' those short accounts of the particular pieces which are prefixed to most of them, and which are for the most part drawn up with precision and judgment.

‘ Go, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sad sweet silence to bemoan,
Your vain and fond delight ;
Whose dangers none can see aright,
Whilst too much sunshine blinds his sight.

• ‘ Go, and ensnare,
With your false ware,
Some other easy wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light :
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth and power,
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

‘ Fill his big mind
With the vain wind
Of flattering applause ;
Let him not fear all curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people’s frown ;
But dream of something like a crown,
And climbing towards it, tumble down.’

After expressing very freely our opinion of the *editorial* faults which appear to us so conspicuous in this great work, and which, so far as they belonged to the original collector, we wish the present editor had applied himself to correct, we consider it as wholly out of our province to bestow any examination on the contents of so well-known and long established a publication. Mr. Park informs us in his ‘ advertisement,’ that ‘ one volume will be published in every three months,’ according to which it will take two years to complete the republication of the whole original work. After that are to follow, ‘ two supplemental volumes,’ consisting of selections from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum as well as of pamphlets *reposed* in Lord Oxford’s library. When these volumes make their appearance, it will be our duty to notice them more particularly.

ART. IX.—*Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye.* By James Wardrop, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Societies, and one of the Surgeons of the Public Dispensary of Edinburgh. Illustrated by Plates. 1l. 1s. 8vo. Murray. 1808.

THIS volume is the first of a very considerable undertak-

ing. The author proposes to delineate all the diseases of the eye. If it therefore be completed upon the scale, and in the style of this publication, it will probably be unique in its kind. For we must say, that the engravings for justness, expression, and beauty are admirable; and do equal credit to the art and the artist. For these the author acknowledges himself indebted to Mr. Syme, of Edinburgh, to whom he pays the well-merited compliment of having 'combined the art of the painter with the skill of the anatomist.'

It is intended that these essays (a term, by-the-bye, which we think very ill adapted to a systematic series of descriptions of diseased appearances) shall contain an account of the morbid changes which occur in every part of the eye. The diseases of this delicate organ the author divides into two great classes. The first comprehends those that are local, and which are very numerous, on account of the great number and variety in composition of the parts of the organ, and those immediately connected with it. The second includes the consequences of specific diseases, which have symptoms peculiar to themselves, whatever may be the structure of the parts affected; and which therefore attack indiscriminately and simultaneously different parts of the organ. Rheumatism, cancer, scrofula, syphilis, exanthematous ophthalmia, are included in this second class.

In considering the affections of the different parts, Mr. Wardrop professes to follow the divisions of structure of the body, according to the characters of the elementary textures of which it is composed, adopted by Bichât. His *Anatomic generale*, in which the principles of his arrangements are developed, Mr. W. characterises as one of the most remarkable productions that has ever been produced in medical science, and as laying the foundation of a new anatomy and a new physiology. We will not contradict these assertions, as we think it the worst species of bigotry to affect to undervalue what we are not thoroughly acquainted with. But we are indeed much mistaken, if medicine, considered as a practical art, can acquire much more from the scalpel of the anatomist or the reagents of the chemist, employed upon dead animal matter: and these we understand were the instruments made use of by Bichât. The discovery of the acid nature of the human calculus by Scheele was, we think, the most splendid achievement of modern chemistry, as applied to animal matter; and seemed to afford the best grounded hopes of a great improvement in the treatment of a most afflicting disease. But have we in consequence of this beautiful discovery advanced one jot in the cure? Certain-

ly not. What then are we to hope for from macerating membranes, or muscles, or cartilages, in acids and alkalis?

However, except in the flourish of his preliminary observations, in which a young author may be forgiven for making a little parade of his foreign and far-fetched learning, Mr. Wardrop seems almost to have forgotten Bichat's *Anatomie generale*; and where he has not, it is not very fortunately brought to the recollection of his reader. The cornea is composed of three *structures*: it is covered by the conjunctiva, which is a *mucous* structure; it has another peculiar to itself; and there is an internal transparent membrane which it seems is a *serous* structure. This gives occasion to three varieties in its diseases. But at p. 16, Mr. Wardrop acknowledges that it is often impossible to determine whether inflammation has its origin in the cornea or in the sclerotic coat; the *structures* of which are different; and when the cornea is wounded, both coats take an equal share in the consequent inflammation, by reason of their vascular communication, and, we may add, in spite of the dissimilarity of their elementary textures. The internal membrane or *serous* coat is hypothetically presumed to be the seat of its peculiar inflammation; accordingly system requires it to be regularly discussed: but practically Mr. Wardrop ingenuously confesses, that he has never been able to observe an instance with sufficient accuracy, where this inflammation took place.

This volume is wholly confined to the diseases of the cornea. We should have thought it more regular to have begun with the conjunctiva, the diseases of which are to be treated of in the progress of our author's labours. Whether the fashion of delineating external diseases is not carried beyond all reasonable bounds of utility, is with us very questionable. Who, for example, that has once seen an inflamed eye, can gain a particle of instruction from a drawing of one. Surely common sense suggests that drawings are only needful, where description by words would fail to excite a correct and lively idea of the thing described; or where it may be important to be familiar with appearances, which we have but rare opportunities of seeing; or where the appearance itself is singularly rare or curious. But to delineate for the use of a surgeon or even of a student, a common external inflammation of the ball of the eye, is a mis-application of genius and labour, as great as it would be to inform children by the same art, what are the flowers called daisies and roses. We must say too that however exquisite be the skill of the artist, it is an absolute impossibility to express certain shades of difference, which it may be very useful to know.

and which may be learnt by a single glance of ocular inspection. Mr. Wardrop's first plate, which is intended to express the difference between an inflammation of the conjunctiva, and the same affection of the cornea, is an example of the truth of this remark. Notwithstanding all the words used by him to make us perceive the difference of the expression, we believe a great part would be unnoticed without the aid of the imagination. In the third figure, particularly, let the spot be removed, which is intended to represent an ulcer of the cornea, and we suspect that no one could guess whether it were intended to represent an inflammation of the conjunctiva or of the cornea. Let it be added too, that in real practice there does not commonly exist any difference in forming this discrimination.

This, however, is not to be imputed as a defect in the work, but as flowing from the very nature of things. Of the execution of the engravings we have already spoken. Of the part which immediately belongs to Mr. Wardrop we feel it incumbent on us to speak in terms of respect and approbation. His descriptions are clear, discriminating, full without prolixity, and minute without trifling. He has availed himself of many sources of information, little known in this country. Besides the works of Scarpa, and Richter, with which we are acquainted, Bear of Vienna, Voightel, Loder's journal, and other respectable authorities have added to his store of facts.

As the work is not capable of analysis we must content ourselves with a general account of its contents. They are principally comprised under the heads of inflammation of the cornea, pterygium; fleshy excrescences, pustules, abscess, ulcers, and wounds of the cornea; foreign bodies adhering to the cornea; ossification and speck of the cornea; staphyloma; alteration in the form of the cornea; effusions of blood between its lamellæ, and into the anterior chamber of the eye. It will be seen by this enumeration that he has avoided the numerous and minute distinctions which some authors have gone into. Their being drawn from accidental circumstances, and not from any specific differences in the nature of diseases, instead of elucidating the subject, lead to erroneous conclusions, and render that which is in itself simple, involved and complicated. We must conclude with wishing much success to Mr. Wardrop's undertaking; and give our readers the following specimen of its execution.

‘I have had an opportunity of examining two very remarkable examples of tumours of the cornea, which appeared at birth. The first was that of a girl of eight or ten years of age, on whose left eye

there was a conical shaped mass, the base of which grew from about two thirds of the cornea, and a small portion of the adjoining sclerotic coat. It was firm and immoveable, had a rough granulated appearance externally, and from its brownish colour did not appear to be very vascular. It was very small when it was first observed, and it increased in size in proportion with the other parts of the body.

'The second case I saw along with Dr. Monro, junior. The patient was upwards of fifty years old, and the tumour had been observed from birth. It was about the bulk of a horse bean, and only a small portion of it adhered, and seemed to grow from the cornea; the other part was situated on the white of the eye, next to the temporal angle of the orbit. Its surface had not the particular appearance, which was in the girl's eye; it was smooth like a pterygium, and seemed to be covered by the conjunctiva, having the natural colour of that membrane. But the singularity in this case was, that a considerable number of very long and strong hairs, upwards of twelve in number, grew from the middle part of it, passed through between the eyelids, and hung over the cheek. The patient remarked that these hairs did not appear until he advanced to his sixteenth year, at which time also his beard grew.

'Dr. Barron of St. Andrew's met with a similar case when at Lisbon, with the following account of which he has favoured me.

'The disease took place in a boy of fifteen years of age. It was a flat tumour, about one third of an inch in diameter with a perfectly circular base. More than half of it was situated on the cornea, and the rest on the conjunctiva adjoining to the temporal angle of the orbit. Its surface was smooth and shining, and from its centre grew two hairs, similar to those in the tarsus of the upper eye-lid. In colour it resembled the white part of the conjunctiva. It was, however, rather more of a pink hue. The disease was of five years duration, and it was, at times, accompanied with excessive pains above the orbit, and in the temple of the side affected.'

'Mr. Crampton of Dublin, in his Essay on the Entropion, p. 7, also mentions, that he once saw a tuft of very strong hairs proceeding from the sclerotica, and De Gazelles saw a case, where there was a single hair growing from the cornea, (see Journal de Medicine, tom. xxiv.)

'I have in my possession, a preparation of a disease of this kind in an ox's eye, where a tuft of black hair grows out from and covers about one third of the cornea, and some hairs are also observed growing from the semilunar membrane. A similar excrescence had formed in the other eye of the animal.

'Such tumours greatly resemble those spots covered with hairs, which are so frequent in different parts of the surface of the body, particularly the face. I remember to have seen the description of a very curious case of a child, where a tumour, covered with hair, appeared in the pharynx.'

ART. IX.—*An Essay on Light Reading, as it may be supposed to influence moral Conduct and literary Taste.* By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M. A. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Carpenter. 1808.

THE *light reading*, of which Mr. Mangin reprobates the pernicious influence in this ingenious essay, consists, as he tells us, of ‘the ordinary contents of a circulating library;’ of *novels, romances, and poems of a particular class*. The effect of novel-reading is rather accurately depicted than extravagantly caricatured in the following extract:

‘When the female attains the age of seventeen or eighteen, and who is not born to the possession of an ample fortune, but destined to move in a moderate sphere; when her looking glass and her partner at the assembly have told her that she is a beauty; and when the fairy-tales have lost their zest, the novel is at hand. The fair student sees her own picture in the charming and sorrowful heroine; and very naturally tries, as far as it is in her power, to imitate what she admires.

‘For a time, the result of this attempt is only ridiculous, and manifested by gentle symptoms: such as a prodigious expenditure of tears and muslin, writing *billets* on green and yellow paper, fits of spleen, the composition of sonnets, and an invincible antipathy to useful books. Shortly after, the disease puts on a more formidable appearance: the young lady (whom we may suppose the daughter of a plain country parson, a substantial farmer, an eminent shop-keeper, or an officer on half-pay) ventures to wear a little *rouge*, and to concentrate the rays of her affections upon some youthful squire, ensign, or merchant’s apprentice; whose attractions are comprised in a pair of white hands, a portion of skill in dancing, and the Christian-name of Charles, or Henry.

‘Now it is that the poison begins to work; and several destinies await the lady; some of which she must choose; and the least formidable of them is not to be envied!

‘Let us imagine that, contrary to probability, she escapes infamy, desertion, and despair; and, like another Lydia Languish, lives to be called *spinster in church*, and to become honourably a mother: and then see what has been her preparation for this momentous calling, and what is likely to be the consequence.

‘For two or three years previous to marriage, she has moved amidst imaginary circles of heroes, nobility, and even of angels; in an ideal Elysium; where she has breathed none but vernal airs, and dwelt only in groves of immortal foliage; where all her nights glistened with moon-light, and all her days were sunny; where she has conversed with personages who, instead of resembling the inhabitants of this world, resemble nothing, except the silly fancies of the foolish or vicious authors of the novels she has been reading; and who sometimes know as little of the realities of life as she does; or knowing, designedly conceal or misrepresent them.

'It is, therefore, not wonderful that she should believe *intrigue* to be natural, *falsehood* and *filial disobedience* venial, and the passion of *love* absolutely invincible; that a *consumption* is interesting; and a *fever*, not a misfortune, but a blessing, as the bestower of enchanting weakness, and prepossessing languor; and that youth, and its concomitants of blooming cheeks, auburn ringlets, pearly teeth, and odoriferous breath, are perpetuities, not only to her but to her favoured lover; who is, like herself, an assemblage of perfections. He, we must suppose, in his turn, has received similar impressions by similar means; and having arrived at the experienced and sagacious age of one or two and twenty (when by the laws he is styled a man, though in truth at that period nine out of ten are sucklings as to knowledge of the world), makes formal proposals; and these two wiseacres are united by the indissoluble tie of marriage, without affluence, without erudition, without a capability of looking into the future, without knowing the characters and tempers of each other, without one correct notion of the important step they are taking, or of any other important step: in short, without a single *rational* inducement, and inspired solely by inclinations congenial to the young of opposite sexes; and these inclinations exasperated into frenzy by the perusal of novels.

'Without this latter circumstance, such a marriage (as society is constituted in these nations) is the parent of much public and private calamity. But the evil is greatly magnified indeed, when the circulating library has been the preparatory school. And I believe it would not be difficult to show that its unthinking and immature frequenters are they who commonly form improper attachments, and enter into the matrimonial compact, the most serious of any, before they know the meaning of a legal or conscientious obligation.

'For a week, or possibly a month after commencing the state of wedlock, the parties may continue in their mutual deception; but this being dissipated by intimacy, as it will most assuredly be, the faculty of discernment is restored to or acquired by both these victims of delusion. Each is surprised on discovering the other to be merely a *mortal*; reciprocal accusations of dissimulation and perfidy ensue, and are followed by dislike, and dislike, by detestation: their asperities of temper are not softened by the imperious necessity of providing for the wants of children, whom they can scarcely feed; and (for obvious reasons) cannot educate. And thus we have two divinities transformed into two fiends, who propagate a race of sons and daughters—doomed, like themselves, to suffer future misery, and to inflict it; to encumber, not to serve their native land, and, imbibing the parental taste, to become, not the encouragers of useful arts and elegant studies, but of a tribe of illiterate and rapacious miscreants, who earn a livelihood by infusing immorality and absurdity into the general mind, and accumulate not only wealth, but celebrity, by writing novels.'

animadversions on some of our most popular novels; particularly those of Fielding, Smollet, and Göethe.

His remarks on Tom Jones are, we think, rather too fastidious and severe. The author cannot well deny that it contains a just representation of human life; that it is fitted to inspire sentiments of rectitude, honour, generosity, and valour; and that it displays much wit, humour, and erudition. But still Mr. M. asserts that these '*real or fancied qualities*,' are what 'prove that the novel is the more dangerous.' But we would ask is it the duty of the novelist to exhibit a just delineation of life, of men, and manners, of actions, characters, and sentiments? Is it not the duty of the novelist to teach us what we ought to imitate and to shun? and for this purpose is it not necessary to exhibit virtue in its loveliness and vice in its deformity? In furnishing a miniature picture of the world as it is, is no such personage as vice to be seen? Is the writer to describe only an Utopian representation of innocence and virtue? If we object to the novels of Fielding and of Smollet because they exhibit too correct a delineation of men as they are, and of life as it is, the plays of Shakespeare ought, on the same account, to be the objects of our reprobation.

We do not believe that the novels of Fielding and of Smollet, however loud may be the laugh or broad the grin which they sometimes create, or however disgusting some of the scenes which they describe, are half so mischievous as some of those novels which sicken with sensibility; and which instead of overflowing with mirth or sparkling with wit, abound with nothing but amorous incitement. This is the species of novels which tends to produce those deleterious effects which Mr. M. has described. Mr. Mangin says; 'that Tom Jones contains much wit, or that wit is the basis of its popularity, is, I believe not a fact.' But if it be not full of wit, in what does wit consist, or where is it to be found? Mr. M. remarks that if,

'True, wit be nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The portraits of nature, which are found in the works of Fielding, are not '*advantageously*' displayed. If by their being '*advantageously* presented to the spectator,' Mr. M. means that no moral benefit can result from the sight, we may assent to the remark, but at the same time, we may observe that it can produce no moral injury where the mind is not previously depraved. Ostlers, innkeepers, peasants, gipsies, waiting-maids, servant-men, obsequious parsons,

village-gossips; &c. &c. are the persons who occupy a large space in the busy scene of life; and he, who describes life as it is, must depict these persons as they are. But if he do depict them as they are, but yet in such circumstances and amid such combinations as to make the representation interesting and amuse, he does all that can be reasonably expected in this part of his performance. If wit consist in novel and unexpected combinations of thought and expression, Fielding has no common share; and though there is a sufficiency in the subordinate parts and minor details of his performance, yet there is even more and of a more refined and delicate species in the more elevated personages and more important transactions of the piece. The object of a writer of novels, as well as of a writer of plays and poems, is not only to instruct but to amuse; not only to render virtue lovely and vice contemptible, but to provide an innocent pastime for an idle hour. If nothing is to be admitted into a novel but that which is in unison with what Mr. M. calls, *mental dignity* and *good breeding*, the writer must forego correct and poignant delineation of manners, and abandon various sources of harmless merriment in a *naïve* and vivid picture of the follies and absurdities of mankind. The writer of novels, if he were to be bound by such restrictions, ought not to deviate from the solemn gravity of the sermon-style; or at least he ought never to suffer the measured pace of the minuet to change into the frolic-step of the country-dance.

Mr. M. says that the humour of Fielding 'is unpalatable to minds not contaminated!' That the humour of Fielding is often mingled with grossness and obscenity his admirers will rather lament than deny; but there are in his different pieces much genuine humour and sprightliness which have nothing vicious and which the purest mind may delight to read. We will ask Mr. Mangin, ought the writers of novels to describe man as he ought to be, or man as he is? Ought all their characters to be fancied ideals of innocence and perfection? Is no part of the picture to be copied from the forms and occurrences of the living world? Are we ever so much delighted or instructed by the picture of virtue as when we see it contrasted with its opposite? If the characters of a novel are to be totally unlike any thing that we see among our acquaintance or that we read of in history, what benefit can result from the contemplation? The resemblance will hardly sufficiently approximate human nature for the purposes of practical imitation. If we exclude all vicious characters from a novel, we must lose all the benefit of contrast; and the absence of all variations of light and shade must deprive the picture of its most attractive charm.

We can readily agree that the novels of Fielding and of Smollet might have been perused with more probable advantage if they had observed more poetical justice in apportioning the reward of happiness or misery to the virtue or the vice, the merit or demerit of the individuals whom they describe. This they might more often have done in strict conformity with the probabilities of real life. From the operation of those general laws by which the moral world is governed, it is certain that in a great majority of instances, virtue must have greatly the advantage over vice. There may be, and there sometimes are cases, in which extravagance, thoughtlessness, and improvidence, instead of terminating in the ruin which they have a natural tendency to occasion, seem favoured by casualties, and become prosperous beyond the highest pitch of expectation. But no rational mind will calculate on such events; and he who is solicitous for the prize of honour, or of wealth, will, in the greater number of instances, find it most certainly in the practice of temperance, frugality, industry, and an undeviating probity. If Smollet had made Peregrine Pickle die in a jail, the event, according to the train of causation which we remark in his previous habits and excesses, would have been more consistent with probability.

Mr. Cumberland does not escape the animadversion of Mr. Mangin. He makes the following observations on Mr. C.'s novel of *Henry*.

'*Henry* is a fascinating publication; it abounds in passages of genuine humour; in the richest and most correct descriptions; and in incidents irresistibly pathetic, or replete with comic force: the author is a master, and touches every chord of human sensibility with a master's hand. But the goodly work is, alas! marred, and its efficacy counteracted, by its being interlarded with scenes perfectly inexcusable; and very unseemly, as the labour of a head white with the snows of time, and crowned, as it is, with literary laurels. The author of *Henry* might have lost somewhat of his popularity, but would not have suffered in his reputation, had that work never been written.

Mr. M. makes some good remarks on the novel of *Charlotte and Werter*, and on that singular progeny of foppery and bombast, called *Vensenshon*. We cannot resist the inclination to quote the first sentence of the latter work, as a striking instance of absurdity and false taste.

'The first glow of breezy morn crimsoned the eastern horizon; the light-grey mists retired abashed, or fainted on each spiry mountain, that towered its bosom to cerulean zeniths.'

The character of the hero is drawn in language *equally intelligible*.

'The lofty organization of his inward faculties, the just temper of his luxuriant, keenly-perceptive mind, revolted from every species of baseness, and spurned at each shadow of mediocrity. To soar, to tower immortalized on the annals of glory, was his inspiring, magnanimous goal.'

Arise, shade of Longinus! and behold another instance of the *sublime*!!!

Those novels appear to us to be on the whole the most pernicious, the pages of which sicken with a morbid sensibility. They encourage the hypocritical cant of feeling, while they harden the heart against the exertions of ordinary beneficence. We do not believe that Mr. Mangin outstepped the verge of life's extraordinary realities in noticing the following incongruity of character:

'I have known a man who, as a duellist and a gamester, had steeped his hands in the blood of more than three fellow-creatures, and, by his success at the hazard-table, reduced several to beggary; who by his arts had betrayed many females to ruin; by filial disobedience had deprived his parents of the repose and the reverence to which old age looks for its best earthly recompence; who by the ferocity of his disposition had alienated his relations, friends, and acquaintances, and acquired the hatred of his tenantry and domestics; who, although he had squandered hundreds from ostentation and caprice, never bestowed a guinea to relieve distress, nor heaved one sigh of compassion when imploring misery has stood within his view: and this man has often been seen melted into tears at the theatre, and still more frequently when engaged in the amusement of reading *tender novels*.'

'We can readily imagine that this person, in his youth, had imbibed his ideas of human life, both with respect to prosperity and adversity, from works of fiction; in which they are usually so misrepresented, as to causes and effects, that they bear no resemblance whatever to reality: and he who, as a stripling, could glow with sentiments of courage and benevolence, and weep over the woes of suffering worth, found, on stepping into the world, demands indeed enough upon his valour, his humanity, and his generosity, but found not the appeal made as his books taught him to expect it would be—No divine and spotless fair-one beset by ravishers, or buried in the dungeons of a castle; no princesses disguised in peasants' garbs; no pale incognitas in picturesque cottages or woodbine bowers; no romantic adventures to be achieved on Alpine heights or in Tuscan valleys! Is it then wonderful, that, with a mind unprepared by good education, and adulterated by one of an opposite kind, he should have continued insensible to the 'round unvarnish-

ed ale' of real misery, and deaf to its cries? Or that, unacquainted with the pleasures which learning procures for its possessor, his chief gratification should have arisen from pursuits, in which the most illiterate, vulgar, and ferocious, are most likely to succeed?

'To a female, whose earliest impressions have been received from novels, how surprisingly tame and insipid must real life appear, contrasted with her conception of it!

'Is it not reasonable to expect that her lot will rather be destruction than felicity; and that she has a much greater chance of becoming the wanton mistress of a profligate, than the seemingly wife of a respectable husband?

'With a young woman thus prejudiced, what likelihood of succeeding has an honourable suitor, whose qualities of person and understanding are, in her eyes, but a degree less than *perfect*? Should a man *not of the first order of fine forms*, with fewer accomplishments than the hero of a novel, and whose Christian name should unfortunately be *Timothy*, or *Nicholas*, or *Daniel*, present himself to the sublimated nymph, he is scornfully dismissed in behalf of some well-dressed and flippant idiot, who, being an adept in the literature of the circulating library, can converse with the lady on equal terms, and is master of all the requisites that can constitute him the destroyer of domestic peace, but of none whereby female honour or happiness can be secured.'

Mr. Mangin bestows high encomiums on the novels of Richardson, but the highest on the *Vicar of Wakefield*, by Goldsmith.

'It would says he, 'not be easy to find, within the compass of light literature, any thing more perfect in its kind than the scene unfolded in the opening chapters of the *Vicar of Wakefield*: it abounds in strokes of humour and tenderness; and fixes the attention by a most affecting picture of a happy home, enjoyed by persons in the middle rank of life, citizens of a free country, and possessing competent means and innocent minds. The group of characters, their circumstances, and local situation are truly English, and could only belong to the enviable land within whose confines the scene is laid.

In England alone, amongst the nations of the earth, could such an individual as the vicar be supposed. Idolatry, Mahometanism, and superstition have indeed their priests; and the minister of religion exists alike under the fervour of Indian skies, and in the twilight of Lapland; in the cloisters of Madrid, and the conventicles of Philadelphia: but England only can exhibit the original from which the inimitable portrait of Dr. Primrose is taken.

'He is drawn as pious, learned, charitable, hospitable; fearless in the cause of sanctity and rectitude; in affliction, at once magnanimous and resigned; in prosperity, grateful and humble; a most affectionate parent; and, as a pastor, almost worshipped for his virtues by the flock under his care.

'As a shade, to counteract the dazzling effect of so much excellence,

his learning is represented as not quite unmixed with inoffensive pedantry ; and the awe inspired by his good-natural understanding is admirably tempered with a very endearing cast of simplicity ; and the solemnity of his deportment relieved, by a well-managed introduction of comic traits.

‘ If any thing can equal this portrait of the vicar, it is the delicacy with which his story is related ; and the art shown by the author in conducting the personages of his fable through various vicissitudes, without the least appearance of exaggeration or force. The reader sheds tears at their sorrows, and exults in their restoration to felicity : but the depression of spirits created by the perusal has in it nothing shocking, nothing disgusting ; it is rather the ‘ *luxury of grief* :’ and the most unsullied chastity may, without self-reproach, smile at all the pleasantries of Goldsmith.’

Of Goldsmith who appears to be the favourite author of Mr. Mangin, he furnishes some few particulars which may be of service to the future biographers of that excellent writer and amiable man. They are communicated by Dr. Streaton of Athlone in Ireland, who was formerly curate of Lissoy in the county of Westmeath, and one of the successors to Goldsmith's brother Henry, who is represented in the *Deserted Village* of the poet, as ‘ *passing rich with forty pounds a year.*’ Lissoy is said to be the place where the scene of the *Deserted Village* is laid.

‘ The poem of the ‘ *Deserted Village*,’ took its origin from the circumstance of general Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house, within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the general) having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or Auburn ; in consequence of which many families, here called *cottiers*, were removed, to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition ; and were forced, ‘ *with fainting steps*,’ to go in search of ‘ *torrid tracts*’ and ‘ *distant climes.*’

‘ This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem ; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind when the following are added ; viz. that the character, of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived ; and his ‘ *modest mansion*’ as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and the site of his school-house ; and Catherine Giraghty, a lonely widow,

The wretched matron, forc'd in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread ;

(and to this day the brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and Catherine's children live in the neighbourhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where ‘ *nut-brown draught*

inspired, are still visited as the poetic scene; and the '*hawthorn-bush*,' growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the '*decent church*,' which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which '*tops the neighbouring hill*,' is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

Mr. Mangin is not at all more indulgent to the poetry of Swift, nor even that of Pope, than he is to the novels of Fielding and of Smollet. He asks whether it is 'credible that any one was ever made wiser or better by the Epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard*?' But is Pope, in this instance, to be blamed for not succeeding in what he did not attempt? and is he not to be praised for succeeding in that which he did attempt? His object was not so much to profit as to please, to instruct as to delight; and what poem is there in the English language, which is perused with more general satisfaction or more exquisite delight? In this poem Pope looked into the interior of the heart, and he has described its working, under the conflict of opposite passions by which it is alternately swayed; in which devotion strives for the mastery over love, and love over devotion. This for awhile ambiguous contest Pope has described with exquisite address; and we do not believe that, though the heart of every reader forcibly sympathizes with the heroine of the poem, any impression unfavourable to virtue is made by the perusal. Dr. Johnson was at least as sturdy a moralist as Mr. Mangin, and he has bestowed the highest possible commendation on this exquisite production. He has not censured what Mr. M. calls its corrupt and profane allusions; nor remarked, as he certainly would not have failed to do, if he had noticed any moral blemish in the performance, that the perusal of it has any tendency to vitiate the heart.

Mr. Mangin concludes his essay with some critical remarks on the poetry of Goldsmith, Cowper, and Langhorne. On the '*Owen of Carron*' of the latter, he bestows at least as much praise as it deserves. We entirely assent to his commendation of the following picturesque scene.

' 'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wandered west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robes of night and day.

' When all the mountain-gales are still,
And the wave slept against the shore;
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmormore.'

ART. XI.—*Petrarch translated in a Selection of his Sonnets and Odes; by the Translator of Catullus.* Miller, Chancery Lane.

THE name of Petrarch, when considered as the restorer of Roman literature, will always be pronounced by every scholar with affection and gratitude. He was certainly a very considerable man : an elegant scholar, a sensible moral philosopher, and in the opinion of many a great poet. But on this last quality the literary world is divided ; and while some extol him as the prince of the lyre, others describe him as a mere retailer of paltry conceits in tolerably harmonious verse. We certainly are not of those who hold the first opinion. We think that, regarding the sonnets of Petrarch abstractedly from the great name of the author, they are little better than what are written by many boys and girls who have learned to versify and to wail out occasionally ‘fourteen lines of sensibility.’ They abound in conceits the most unnatural and far-fetched : even in his elegiac sonnets his pathos is destroyed by affectation : ‘he has a conceit left him in his misery, a miserable conceit :’ he can still ring his despicable changes on the word *Laura*, and still be most sublimely unintelligible. We may consider Petrarch as the original of all those pretty absurd poetical paradoxes : such as, a lady’s breast being as white and cold as snow ; a man burning with love and freezing with disdain at the same time ; a man’s heart being at once both abroad and at home, &c. In short he is the prince of poetical coxcombs : and if he had seen such names as Surrey, Wyatt, Donne, Cowley, and others, among his imitators, perhaps he might have said with Lord Foppington, that he was proud to be the head of so prevailing a party. It is to be regretted that his errors should have had their advocates, their admirers, and imitators : but

The name of Petrarch honours this corruption
And chastisement hath therefore hid its head.

It was in allusion to such conceits as are above mentioned, that Chesterfield said in a vile pun, that Petrarch deserved his *Laura* better than his *Lauro* : but we should think that a beautiful and elegant woman was too great a reward for such an affected sonneteer, did we not at the same time recollect the many great qualities of Petrarch, which made him worthy of any woman, however gifted, and however accomplished. It is matter of surprize that the restorer and

admirer of ancient learning should have so little profited by the example of those mighty masters of Greece and Rome, and is only to be paralleled by the instance of Cowley, who, with the most enthusiastic veneration for the chaste and dignified Virgil, could write so puerile and conceited a poem as the *Dauids*. The love of the poet of *Vaucluse* was as singular as his method of expressing it; pure Platonic affection for the soul, unmixed with any base passionate fondness for the body, in which it was enshrined: for though he speaks in high poetic strains of *Laura's* bodily beauties, yet he betrays no unchaste rapturous desire of possessing them. Now, though this Platonism has found a warm defender in the sensible *Gravina*, yet we think it completely ridiculous: not that we are advocates for that love which *Fielding* wittily compares to an appetite for eating a fine piece of beef: but we do think that mere mortal man may very innocently and naturally feel desire as well as esteem towards an amiable and beautiful female. We are happy to be able to bring forward the testimony of one who was occasionally as great a Platonist and as conceited a poet as *Petrarch* himself.

It is *Cowley* who addresses the Platonists in the following lines:

So angels love : so let them love for me ;
 When I'm all soul, such shall my love too be :
 Who nothing here but like a spirit will do,
 In a short time, believe't, will be one too.

Again :

Ye talk of fires which shine but never burn ;
 In this cold world they'll hardly serve our turn ;
 As useless to despairing lovers grown,
 As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
 The sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
 With nuptial warmth to bring forth things below ;
 Such is love's noblest and divinest heat,
 That warms like his, and does like his beget.
 Lust you call this ; a name to yours more just,
 If an inordinate desire be lust :
 Pygmalion loving, what none can enjoy,
 More lustful was than the hot youth of Troy.

We could also enlist into our service a long regiment of verses of the once celebrated *John Cleveland* of conceited memory : but as his muse is rather an indecent lady, we shall content ourselves with the following short specimen :

' For shame, thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace and ne'er fall to her.
Love that's in contemplation plac'd
Is Venus drawn but to the waist.'

We quote the above gentlemen in preference to more rational and better poets, because we love to see men who broach nonsense confuted by themselves.

Such is our opinion of Petrarch: but let us fairly state the other side of the question. His countrymen think him a great poet; and one of the most judicious of critics, Gravina, speaks of him in the following high terms:

' Ed entrando nel decimoquarto secolo ragioneremo principalmente del Petrarca ristoratore della lingua Latina e padre della lirica Italiana nella quale, secondo la facolta del nostro idioma, le greche e le latine virtu dal loro centro adducendo, seppe la gravita delle canzoni di Dante, l'acume di Guido Cavalcanti, la gentilezza di Cino, e le virtu d'ogn' altro superare, così nell' età sua, come nelle seguenti, nelle quali tra tanti a lui simili non è mai sorto l'uguale.*

Then he proceeds to ascribe to him all the excellencies of the best elegiac, amatory, and lyric poets, both Greek and Roman. It will be said, perhaps, that his countrymen are the best judges of his works: of his language they certainly are; but of his thoughts one nation can judge as well as another: for the ideas which nature suggests are universal and common to all ages and to all nations. We think that Petrarch did not deserve any translation; but especially that the present translator has thrown away considerable powers of versification on an unworthy subject. Indeed it gives no very favourable idea of the Italian poet when, out of three hundred and eighteen sonnets and forty-nine odes, even the partiality of the translator could select but seventy sonnets and ten odes: and yet every reader will think that he has taken too many. We shall produce a few specimens which, while they display the abilities of the translator to considerable advantage, will, at the same time, convince the reader that such sentiments did not deserve to be clothed in such respectable verse. The first, which we shall quote, is a mere

* And entering upon the fourteenth century we shall discourse principally of Petrarch, the restorer of the Latin tongue, and the father of the Italian lyrics, into which having introduced all the beauties of Greece and Rome, he has surpassed the majesty of the odes of Dante, the pointedness of Guido Cavalcanti, the gentle elegance of Cino, and the excellencies of every other poet both in his own and succeeding ages, in which among so many who are like, there has not arisen one who is equal to him.

play of words on the coincidence between a laurel the tree of Apollo, and Laura the name of his mistress.

‘ O Phæbus, if that fond desire remains,
Which fir’d thy breast near the Thessalian wave
If those bright tresses which such pleasure gave,
Through lapse of years thy mem’ry not disdains;
From sluggish frosts, from rude inclement rains,
Which last the while thy beams our region leave,
That honoured sacred tree from peril save,
Whose name of dear accordance wak’d our pains,
And by that amorous hope which sooth’d thy care
What time expectant thou wert doom’d to sigh,
Dispel those vapours which disturb our sky.
So shall we both behold our favourite fair
With wonder seated on the grassy mead,
And forming with her arms herself a shade.’ Sonnet ix.

The following is a pretty instance of that Platonic subtlety in which the bard of Vaucuse loved to indulge: to which we recommend as a motto what Gray so arrogantly prefixed to his two sister-odes.

Φωκὺντα συντοσίῳ
Δε το πᾶν, ἐγμύνην
Χαρίζε.

that is to say, ‘ Away with you, ye vulgar: I address myself to none but those who are as wise and enlightened as I am.’

‘ A thousand times, sweet warrior, to obtain
Peace with those beauteous eyes, I’ve vainly tried,
Proff’ring my heart; but with that lofty pride
To bend your looks so lowly you refrain:
Expects a stranger fair, that heart to gain;
In frail fallacious hopes will she confide:
It never more to me can be allied;
Since what you scorn, dear lady, I disdain.
In its sad exile if no aid you lend,
Banish’d by me; and it can neither stay
Alone, nor yet another’s call obey;
Its vital course must hasten to its end.
Ah me, how guilty that we both should prove,
But guilty you the most, for you it most doth love.’

Sonnet vii.

This is ‘ confusion worse confounded,’ and ‘ chaos is come again.’

As to the following piece of mediocrity we think the translation quite as poor as the original.

' Yes, love, at that propitious time
 When hope was in its bloomy prime,
 And when I vainly fancied nigh
 The meed of all my constancy ;
 Then sudden she, of whom I sought
 Compassion, from my sight was caught.
 O ruthless death ! Oh life severe
 The one has sunk me deep in care,
 And darkened cruelly my day
 That shone with hope's enlivening ray :
 The other adverse to my will
 Doth here on earth detain me still ;
 And interdicts me to pursue
 Her who from all its scenes withdrew :
 Yet in my heart resides the fair,
 For ever, ever present there ;
 Who well perceives the ills that wait
 Upon my wretched mortal state.'

Ode x.

A waggon-load of such namby-pamby verses is not worth one farthing.

What follows is really so singular a specimen of versification that we extract it that we may have the pleasure of surprising our readers :

' What should I do ; what, love, dost thou advise ?
 Full time it is to die :
 And longer than I wish have I delayed.
 My mistress is no more, and with her gone my heart ;
 To follow her, I must need
 Break short the course of my afflictive years :
 To view her here below
 I ne'er can hope : and irksome 'tis to wait.
 Since that my every joy
 By her departure unto tears is turn'd ;
 Of all its sweets my life has been depriv'd, &c.' Ode ix.

In the following sonnet, the Italian poet attempts to be playful and gay : it is we suppose in allusion to such as these that Gravina talks of his point and acumen : but such gaiety is apt to give us the spleen :

' My rival in whose face you've wont to view
 Your own bright eyes, which Love and heaven adore,
 With beauty not its own delights you more
 Than all that's fair in mortal guise could do.
 Its counsel, lady, which with cause I rue,
 Compels me from my home so sweet before ;
 Unhappy exile ! merit gives no power
 To share a station occupied by you.

But to your glass if I transferred could be,
 Not your proud image only should you see,
 Becoming self-enamoured, to my cost,
 Rightly reflect upon Narcissus' fate;
 Both his and yours a like event await :
 Although no soil has worth so choice a flow'r to boast.*

Sonnet xi.

The subsequent sonnet is one of Petrarch's best, and is of a higher strain. The poet regrets his time mis-spent in writing idle love-verses :

' Still do I weep the days that are gone by,
 When sublunary things my fondness sway'd,
 And no bold flight, though having wings, I made,
 Haply to give of me examples high.
 Thou who my impious foul misdeeds dost spy,
 Dread Lord of Heaven immortal, viewless ! aid
 The soul that's frail, that has from duty stray'd :
 And its defect O let thy grace supply !
 Thus if life's warfare, and its storm I prov'd,
 Peace and a harbour may, in death be mine :
 Though vain my stay, I'll worthily depart.
 For that short period ere I'm hence remov'd,
 And at the last, extend thy hand divine ;
 Thou know'st that thou alone giv'st hope unto my heart.'

Sonnet lxix.

This is not the only instance in which the poetic lover of Laura laments his fatal attachment which kept him from better pursuits: he bemoans it in the sonnet which stands first in the book, and in another, the 43th, which is not here translated, beginning, '*Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni, &c.*' The least exceptionable sonnets are those written after the death of Laura. The two which follow are, in our opinion, the most pleasing of them :

' Ne'er did fond mother to her darling son,
 Or zealous spouse to her beloved mate
 Sage counsel give in perilous estate,
 With such kind caution, in such tender tone,
 As gives that fair one, who, oft looking down
 On my hard exile from her heavenly seat,
 With wonted kindness bends upon my fate
 Her brow, as friend or parent would have done :
 Now chaste affection prompts her speech, now fear,
 Instructive speech, that points what sev'ral ways
 To seek, to shun, while journeying here below ;
 Then all the ills of life she counts, and prays
 My soul ere long may quit this terrene sphere :
 And by her words alone I'm sooth'd, and freed from woe.'

Sonnet. l.

' Zephyr returns : and in his jocund train
Brings verdure, flow'rs, and days serenely clear ;
Brings Progne's twitter, Philomel's lorn strain,
With every bloom that paints the vernal year :
Cloudless the skies, and smiling every plain ;
With joyance flush'd, Jove views his daughter dear ;
Love's genial power pervades earth, air, and main ;
All beings join'd in fond accord appear.
But nought to me returns, save sorrowing sighs,
Forc'd from my inmost heart by her who bore
Those keys which govern'd it unto the skies :
The blossom'd meads, the choristers of air,
Sweet courteous damsels can delight no more ;
Each face looks savage, and each prospect drear.' Sonnet lix.

But there is one which we think fully equal to the above, and of which we give a translation : not that we have any desire of measuring a lance with this translator, but we recommend to him, if he should print a second edition, to translate the sonnet himself and insert in his selection, omitting others of less interest. It is one of the sonnets written on the fancy that his beloved Laura visited him after death. It is the 243rd, ed. 1551 : and the one immediately preceding is full as worthy of translation as half of the present volume. For the sake of the Italian reader we will transcribe the original.

' Discolorato hai morte il più bel volto,
Che mai si vide ; e i più begli occhi spenti ;
Spirto più acceso di virtù ardenti
Del più leggiadro, e più bel nodo hai sciolto.
In un momento ogni mio ben m' hai tollo ;
Posto hai silentio à più soavi accenti,
Che mai s' udiro ; e me pien di lamenti :
Quant' io veggio, m' è noia ; e quant' io ascolto.
Ben torna à consolar tanto dolore
Madonna, ove pietà la riconduce ;
Ne trovo in questa vita altro soccorso :
E se com' ella parla, e come luce,
Ridir potessi ; accenderci d'amore
Non dico d'huom, un cor di tigre, ò d'orso.'

Here follows our very inadequate version : for notwithstanding all his conceits and nonsense, there is a beauty in the diction of Petrarch which is not easily imitated, and which indeed almost defies translation.

' Death with unpitying hand hath dar'd destroy
The loveliest face ; and quench'd the brightest eye :
And from the fairest form dislodged bade fly
A gen'rous soul with no impure alloy.

Fled in one moment all my earthly joy :
 Hush't is her voice of sweetest minstrelsy :
 And I alas ! remain to weep, to sigh ;
 For all I see, and all I hear, annoy.
 But she returns to sooth my deep distress,
 And soft-ey'd Pity guides her steps the while :
 This sole delight in life's sojourn I prove ;
 Could I describe her voice, her beamy smile,
 Not man alone would the soft power confess,
 But the fell tiger's heart would melt with love !

Upon the whole we regret that the translator has wasted his time and talents on the bard of Sorga. There are several Roman poets who have never been translated in a manner worthy of them. We should rejoice to hear that the translator was dedicating his abilities to the pure Roman muses of old time, and not to the coquettish and affected dames of modern Italy. We allude here to the Petrarchs and Guanis, not to the grand commanding genius of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, who may justly rank with the most illustrious of ancient or modern bards.

To the translation are subjoined some very pleasing notes, which show that the author is well read in those critics who thought it worth their while to attempt to explain those difficulties in Petrarch which it is more than probable he could not have explained himself : like the famous Lopez de Vega, who, when one of his sonnets was shewn to him some time after it was written, having read it over with considerable attention, frankly confessed that he could not understand it himself.

We cannot conclude without expressing our decided contempt for the prevailing fashion of printing title-pages. Why in the name of good sense are they to be diversified with black and red ? and why is the recommendatory sonnet to be printed in black-letter, because it was written near three centuries ago ? Is it to please the tasteful eye of the gentleman to whom the book is dedicated ? But if he must have black-letter why do it by halves ? Why not print the whole volume in that venerable and old-fashioned character ? If this were done, heavens ! how would the mouths and eyes of certain gentlemen water ! No cat at the sight of a mouse, no old debauchee at the view of a pretty nymph, would express such rapturous emotions as these gentlemen at the appearance of a modern book, all in black-letter. We hope, however, that there are not many who are ready to pander for this their inordinate desire : and we exhort them who are intoxicated with the love of the sable beauties of

our ancestors' typography, to exert their endeavours to subdue their unnatural affection, and to return to sobriety and reason. To be serious: We have all due respect towards the black-letter scholars for the information which they so frequently give: but let them not introduce their fantastic and disgusting fopperies to disfigure the uniformity of modern printing.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A Letter to a Barrister, in Reply to the second Part of his Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching.* By Robert Hawker, D. D. Vicar of Charles, Plymouth. 2s. 6d. Williams and Smith.

THE doctor begins his letter with the following *elegant* sentence: 'I have this moment heard the second blast of your *horn*, and hasten to meet you in the field of battle.'—The doctor as usual displays a very small share of learning, but a very large stock of self-sufficiency in this encounter with his adversary. He makes a number of desultory observations on the arguments of the barrister; and he presses various scattered texts of scripture into his service, which he explains in his own way, and then sounds the *Io Pæan* of evangelical presumption. We have delivered our sentiments so fully on the first and second part of the Barrister's Hints (see C. R. for February and August 1808,) that we shall not waste the time of the reader, by showing the numerous instances of conceit, of arrogance, and of ignorance which the vicar of Charles has evinced in the present publication. Religious controversy is at best but an unprofitable thing; but in the hands of Dr. Hawker and others of the evangelical school, whose minds are not penetrated even by a single ray of biblical criticism, it is beneath contempt.

ART. 13.—*An Address delivered at Worship-street, October 2, 1808, upon the Baptism, by Immersion, of Mr. Isaac Littleler, one of the Israelitish Nation, on his Profession of Christianity: to which is prefixed, an Account of his Conversion.* By John Evans, A.M. 8vo. 1s. Sherwood. 1808.

MR. Evans tells us in his preface that he 'lately published a sermon, entitled *The propriety of the time of Christ's appearance in the world;*' which was preached on the 23d of May last, upon the opening of a new place of worship at Cranbrook, in Kent.'

'This sermon,' says Mr. Evans, 'happened to fall into the hands of Mr. Isaac Littleter, an English Jew, about fifty years of age, who had for these two years past been studying the prophecies relative to the coming of the Messiah. He immediately requested an interview with the author, when a conversation took place on the subject. He stated that the prophecies concerning Christ, especially the *seventy weeks*, were specific, and admitted of no evasion. Nor should this circumstance create any surprise, for according to Josephus—"Daniel not only foretold things to come, as did the other prophets, but he specified *the time* when those very things should happen," and this leads to greater certainty. He then added that the sermon he had perused, having nothing in it inconsistent with the *Divine Unity*, had settled his mind, and therefore he wished the author to baptise him into the Christian faith. He observed that having occasionally frequented Christian places of worship, he found their doctrine of the *plurality of persons* in the Deity, destructive of the Divine Unity, and could not before think of embracing Christianity: adding with an emphasis, that 'the Unity of God is as much the doctrine of the New, as it is of the Old Testament.'

Mr. Littleter was accordingly baptized by Mr. Evans, who may claim the rare merit of having made a Christian of a Jew. We shall not, at present, examine Mr. Evans's mode of explaining the prophecies of the Old Testament; but we cannot refrain from remarking the insuperable impediment which is placed in the way of the propagation of Christianity not only among Jews but among Turks and Mahometans, by what is called the doctrine of the *Trinity*. That doctrine is so contrary not only to the Old and New Testament-scriptures, but to the unprejudiced reason of man under every system, that those who inculcate it as one of the essentials of the gospel seem to take no small pains to prove Christianity to be false by thus foolishly identifying it with what cannot be true. We do not know, nor do we presume to enquire, what are the theological tenets of Mr. Evans, but it is evident that he is not an advocate for a *plurality of persons* in the godhead, or he would not have made a convert of Mr. Littleter. We hope that Mr. Littleter will have ability sufficient to persuade many of his sordid and narrow-minded brethren to relinquish the ceremonial law of Moses for the universal benevolence which is inculcated in the system of Jesus. We have on other occasions commended the theological labours of Mr. Evans; and we cannot but wish that every minister of the gospel were equally earnest in diffusing its genuine spirit, and impressing its important truths.

ART. 14.—*Natural Theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, from his Works of Creation; arranged in a popular Way for Youth. By William Enfield, M.A. Author of Elements of Natural Philosophy, Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, &c.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Tegg. 1808.

THIS is a pleasing and instructive publication, which is well cal-

culated to impress the minds of youth with a conviction of, and with a veneration and a love for, the sublime and amiable attributes of the Deity.

ART. 15.—*The Sunday Lessons, for Morning and Evening Service throughout the Year, with those for Christmas Day and Good Friday, illustrated by a perpetual Commentary, Notes, and an Index. Part I. containing the first Lessons.* 12mo. Baldwin.

THE intention of this work, the author tells us, is to furnish a perpetual comment on the lessons of the Old and New Testaments, which are appointed to be read on Sunday, in the service of the establishment. Mr. Weston has given a concise, but for the most part luminous explanation of every passage that seemed likely to impede the progress of the biblical student, 'arising either from transposition of words, inversion of phrases, oriental custom, or the use of the Chaldee, Arabic, or Syriac dialects.' Mr. W. appears a judicious and learned theologian. We will give two specimens of his notes.

'Gen. vi. 3.—*And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man*—Others, as Geddes, pronounce judgment against mankind, but equally wrong with our own version. The word is most probably *dwell* in man continually, because he is flesh, and subject to corruption, yet he shall live an hundred and twenty years; the Seventy translate *remain*; and other versions in the same manner. This shews that the original in their copies was *idur*, and not *idun*, as in ours; *idur* is *habitavit*, *permansit*.'

'Joshua x. 12.—*Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon*.—That is in the Hebrew, *Sun, be thou silent in Gibeon, and thou, moon, &c.* *Dum sile*, Σιώπα, Aquila. Παύσῃς, cease to shine, appear not. Symmachus. The Hebrew word means be silent, which in the heavenly bodies, is non-appearance, or absence. *Lunæ silentium dies est interlunium*, Plin. lib. xvi. c. 74. *Per amica silentia lunæ*, is in the dark, Virgil; when the Greeks sailed unobserved to Troy. *Silentem lunam, minime tum lucentem*; Politian in locum. See also in Deborah's song, where the stars fought against Sisera by not lending their light, and his army was driven into the brook Kishon in the dark. Dante says,

Mi ripingera là, dove 'l sol tace. Dante, *Inferno*, c. 1.

These authorities show that the original might have been rendered literally so as not to render a miracle necessary.

ART. 16.—*Sermons by S. Chartres, D. D. Minister of Wilton. A new Edition.* 8vo. Rivington, 1807.

A NEW edition! *Credat Judæus Apella.*

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*An Appeal to the Public, and a farewell Address to the Army, by Brevet-Major Hogan, late a Captain in the Thirty-second Regiment of*

Infantry, in which he resigned his Commission, in consequence of the Treatment he received from the Duke of York, and the System that prevails in the Army respecting Promotions; including some Strictures on the general Conduct of our Military Force. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Gorman. 1808.

WE shall briefly state the substance of Major Hogan's Appeal without any comment of our own. If the facts, which he relates, be true, they will speak for themselves, and suggest their own inferences to the reader without our interposition; if they be false, we will not aggravate their malignancy by any invidious imputations.

On the 27th of May 1805, Major Hogan addressed a memorial to the Duke of York, stating that he had served in the army for a period of fourteen years, seven of which were passed in service on foreign stations, producing very respectable testimony to his character, and soliciting promotion. Before Major Hogan presented this memorial, he tells us that he had deposited his money for purchase in any regiment; and that therefore he asked no other favour of his royal highness than that to which he was entitled according to the ordinary routine of promotion. In reply to his memorial, Major Hogan received on the 30th of May 1805 a letter from J. W. Gordon, secretary to the Duke of York, acquainting him that his *'name had been noted for promotion, and that his claims would be considered on a favourable opportunity offering.'* Major Hogan, afterwards, on other applications, previous to the end of 1806, received similar assurances of promotion from his royal highness, and his secretary. In 1807 Major Hogan made a very successful display of his zeal in the recruiting service, according to the duke of York's direction to the officers of the second battalion of the 32d regiment, who were assured *'that their exertions on this occasion would not fail to recommend them to his Majesty's notice.'* Major Hogan, having added 155 recruits in eight months to the 32d regiment, and having complied with the wish expressed in the duke of York's circular letter, thought that he might with additional cogency renew his former applications. In 1807 he accordingly addressed another memorial to his royal highness, which was forwarded by general Ogilvie and accompanied by a very flattering letter from Lieutenant-colonel Power. On the 17th July, 1807, an answer to this memorial was addressed to general Ogilvie, stating as before that *'the name of Captain Hogan had been noted for promotion, and would be duly considered as favourable opportunities offered.'* Major Hogan tells us that he became *'indignant at the common cant'* as he terms it, *'of this answer,'* and that he sought and obtained an interview with the Duke of York in August 1807. At this interview Major H. pressed upon his royal highness's attention the nature and circumstances of his application; and stated that *'in the course of the time he had been noted on his royal highness's list, upwards of forty captains had been promoted without purchase, all of whom were junior to him in rank, and many of whom were not in the army, when he was a captain.'* Major Hogan tells us that, at the same time, he

informed his royal highness that '*other ways*' of obtaining the object of his wishes had been recommended to him; and that propositions had been made, for a *douceur* of 600*l.* to obtain for him a majority without purchase; 'but he added that, '*as a British officer and as a man he would not owe the king's commission to low intrigue or petticoat influence.*' The Major adds that the Duke of York '*seemed astounded,*' that he spoke not a word, and that he (the Major,) accordingly retired. The Major after this being told by his friends that he had extinguished all hopes of promotion in his military career sent in his resignation in the usual form. Major Hogan was to receive the sums which his commission had cost him, amounting according to the computation of colonel Gordon to 1,100*l.*; but in this the Major says that the 400*l.* which he had paid for his captain-lieutenancy had been omitted. On the evening of the first day on which the Major's pamphlet had been advertised, he tells us that '*a lady in a dashing barouche with two footmen*' called at the newspaper office for his address; and that on the following evening the waiter at Franks's coffee-house delivered him a letter which had been put into his hands by a lady who enjoined him to be careful in delivering it to Major Hogan, and instantly retired. The letter, which was thus received, inclosed bank notes to the amount of 400*l.* the sum which the Major had paid for his captain-lieutenancy, and which colonel Gordon had refused to allow in the sale of his commission. The letter expressed a desire that the Major would suppress the publication of his pamphlet, and promised that such suppression should meet with a suitable reward!!! Such is the sum and substance of a pamphlet which has made considerable noise and experienced a very extensive circulation.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, or an Exposition of the Circumstances which led to the late Appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple; and an Enquiry into the Question whether he, his Royal Highness, as Commander-in-Chief, or his Majesty's Ministers, be most responsible to the Country.* By Thomas Hague. 8vo. Horseman. 1808.

WE have read this pamphlet with attention, but have not been able to detect the '*exposition,*' which the author in his title page professes to exhibit '*of the circumstances which led to the appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple.*' We expected that the author would have gratified us with some novel information on the subject, or would have unfolded some secret of the court, or some mystery of the cabinet, but all that he has told us is what every body knew before, from the communication of the public prints; that the appointment of a commander-in-chief to the army in Portugal was the cause of much discussion and great dissensions among the *higher powers*; that one interest was opposed to another; and that, at last, the conflict of rival claims was settled by a compromise which instead of one commander-in-chief produced a sort of heterogeneous combination of three. The author, who is certainly more lavish of his invective than his panegyric, pays however what we believe this well-de-

served praise to the Duke of Kent. He calls him a 'real soldier,' 'of solid acquirements and great intellectual capability,' 'brave, sober, and attentive,' and every way qualified to take the command of the army in Portugal. We are not, however, anxious to see any of the king's sons in such responsible situations; for who is to bring them to justice if they offend? The name of Lord Moira is said to have been passed over because he was an '*opposition peer*.' Other claims were forced to yield to the clamorous importunities of Marquis Wellesley. We will extract what the author says of the latter nobleman:

'Then were obtruded on the cabinet, the thunder, importunity of the arrogant despotic Wellesley; the marquis, in whom the sin by which the angels fell, rages boundless and eternal; he urged with all his volubility and vehemence, the abilities and claims of Sir Arthur for the command; the haughty and overbearing marquis continued peal on peal for three successive days; the cabinet were stunned, weary, and distracted by his applications; confounded by the miserable variety of shreds and patches, tooth-pick colonels, and borough-trapping generals, from which they were reduced to choose a commander; yet compelled to select. I pity ministers so placed. The fulminator was still heard in the troubled air of the cabinet—delicate nerves are shaken by a storm, they were *constrained* to hear, and how could they refuse the Indian Jove?'

Mr. Hague is not one of those gentlemen who are afraid of speaking evil of dignities.—The following is the *courteous* manner in which he addresses the Duke of York:

'Sir, under all the appearances of our degradation and disgrace, the people of England felt a comfort, that *you* remained at home; first, from personal affection; secondly, that if you had gone, gifted with *all* your *former* vigilance, skill and promptitude, we might have experienced, shall I say a worse fate—a greater slaughter? Our brave troops might have been compelled to evacuate Portugal, as they did Flanders. Spain might have been given to the enemy, as the Dutch Provinces were; or, as in Holland, we might have made a *capitulation*, instead of Sir Hew's convention.'

'I do not assert,' says Mr. H. addressing his royal highness, 'that you or the ministers gave a false character to get Sir Hew his place; but, I do aver, that if you, or they, had discharged a wise and just part towards the public, no man would have been appointed, unless he had established, by real acts, both his military skill and personal bravery. If a false character be given of a butler, we have a legal remedy against the promulgator. What redress has the nation, here? Who suffers? Do you? Certainly not. You continue to receive your parliamentary allowance, the King gives you £16,000 per annum, for your bishopric of Osnaburgh, which Napoleon holds, I suppose *in commendam*, or waits your father's *congé d'élire*; for I wish he may be as just a receiver for your father, as your father was for you. You take your pay as

Commander-in-Chief; all your allowances, forage for 30 horses; you have the first regiment of guards, 3 battalions strong; you are colonel of the 66th regiment, with 5 battalions; you are warden of the New Forest; ranger of Cranbourn Place and Windsor Forest; you have a house in the Stable Yard; you are debtor to the public £53,000 out of the £54,000 borrowed by you, before your creditors would permit you to leave England for Holland, in 1799. Sir, this *last* reason should restrain any honest man from thinking of going abroad *unless* he possess effects to pay his creditors at home, or by going out could gain an increased power of satisfying their claims. I trust, you can *yet* feel the influence of this observation. Sir, these diversified streams of wealth flow into your pocket, and by which you drain from the labour, the sweat, the intrails of my countrymen, a revenue of £60,000 per annum: you are *absolutely* encumbered with places, which have duties annexed to them, *absolutely* inconsistent, and impossible for you to perform, all the salaries and emoluments of which, would weigh you *down* with riches, if it were not for the ingenious method you take; the morning calls you make on Mr. Gray, the Jeweller, in Sackville Street, in your way to May Fair; if it were not for the *convention* you meet *there*, actors and actresses, play writers, wit crackers and would-be managers. I mean not to speak disrespectfully of the lady herself, nor of her guests; but while you have such an income, *such outgoings*, such revels, you can have little leisure to think of national miscarriages, disgraces, disappointed allies, and an insulted army, a nation up to the throat in debt, a generous, loyal, brave people, toiling to sustain their country, to maintain in splendour and high dignity, a most *numerous* royal family; a people now suffering every species of privation at home, and bleeding on every hostile land abroad, to support the independence of their king and state.

Mr. Hague bestows a number of opprobrious terms on Sir Hew Dalrymple, which that officer, whatever blame may be his due for the share which he took in the convention of Cintra, does not appear to deserve. Mr. H. does not seem to have any personal knowledge of the character which he professes to appreciate. His stock of political information is small; but he knows how to supply the defect by positive assertion; his pamphlet contains a few strong and striking passages; it has more glare of metaphor than that of Major Hogan, but it is on the whole far inferior in point of composition.

ART. 19.—*A Statement of some Objections to the Bill as amended by the Committee of the House of Commons, to prevent the spreading of the Infection of the Small Pox. To which is subjoined, a Copy of the Bill. By A. Highmore. 8vo. 1s. Johnson.*

ART. 20.—*An Answer to Mr. Highmore's Objections to the Bill before Parliament, to prevent the spreading of the Small Pox; with an Appendix, containing some interesting Communications from Foreign Medical Practitioners, on the Progress and Efficacy of Vaccine Inoculation. By Charles Murray. 2s. Longman. 1808.*

A BILL was prepared, but not passed, in the last session of par-

liament, the object of which is to prevent the spreading of variolous infection. By the provisions of the bill all inoculation for the small pox is prohibited within the distance of three statute miles from any city, town, or village, which contains more than ten houses. All persons, inoculating for the small pox, without the distance prescribed by the act, are to have the words 'Small Pox Hospital,' or 'Pest House,' written in large letters in some conspicuous part of the dwelling. All persons taken ill of the infectious small pox in any city, town, hamlet, village, in which are ten houses adjoining each other, are to be removed to some convenient and proper distance, to be settled by a magistrate, and the house in which any persons are seized with the infection, or to which they are carried, are to be inscribed with the words 'Small Pox here.' All masters, mistresses, or principal occupiers of any house, are to inform the churchwardens or overseers of all cases of variolous infection which may occur in their family within twenty-four hours after their knowledge of the same. These regulations are enforced by suitable penalties, which it is needless to detail. Such is the substance of the bill, against which Mr. Highmore advances several objections; to which Mr. Murray has published a reply.

Mr. Highmore contends that the bill abridges the right of private judgment; that by its restrictions on inoculation, it will expose numbers, whose prejudices run counter to the practice of vaccination, to the casual small pox; that thus it will not prevent the spreading of variolous infection; that the vulgar prejudices which prevail against vaccination are more likely to be increased than diminished by all measures of coercion; that it will be impossible in the neighbourhood of London to find any space for the erection of pest-houses, which shall be three miles from any assemblage of ten houses; that the penalties proposed to be inflicted by the act will not be regarded by the rich; that its operations will be thus almost exclusively confined to the poor, and that the bill will prove at once nugatory and oppressive. Mr. Murray contends for the necessity of some legislative provisions to check the spreading of variolous infection; and adds, that some of Mr. Highmore's objections may be removed by the alterations which the bill may receive before it is enacted into a law.

For our own parts, we must confess ourselves friendly to some legislative prohibitions in order to prevent the spread of variolous infection; which ought not to be left to the wanton dispersion of obstinacy and of ignorance. A great evil must be allowed to exist in the variolous infection. For this evil a safe and adequate remedy has been found in the practice of vaccination. Does it not behove the legislature of the country to promote the adoption of the cure by every means which reason aided by philanthropy can suggest? Are the most beneficent and most enlightened discoveries of science to be rendered nugatory by a false delicacy of complaisance to the stubborn prejudices of ignorance and superstition?

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Ode to Iberia.* By Eyles Irwin, Esq. M.R.I.A. Asperne: 1808.

ART. 22.—*The Stanzas of an English Friend to the Patriots of Spain.* 4to. Westley. 1808.

ART. 23.—*Ode Pindarique, adressée aux Peuples, &c.*

A Pindaric Ode addressed to the People, who are now groaning under the tyrannic and oppressive Yoke of that Scourge of Humanity the soi-disant Emperor of the French, occasioned by the noble and glorious Resistance of the Spaniards against the Ravager of Europe. Dedicated by special Consent to his most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. King of France and Navarre. By M. Lenoir. 8vo. Dulau. 1808.

THE present state of Spain is well fitted to kindle the flame of poetical enthusiasm. The Muses themselves are determined enemies to all servitude and oppression; and the love of liberty and independence, when it has been generally banished from other bosoms, has often found a favoured receptacle in that of the poet.

We shall not attempt to appreciate the relative deficiency or excess of the *vis poetica* in the above odes, but shall quote the two first stanzas of each that the reader may have some opportunity of judging for himself.

‘ What swelling sounds of martial note,
To bold Finestre’s strand,
Along Iberia’s mountains float?
Touch’d by oppression’s wand,
Those sounds from breasts indignant broke,
Which nobly spurn’d a foreign yoke.
And not, in vain, her genius calls—
From fam’d Seville, the Moorish seat,
To arms! to arms! the sounds repeat,
And Cales’ sea-girted walls!
In ports, that guard his eastern coasts,
On bleak Morena’s steep,
Where Diaz scatter’d turban’d hosts,
The peasant starts from sleep,
To fell defiance Gaul to brave,
And look for victory or a grave!
As when his ancestors of yore,
Rose sudden, with accordance dread,
Defac’d the plains with sable dead,
Or crimson’d floods with gore!’

‘ What cheering glance of heavenly light,
What joyous sound from Calpe’s height
Through nations, waken’d to new virtue, runs?
The flash of Freedom’s lifted spear!
Her voice, that Nature leaps to hear,
Since brutal force her sense no longer stuns,
But all her spirit glows in her Iberian sons!’

Parent of Truth ! and Glory's nurse !
 Honour'd by foil'd Oppression's curse !
 On Calpe's Rock exulting Freedom stands :
 Her spear, like just Ithuriel's lance,
 Touches the couching Fiend of France ;
 He starts, amaz'd at Freedom's circling bands,
 And to Satanic size his lurking guilt expands.

‘ Trop long-temps l’effroi de la terre,
 As-tu, Mars, en de viles mains,
 Permis l’abus de ton tonnerre,
 Exterminateur des humains :
 D’un Monstre digne du supplice,
 Ah ! cesse d’être le complice ;
 Viens mettre un terme à ses fureurs :
 Si la bravoure et le courage,
 Des mortels méritent l’hommage,
 C’est lorsqu’ils en sont les vengeurs.
 Lâche assassin, dont la jactance,
 Naguère, assourdissoit les airs,
 Si nous jugeons par ton silence,
 Enfin tu connois des revers.
 L’amour sacré de la patrie,
 Aux fiers enfans de l’Ibérie,
 A donc fait entendre sa voix ;
 Ministres saints des Euménides,
 Enfin de tes trames perfides,
 Ils s’arment pourvenger les Rois.

‘ Déjà plus juste, la Victoire,
 Fuyant tes infâmes drapeaux,
 Sur ton Chef dépouillé de gloire,
 Invoque le fer des bourreaux ;
 Et la voix de la Renommée,
 Par toi si long-temps comprimée,
 Plus véridique désormais,
 Lasse de décorer tes crimes,
 Dans tes projets illégitimes,
 N’annonce plus que tes forfaits.
 Qu’est donc devenu ton courage ?
 Tu suis ; vil oppresseur des Rois !
 Le Guadalquivir et le Tage
 Arrêtent tes affreux exploits.
 Pour vous, Peuples de Germanie,
 Quelle nouvelle ignominie !
 Voyez ! d’Austerlitz le Héros,
 Désolateur de vos campagnes,
 Aux braves guerriers des Espagnes,
 Est réduit à tourner le dos.’

NOVEL.

ART. 24.—*Rebecca, or the Victim of Duplicity, a Novel. In 3 vols.*

THE Vicar of N—— is a very good man, and so is the Vicar of Wakefield; his daughter Rebecca is lured to the arms of a seducer by a sham, and clandestine marriage, and so is Olivia, with some variation in the consequences; each lady is cast off by her admirer, and each of these good vicars seeks after their lost daughter almost in a similar way, and certainly with similar sentiments, and both of them are arrested at the suit of their daughters' seducers, and both of them thrown into confinement: so far the copy manifests its prototype most clearly; its intermediate and subsequent deviations from an original, which all have perused, admired, and remembered, and none, as it seems, more faithfully than the Vicar of N——'s historian, may by some misjudging critics be considered as a departure from excellence in pursuit of improbable fiction, trite incident, and bad taste; but we, who profess more candour than our brethren, having been highly *amused*, and *surprised* with the contents of these volumes, are not so selfish and reserved as to conceal our sentiments, and withhold our applause.—And who can sufficiently admire, and extol the fashionable philanthropy, and spiritual toleration of our vicar in favor of methodism?—but let him speak on this subject in his own person:

'Since neither my preaching, nor your authority, have been effectual to extirpate all the rogues in the parish, *I see no reason, why you or I should be angry at those, who voluntarily step in to help us in the work.*'

We trust this benevolent hint will not be lost on those for whom it is intended, and that *all the saints*, who feel the inward call, will descend from their garrets, emerge from their cellars, or start from their shop-boards or counters, and combining their efforts with the established clergy of the empire, hasten to improve the depraved morals of the times.

Nor are we staggered at the principles of the writer, when *he* or *she* introduces the following sentiments, as delivered, not by the most virtuous character in the piece.

'Observe the younger part of the holy brotherhood, *sons and cousins* of nobility: who find it convenient to fill a benefice themselves, instead of throwing *some hundreds away upon a stranger*; does not the whole of their conduct testify, that they deem the profession a lucrative farce; and nothing more.'

It seems to us hardly possible for any nobleman or commoner, after the perusal of this observation not to feel abashed at his practices in thus providing for his children and relations before strangers. Yes, sirs, you may send your sons to public schools, you may subject them to a long, a painful and expensive preparation in our universities for the functions of the ministry, but what of that? will

you be guided rather by the feelings of affection and duty, than the terror of the spirit, and refuse to *throw some hundreds away upon strangers*, when so many may be found possessing the true and only true genuine call, and more ready to receive than you, it seems are ready to bestow? If such hints fail to move you, the most powerful arguments must fail.—Still as the writers of *such valuable histories* are *sure to meet with their reward*, and an applause at least equal to their powers of invention, political research, and depth of reasoning; we studiously exhort them to proceed, nor to regard the sarcastic sneers of envious critics which may occasionally assail them, in their descriptions of *harbours*, or *arbours* (for the orthography in these points as well as in *some others*, does not appear as yet properly decided,) but continue to adorn these retreats not with *lilacs*, which is of the old orthography, but with *laylocks* and other flowers of their own creation, but above all we request them to display hereafter, as they have done in this valuable history, not a few grammatical inaccuracies, because heedlessness is a proof of genius, and it will be no mean merit to introduce new idioms into our native tongue, and firmly to disregard the apostrophe of any snarler, though conveyed in their own language, p. 108. vol. ii.

How art thou fallen, Rebecca! Child of the morning.

MEDICINE.

ART. 25.—*The Fatal Effects of Cow Pox Protection: manifested by a Narrative of the Occurrences which have recently happened at Ringwood, in Hampshire.* 12mo. Hughes. 1808.

ART. 26.—*Hints for the Consideration of Parliament, in a Letter to Dr. Jenner, on the supposed Failures of Vaccination at Ringwood; including a Report of the Royal Jennerian Society on that Subject, after a careful public Investigation upon the Spot: Also, containing Remarks on the prevalent Abuse of variolous Inoculation, and on the dreadful Exposure of Out-patients attending at the Small Pox Hospital.* By W. Blair, Surgeon of the Lock Hospital and Asylum, the Bloomsbury Dispensary, and New Rupture Society, and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Medical Societies of London, Paris, Brussels, Aberdeen, &c. 8vo. Callow. 1808.

WE really think that Mr. Blair has given himself much needless trouble in tracing the bitter contemptible anonymous pamphlet entitled 'Fatal Effects of Cow-Pox Protection,' to its author, the redoubtable Mr. John Birch. The ideas of this latter gentleman are truly singular, and worthy of a strenuous anti-vaccinist; when he publishes *opinions*, which must stand or fall by their intrinsic merit, he affixes his name to them; but when he states facts, (or what he would have pass for such,) he withholds it, the credibility of which depends on the authority of the narrator. Excellent logician! The vaccinists may well tremble for the reputation of their favourite project, when they are opposed by one with so clear a head, and so tender a heart!

The truth with regard to the supposed failures of vaccination at Ringwood appears to be this. In September and October, 1807,

the small pox was introduced into the place, and the infection was diffused both by inoculation and by contagion. Of two thousand persons, very few would submit to vaccination, which did not commence till the contagion had been widely diffused. In some who were vaccinated, the small pox appeared in consequence of previous infection. In others the vaccine disease was not excited; some of the matter employed was probably defective, and there seems to have been mismanagement in the mode of its application. But those who regularly went through the disease received a perfect protection from the small pox. The number of these was above two hundred. It is well worthy of observation, that one of the surgeons of the place had previously formed an unfavourable opinion of vaccination; but from his observation of its efficacy on this occasion, he became a complete convert to the practice, and has stood forward most virtuously in its defence.

The fatality from small pox at Ringwood was much greater than is commonly estimated. One in six from the natural infection, and one in three hundred from inoculation is the proportion of deaths which has been thought to be near the truth. But at Ringwood, Mr. Blair informs us 'nearly *half* of those died, who had the small pox naturally; and more than an eightieth part of the inoculated patients.'

Some strong evidence is here given concerning the occurrence of variolous symptoms twice in the same person by the Ringwood practitioners. Each of these gentlemen asserts that about one in a hundred of his patients 'took the confluent small pox after an interval of three, four, and five weeks subsequently to effectual inoculation, which had been attended with both local and constitutional symptoms.' We must pause, however, before we can attach implicit confidence to this calculation. We can hardly think that insecurity of so extraordinary a magnitude, if it were universal, could have escaped universal notice. However, many similar facts still more unequivocal are recorded by different writers. Mr. Ring has published several in the Medical and Physical Journal. Dr. Lettsom has given an account of some others. It is therefore probable that such occurrences are not so unfrequent as has been supposed.

In the concluding part of Mr. Blair's work we find some very severe, but we really cannot say unmerited strictures on the conduct of Dr. Adams, physician to the Small-pox hospital. Would it be believed, if it were not upon record, that in the year 1807, 4594 patients had been inoculated for small pox, at that hospital? that of these 4246 have been sent into every alley of this crowded metropolis to disseminate this loathsome pestilence through the misguided and ill-fated inhabitants? Under the management of Dr. Woodville, the variolous inoculations were diminishing, and the vaccine increasing; under Dr. Adams, the talking, the theorising, and the publishing Dr. Adams, *the answerer of every objection*, the new practice has become uniformly retrograde. We wish we could frame in our own minds a proper apology for such glaring inconsistency. But we are happy to add that this shocking nuisance is at

length suppressed, not with the concurrence, but in spite of the opposition of Dr. Adams. If we are rightly informed, the public are indebted to a fellow of the college of physicians, who is an equal ornament to medicine and literature, for this happy change. It is probable that some good will result from the evil that is irreparable ; for the change which may be expected to appear in the bills of mortality will furnish grounds for calculating the absolute quantity of destruction committed by the death-dealing lancet of Dr. Adams and his assistant. As this evil was at its height at the period of Mr. Blair's publication, we think the public are much indebted to him for the pointed manner in which he has noticed it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*Theodore or the Peruvians. From the French of Pigault de Brun. By E. W. 12mo. Crosby. 1808.*

THE original is well known, the translation contains rather too strong a taint of the French idiom.

ART. 28.—*The Practical Norfolk Farmer, describing the Management of a Farm throughout the Year, with Observations founded on Experience. Dedicated to Thos. Wm. Coke, Esq. 8vo. Scatcherd. 1808.*

IN this work we find, first, some judicious remarks on the utility of leases, which are certainly favourable to the interests of agriculture ; a general account of the particular courses of farming in the county of Norfolk ; and an accurate and perspicuous description of the different agricultural processes which are pursued in every month in the year. The author exhibits a clear and useful account of Norfolk husbandry ; which may be perused with advantage by the agriculturalists of other counties, and may be even read with pleasure by those who reside in the country, and are fond of contemplating the diversity of its produce, and the continual revolution of rural occupations, without making farming their actual employment.

ART. 29.—*Fashionable Biography; or Specimens of Public Characters, by a Connoisseur ; with a Preface and Notes Pantological and Pantogelastical. S. A. and H. Oddey. 1808.*

THIS is a vastly smart and lively satire, executed with much ability and good humour. Our lovely and modest country-women will do well to take a leaf from the part on Mis. Fiske and her fashions, and to regulate their appearance accordingly. And our beaux and Bond-street loungers will, we trust, have sense enough to take a good lesson from the chapter on Mr. W*st*en, Mr. H*by and Mr. H*mbly, boot-makers to his royal highness the Prince of Wales. That author deserves well of his countrymen who by keen satire and sound judgement holds up the mirror to the world and raises 'sly the fair impartial laugh' against follies and nonsense which alas ! grow very formidable amongst our wives, our daughters, and our sons. Can we withhold our indignation at the sight of the

number of neatly-booted gentlemen we meet in Bond and St. James's street loitering away their time when they might be so much better employed in sharing the toils (and we hope) the glories of our brave fellows in Spain. No, we turn from the *pretty creatures* with pity and contempt; and request our fair country-women to endeavour by their conduct and propriety of appearance to call forth all that noble spirit for which Englishmen *used* to be so famed, instead of meditating the shape of a boot or the cut of a pair of breeches; we beg pardon, a pair of *small clothes, sentimentals, or culottes*, which ever our readers think best to read aloud.

Who can blame Mrs. Fiske? she is a very ingenious gentlewoman and makes ladies shapes appear to the very best advantage, at least to those who love to behold them like the admired statue of Diana in wet drapery, which is to be seen at Holkham the seat of that noble Englishman and upright senator, T. W. Coke, Esq.

We have in this volume, amongst other public characters, that of the ingenious Mrs. Fiske, milliner and dress maker, who publishes the *Records of Fashion* for the edification of the ladies. These Records are, with much propriety, addressed to the female nobility; and as dedications are quite obsolete an inscription is placed to her royal highness the princess Elizabeth. This inscription, as our author states, is vastly well put together, as we have, '*impossible to resist the impulse,*' with something about '*temerity,*' '*gracious condescension,*' '*accustomed lenity, wild wreath and mingled flowers.*' Next comes Mr. W^{est}ⁿ, taylor to his royal highness the prince of Wales; Mr. H^{by}, and Mr. H^{mb}y, bootmakers to the same illustrious personage; and Mr. O—k—l—y cabinet-maker and upholsterer. The notes are very entertaining and sensible; they shew much knowledge of fashionable life and considerable discrimination of character. Did limits permit we would insert for the amusement of our readers, Mr. Diamond's *exquisite* dedication to the duchess of York; but we must spare room for other subjects of a plainer and more homely cast than that of this high flown gentleman. This author, in addressing himself to reviewers, begs them to suspend for a while their frown, and not to let their critical rods be laid with severity upon a back hitherto unstriped and immaculate. We have much satisfaction in reflecting that no authors, however anxious for or however indifferent of our good opinion, can say that we do not review their productions with impartiality; and hold all personalities as unjustifiable and ungentlemanly.

ART. 30 — *A Treatise on Telegraphic Communication, Naval, Military, and Political, in which the known Defects of the present System of Telegraphic Practice by Sea and Land are obviated by the Introduction of a numerical Portable Dictionary; calculated when applied to various described Telegraphs, and to the Naval Flag System, to be an accurate Medium of carrying on distant Conversation without any liability to Confusion, Error, or Mistake; with some Considerations on the present State of the Marine Code, and of Naval Signals. Illustrated by Linear Plates, connected with the new Telegraphic System, substituting on very simple Principles, a speaking in Lieu of a spelling Power, in different day and night, mari-*

time, civil and military Telegraphs. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Honourable Lord Hawkesbury. By John Macdonald, Esq. F.R.S. F.A.S. Late Lieut. Col. and Engineer, &c. Svo. Egerton. 1808.

IN the present state of society, few sciences can be more interesting than that of telegraphic communication. To a nation which exists principally by its naval superiority, this truth is strictly applicable; as the fate of a war, or the subsequent conditions of a peace might greatly depend on a more or less speedy departure of a fleet in quest of an enemy ascertained to be at sea. The celebrated victory, says the author, obtained by lord Duncan over the Dutch fleet in the year 1797 is said to have originated from a telegraphic intimation that the fleet of the enemy was at sea. The swiftest express would have proved inadequate; and without the valuable aid of the telegraph this splendid victory might not have been achieved. Useful as this curious art is, it remains still in its infancy, and has made but little or no progress from the state in which it was practised by the ancients. The art was well known to the Greeks. A play written in the language of that refined nation opens by the descent of a watchman from a tower to give information that Troy had been taken. Colonel Macdonald it appears presented his treatise to the lords of the admiralty during the administration of lord Howick, by whom it was rejected, as being more liable to errors than the one at present in use; to testimony so much more competent to form a decision we shall not pretend to enter into any opposition; being also inclined to think that Mr. Macdonald had wrapped himself up in the idea of being perfectly original, and that the discovery of his mistake had irritated him to lay his treatise before the public, who cannot decide upon the merits of what they do not understand; or if they did, are unable to promote the furtherance of his design.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the C.R.

- Murray's (Hugh) Inquiries respecting the Character of Nations.
- Lewis's Romantic Tales.
- Penrose's Bampton Lectures.
- Murray's (Alexander) Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce.
- Banks's dormant and extinct Baronage of England.
- Jackson on the Affusion of Water in Fever.
- A Picture of Lisbon.
- Miss Hamilton's Cottagers of Glenbournie.

ERRATA.

- In the C.R. for September p. 64, for 'dove-like Pride' read 'dove-like Bride.'
- In the October number, p. 129 for 'scale of English pronunciation' read 'rule of English pronunciation.' In the same page, line 12, for 'frame' read 'frank'; for 'sense, 1, 18, read 'tense.'

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ART. I.—*Inquiries, historical and moral, respecting the Character of Nations, and the Progress of Society. By Hugh Murray. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

IN these Inquiries Mr. Murray has endeavoured to explain the causes of the manners and characters of nations. He considers man as a progressive being, and traces his progress from a state of barbarism and rudeness to one of high civilization and refinement; and he shews how the different changes in the external condition of man are accompanied with changes in his moral and intellectual state.

In any considerable number of people, who have lived under the same government, spoken the same language, and been brought up in the same social habits, certain moral peculiarities are as readily discerned as certain varieties of feature in the different races of mankind. To these peculiarities Mr. M. gives the name of national character; and this character is perceptible even in those nations which come nearest to each other in the degree of civilization; but the difference is more apparent between the naked savage traversing the wild, and the inhabitant of a luxurious capital.

This difference is not dependent on internal organization but external circumstances. The sum of moral and intellectual excellence, which is the gift of nature, is the same in all. Hence original constitution, which has such a powerful influence in forming the character of individuals, is not to be taken into the account when we appreciate the character of nations. The general character may not be applicable to all the individuals; for honesty and humanity may constitute the general character of a nation, and yet there may be numerous individuals who are cruel and unjust. The general character denotes only the relative amount of the virtue or the vice which enters into the constitution of the

character. Thus the national character does not absorb all individual distinctions.

Mr. Murray states the general conclusions which he has formed relative to the progress of society before he enumerates the particulars collected from history, from voyages, travels, and views of man in several stages of his social progress. He says that the hypothesis which he has stated, was not a gratuitous supposition previous to his inquiries, but that it arose in a silent train of inference out of the facts which he had collected.

There are many facts which seem to militate against the supposition that man is a progressive being, or that the manners and character of the human being are in a state of gradual amelioration. But it has not been generally remarked that the causes to which human society is most indebted for its improvement, operate during a certain period and to a certain extent as principles of corruption. We entirely assent to the supposition of Mr. Murray, which evinces equal sagacity and reflection, that

“there is in human society a process of corruption previous to the process of improvement, and arising from the first operation of the same causes; and that every thing which ultimately tends most to improve the character and condition of man, is positively injurious in its first operation.”

The social improvement of man depends greatly on the concentrated increase of numbers and of wealth. Numbers and wealth are two principles, which, according not only to the physical but the moral constitution of human nature, have a continual tendency to increase. But the page of history and the deductions of experience, will tell us that the increase of vice too often corresponds with that of numbers and wealth. The passions are inflamed by more various incentives, and more sensuality prevails. Thus large and opulent capitals are found more unfavourable to virtue than the poor and thinly-peopled hamlet. But though wealth and numbers have a primary tendency to generate corruption, yet they at the same time strongly favour the developement of those faculties, and the production of that knowledge and civilization by which this vice will be gradually diminished and finally destroyed. The first effect of wealth seems to be to promote the increase of gross sensuality and intemperate indulgence. Man becomes more voluptuous in proportion to his means of gratification. But wealth gives birth to the arts, which add both to the convenience and the ornament of life. The taste is improved: the perception of

beauty and deformity is purified and sublimed, and a corresponding change is made in the discriminations of the moral sense. The conscience becomes more sensitive to right and wrong. More refined pleasures succeed the more gross, which become gradually despised and reprobated as below the dignity of man. In a more rude period the accumulation of wealth is productive of riotous intemperate carousals: but one of the certain effects of a more diffusive civilization is to diminish that general tendency to inebriety and excess. Grosser gratifications are supplanted by more worthy pursuits, and literature and the arts appear to sweeten the converse, and to moralize the social habits of man. But the improvement, as Mr. Murray ably remarks, 'springs up in the bosom of corruption, and for a long time coexists with it.'

Those causes, which seem at first to occasion temporary corruption, but which are efficacious in producing ultimate improvement, Mr. Murray calls **PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLES**; and he arranges them under the following heads:

'I. Numbers collected into one place. II. Free communication between different societies, and different members of the same society. III. Wealth. IV. Great public events.'

To these he adds two others, which, as possessing a rather negative character, are reserved for a different place, and referred to a different class of principles.

The concentrated assemblage of numbers seems generally to operate in a manner unfavourable to virtue. Multiplied incitements impel, and multiplied opportunities invite to the indulgence of those passions which are commonly prolific of crimes; and which would, in other circumstances, be quiescent. Sensuality and ambition are most rife amid great assemblages of men; and the worst, who are the most daring and the least scrupulous, take the lead. Those passions become furious and ungovernable in a multitude, which would perhaps never have been kindled in the solitary domestic scene. In a large circle the love of distinction is not so easily gratified as in a small. Hence greater exertions are requisite to obtain it; and while the object is prized, recourse is had to follies and to crimes as the means of gratifying the desire. The process of corruption which belongs not necessarily but adventitiously to this first principle of 'numbers collected into one place,' seems to operate very powerfully and for a considerable length of time before that of improvement begins to manifest its presence and effects. Hence Mr. Murray very acutely remarks that the earlier moralists, who lived when the corrupting process was

far advanced, while that of improvement was hardly begun always extolled the shades of retirement as the best safeguard of innocence.

But though the collection of numbers seems, in its primary operations to be injurious to man, yet on reflection it will be found, in its ultimate effects, essential to the moral and intellectual improvement of the human race. In a numerous society the moral judgment must be perfected in a higher degree than it can be in different circumstances. The more numerous are the examples of virtue and of vice, which are brought within the sphere of observation, the more striking, and expressive, and instructive, will be the difference of the results. The moral sense, by greater variety of exercise will acquire not only more force but more delicacy of discrimination.

‘The criterion of virtue,’ says the ingenious and penetrating writer, ‘which is founded on its tendency to promote the general welfare, is evidently to be ascertained by that wide observation of human nature which can be made only in a numerous society. Such attempts founded on narrow and partial views must be altogether erroneous. But the more, in consequence of an extensive acquaintance with mankind, we enlarge our views of the consequences of human actions, the more evident are the marks of that close connection which exists between virtue and the happiness of man.’

That tendency to improvement which there is in the nature of man, but which is most powerfully excited in large assemblages of individuals, is slow, and for a time almost imperceptible in its progress; and the process of corruption is at times so blended with that of improvement that it is difficult to discern the line of separation. The cultivation of the arts and sciences which have such a powerful effect on the sum of moral and intellectual improvement has seldom been successfully prosecuted except in large and populous cities, as in Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, and the metropolis of this country.

Communication between different societies, or between several classes of the same, though it is a principal means of improvement, seems to have a primary tendency to corrupt. The more extensive and varied the communication, the more numerous objects of comparison are presented to the mind, the more emulation is awakened and gratified, and the more the intellectual faculty is energized; but the desires are at the same time more multiplied and the passions are more inflamed. Ambition, avarice, and lust are presented with more numerous objects of temptation, and have a wider range of pursuit. The intercourse between high intellectual

proficiency and savage ignorance, between civilized refinement and uncultured rudeness, seems in its primary tendencies to exercise rather a corrupting than an improving process. This has been particularly exemplified in the intercourse between the civilized nations of Europe and the inhabitants of the South Sea. This intercourse seems to have been morally pernicious to both parties. It has increased the sum of violence, rapacity, and fraud in the one, and augmented that of pride, presumption, avarice, and cruelty in the other. But this kind of corrupting process will finally yield to the process of improvement. Out of the number of objects of comparison and desire, of habits and opinions, which are presented to the mind, the best will finally become the objects of choice. The sum of error and of prejudice will be finally diminished; and that of truth and virtue will receive a proportionate increase.

The author shows the beneficial effects of the principle of communication in the states of ancient Greece. Greece, intersected by mountains, rivers, straits, seas, and those natural barriers which favour the formation of separate and independent states, presented in the early period of her history a great variety of separate communities, in which we might discern political society in its most variegated forms; where the social progress of man was marked from the lowest beginnings to the highest pitch of civilized refinement; where philosophy, eloquence, poetry, were united with the most flourishing state of the fine arts.

‘Greece,’ says Mr. Murray, ‘had under her immediate eye, as it were, every various aspect under which it was possible for man to be viewed. Within herself the rude and simple Arcadia; the stern and hardy Lacedemon; the lively Athens; the voluptuous Corinth. On one side, the splendid and opulent cities of Grecia Major and Sicily; on the other the refined and effeminate Ionia. Immediately beyond lay Egypt, an ancient and great people, among whom religion, laws, and government were first formed into a regular system, and were delivered over to Greece to be refined and perfected. Persia presented a military despotism and barbarous luxury. To the north the boundless forests of Sythia and Thrace exhibited a view of man in the simplest and rudest condition. To Greece, as to a common centre, ideas flowed from all these various sources.’

The intellectual result is too well known to need any explanation.

But in no country in the world was this principle of communication ever carried to a greater extent than in Great Britain at the present period. The facilities for internal communication are greater than could have been conceived

possible in a less enlightened period. The intercourse between the capital and the most remote extremities of the island is rapid. Ideas and sensations are vibrated from the centre to the extremities with a sort of electrical velocity. Thus distant and sequestered villages, where the metropolis was before hardly known except by name, now soon catch, from the facility of communication, even the colour of its fleeting modes. The complaint is very general that the country is infected with the vices of the capital. This is very true; and it is an instance of the corrupting process which attends the principle of communication before the process of improvement begins. But the latter process will ultimately be the result even of the opposite; for the principle of communication may be compared, in its mode of operating, to the fermentation of liquors, which renders them turbid before they become clear. The observation of the corrupting tendency of the great principles of social and political, of moral and intellectual improvement, in the early and incipient developement of their effects, has induced narrow-minded men, who cannot trace any principle beyond its immediate or contingent consequences, to decry all attempts to meliorate the condition of man. Thus the great and only causes of his ultimate improvement have been calumniated and reviled, as the source of every thing mischievous and absurd.

Little as it may seem at first sight, no truth in philosophy is nevertheless more susceptible of a rigid demonstration than this, that moral and intellectual improvement, considered in its national aggregate as constituting national character, depends on the accumulation of wealth: but, as wealth in the earlier stages of the social progression of man is seen to exert a corrupting influence, to prove the bane of temperance, and to obscure the moral distinctions of right and wrong, its temporary effect is mistaken for its real and ultimate tendency. Hence the moralists of so many ages, viewing wealth only in its deteriorating tendencies, have made riches and rich men the subject of angry reproof or invidious declamation. Hence poverty has been extolled as a refuge from depravity, and the safe-guard of temperance and other qualities in high moral estimation. But without wealth how is the moral and intellectual progression of man to be advanced? How is that virtue, on which the Christian code most insists, (BENEFICENCE) to be practised? How is leisure to be procured for the exercise of the reflective faculty and the culture of mind? In short, how is man to get beyond the threshold, and much less to advance far

into the sanctuary of civilization and refinement, where the brightest prospects of happiness and peace open on the philosophic mind, and cheer the drooping spirits of the friend of man.

Contempt of fortune was the first lesson that was endeavoured to be instilled by the sages of ancient times. From the sensuality and corruption which they observed to accompany the possession of wealth in those around them, they thought that it was essentially and radically pernicious. They did not consider that wealth, which produces the greatest changes in the external condition of man, would ultimately exercise the most happy effects on his moral and intellectual state. They did not reflect that, if civilization be a good (and who will venture to call it an evil?) it is a good which wealth only can procure; and that the degree of civilization in any state must correspond with the diffusion of wealth among its members. 'All the highly civilized nations,' says Mr. Murray, 'have been opulent.' This refinement generally inspires a disgust at those vices which wealth had originally prompted: while the politeness and humanity, which are in the same manner introduced, soften down those hard inequalities to which it had given rise.

'Those gross indulgencies to which the votary of wealth had at first addicted himself, soon pall upon the senses. A wish then arises to seek for more refined sources of enjoyment, which if any one can invent, wealth supplies the means of amply rewarding him. Hence an impulse is given to the cultivation of poetry and the arts. For some time, indeed, these pursuits may not seem much to diminish the empire of sensuality. They are then employed in throwing a veil over its grossness, and relieving the satiety which it had before inspired. By a repetition, however, of the same process, the pleasures of a refined society are more and more disengaged from this alloy; greater value is placed on those higher and purer gratifications, in which mind holds the chief place, and which can be indulged in, with innocence and dignity. In consequence too of the close connection between the different faculties, the cultivation of those subservient to pleasure naturally leads to that of others of a higher description. Poetry, wherever there is no check on the natural progress of society, is, if not the attendant, at least the precursor, of philosophy. The moral sense too, which is intimately connected with the refinement of taste and the improvement of reason, fails not to share in the general progress. Thus wealth becomes ultimately the means of raising human nature to a state of higher dignity than that which it was originally the means of defacing.'

Great public events are ranked by Mr. Murray among the causes which materially influence the manners and cha-

acter of nations. Mr. Murray very acutely remarks that the production of great events is less dependent on individual character than on those general laws which appear to regulate the moral destiny of man. But those events which agitate and convulse whole kingdoms, give rise to the most impetuous and overwhelming passions in the human breast. They open a new scene of action to the love of power and of glory; the most vigorous exertions of individuals are called forth; and all the elements of strife are set in motion till a hurricane is produced. Civil contests

'hold out to numbers the hope of rising to distinction, provided they are little scrupulous about the means; and tempt them, in the pursuit, to trample upon every distinction of right and wrong. Sovereign power, above all, the highest prize of ambition, is too often thought to absolve him from every restraint who hopes to mount that envied eminence. A relentless inhumanity, a licentiousness which spurns all controul; a dissolution, in fine, of all the ties of nature and society; such is the spectacle usually exhibited among a nation torn by intestine dissensions.'

But such are the times, in which the greatest talents have appeared. They seem to have been matured and hardened by the storm. Genius is impregnated with grand conceptions by familiarity with great events. Thus great events are favourable to the production of literary excellence. Those periods of the Grecian and Roman history, in which literature most flourished, will exemplify the truth of the observation. Learning was corrupted in the middle ages because it was cultivated only by monks and ascetics, who were inattentive to the objects of real life, and were placed beyond the sphere of its observation.

When we consider the corrupting and the improving tendencies of those causes which influence the manners and the character of nations, we find that the first are operative in the very beginning of society, and that the last are more slow in developing their power. Innumerable obstacles seem placed in their way; and it is long before they attain any great sensible increase. But while the process of improvement is imperceptibly slow, and that of corruption seems rapid and unchecked, nature, as Mr. Murray has well remarked, has furnished powerful means of counteraction to the progressive principles in their corrupting state. Without these means of counteraction, which Mr. M. calls repressing principles, the whole moral surface of society would soon become a mass of putrefaction. But while the repressing

principles diminish the vitiating tendencies of the progressive principles of population, of wealth, &c. they leave them power sufficient to carry on all the great processes of improvement. Mr. Murray arranges the repressing principles under these two heads:—I. The necessity of labour. II. Coercion.

Labour has been represented as the punishment of sin; but it also operates as the preservative of innocence. The time which is employed in toil is so much deducted from the empire of the passions. While the faculties of the mind and the body are occupied in some industrious pursuit, the sensual and the malevolent passions are hushed to rest. No violent emotions and desires can disturb the tranquillity within. Those intervals of leisure which the industrious enjoy, do not require to be filled up by those costly, those perpetually varied and rival gratifications of which the idle are tormented in the search, and not happy in the enjoyment. Idleness is the forerunner and the concomitant of vice. The laborious have neither the leisure nor the inclination to be idle.

But though labour, (which is here considered as confined to that species which is busied in procuring the means of subsistence) helps to counteract the vitiating tendency of the progressive principles, it operates at the same time as an obstacle to the attainment of that high degree of civilization to which man aspires, and to which the laws of his nature evidently impel. It impedes the culture of the mind and the growth of the arts.

When man is destitute of employment his primary refuge from the oppressive weariness of a vacant mind is sensual gratification. But all sensual enjoyment soon settles into disgust; and for this disgust the next attempt of social man is to find a remedy in the varied processes of art, and in the culture of the intellect: it is the weight of idleness which, by impelling to mental exertion, promotes the improvement of the mind. Thus evil is finally sublimed into good; and literature and the arts spring out of the satiety of sensual excess. The law of primogeniture which, in Europe, exempts a large class of individuals from the necessity of labour, proves highly favourable in its operation to the encouragement of literature and the arts; and to the production of a salutary change in the manners and character of society.

To *coercion*, to which Mr. Murray ascribes the second place in his repressing principles, he refers

‘every thing which tends to inspire the sentiments of fear or awe. It includes, therefore, all those forms of government and subordina-

tion which form such prominent features in the aspect of civilized life.

Small communities, composed of only a few families, may subsist without any political institutions; but such institutions are soon rendered necessary by the increase of numbers and of wealth. In proportion to the increase of numbers and of wealth, a propensity to tumult and injustice is excited, and the temptations become more strong to the violation of moral rules.

The progressive principles, leading to turbulence, to injustice, and every species of excess, necessarily give rise to various forms of political restraint. Hence civil government is the product rather of necessity than of choice. But civil government which cannot be practically exercised by the whole community, must be exerted by a few over the rest. But these few, who can hardly be expected to be exempted from the vices, the injustice, and the selfishness of other men, are likely to pursue interests which are very distinct from the welfare of the community. Thus civil government, the object of which is the prevention of evil, becomes in itself a source of various enormities. But still power, whatever may be the vices of the possessor, is generally exercised in a manner conducive to the moral good of those who are subjected to it. For, as Mr. Murray remarks,

‘ though a bad prince may wish to have a few companions and flatterers of his vices, it must be desirable, even for him, that the great mass of his subjects should be decent and orderly. He is controuled also by public opinion, and by a regard to reputation. In a society therefore, where men have not yet learned to place any restraint upon themselves, the prevalence of a considerable degree of subordination will tend to raise the standard of moral conduct higher than it would otherwise have been.’

Civil government is the most general and efficacious form of coercion; but Mr. M. mentions other forms which have a powerful influence on the peace and happiness of society; as fear from external enemies, religion, the love of a good name. But however beneficial may be the diversified species of political restraint, which society requires, no species of servitude can be reckoned more than a *temporary benefit*. Liberty is necessary to give full effect and free expansion to the progressive principles, without which all the improvements, which they tend to produce, must be stunted in the growth and circumscribed in the enjoyment.

A free press cannot subsist under an arbitrary government;

but what is more favourable than a free press to the progress of intellectual exertion? Liberty of thought is indeed placed beyond the reach of despotism; but even freedom of thought will soon expire where the tongue cannot utter, nor the pen indite what the mind conceives. For who will cultivate faculties which he can never employ either for his own benefit or for that of others? Who will be at the pains to acquire knowledge which he cannot communicate, to investigate principles which he cannot discuss, or to form theories which he cannot disclose?

Whatever may be the moral excesses which the strong arm of despotism may restrain, yet that virtue, which is most suitable to the dignity of human nature, and which is more encouraged by liberty of choice than violence of coercion, can flourish only under a free government. Perhaps it is not too much to say that even the vices of a free man deserve to rank higher in moral estimation than the virtues of a slave.

That process of improvement which the progressive principles of population and of wealth have an ultimate tendency to produce, must be stationary or retrograde without liberty. For without liberty, the intellectual faculty of which the progressive principles favour the exertion, must be cramped in its exercise; and the mind must be prevented from ascending by a gradual scale of moral and physical inquiry to those truths which are most essentially connected with the amelioration of the social and political state of man.

Many writers have considered the capacity for liberty to depend on the poverty of the state, on the paucity of the number of citizens, and the smallness of the territory. Even Montesquieu, owing to the circumscribed views which he took of the progressive nature of man, seems to have entertained this erroneous supposition. But the opinion is refuted by experience; and, if it were otherwise, the constant tendency which there is in human nature to increase in numbers and in wealth, must produce a continually increased gravitation to servitude. But the natural tendency of man, considered as a progressive being, is rather to rise to the highest regions of liberty than to sink into the lowest vortex of despotism. In proportion as the progressive principles of population and of wealth facilitate the means of subsistence by the subdivision of labour, and afford to greater numbers a larger stock of leisure for the cultivation of mind, not only the knowledge of the true principles of liberty must increase, but the capacity must become greater for enjoying it. As the world grows older, therefore, we have every rea-

son to believe that its political institutions will recede farther from servitude and approach nearer and nearer to the true genius of liberty. Those pacific and orderly habits, which the progressive diffusion of intellectual improvement must gradually produce, will not only supersede the necessity for coercion, but will qualify for the enjoyment of a high degree of liberty.

The progressive principles seem to vary their agency, or as Mr. Murray expresses it, to admit of new modifications in the different periods of their progress. The principles of population, of communication, of wealth, seem in a very early stage to exert a corrupting influence; yet their *first effect* appears to be immediately beneficial. For as neither absolute solitude nor extreme want exert any favourable influence on the human character, a certain increase in the facility of social intercourse, and in the exterior accommodations of life, is necessary to develop the first germ of improvement in the mind and heart.

In C. VI. Mr. Murray compares the relation between the progressive and the repressing principles. The great difference is, that the first, as social intercourse, wealth, &c. are the natural object of sympathy and desire, and the last of aversion and disgust. Men love society, and they covet wealth; but they hate labour and restraint. The repressing principles, as labour and coercion, seem to increase in proportion to the growth of the progressive principles in their corrupting state. On this subject we will extract the following judicious and enlightened observations of the author:

'Hunting,' says he, 'affords subsistence only to a very few, and to these few leaves an ample portion of leisure. An hour's chase will often supply a family with provision for several days. Pasturage subsists a great number of men, and at the same time, imposes upon them more employment; while agriculture yields more food, and requires more labour than either. Again, wealth, or an abundance of external accommodation, necessarily supposes extensive manufactures and commerce, the establishment of which carries the necessity of labour to its utmost height. Thus we find this principle continually growing with the growth of the corrupting principles. At the same time, that the progress of improvement may not stand still, a certain proportion is set aside of every society, to whom is granted a complete exemption from labour; and whose exertions have by experience been found sufficient for carrying on all the different processes of intellectual improvement. And I am disposed to think, that in consequence of the extension of machinery, and the division of labour, a provision is made for gradually releasing the human race from this severe, though necessary bond.

dage ; and for allowing them a greater portion of leisure in proportion as they become qualified to make a proper use of it. Something of this kind, indeed, seems already to have taken place ; since in this country, we do not see the lower orders so incessantly occupied, as in some of the grand eastern empires ; where every thing is performed by manual and individual labour. But upon this subject I shall not at present enlarge.

‘ Coercion exhibits a still more singular and interesting mechanism. By all men it is held in abhorrence ; yet it is only by their own voluntary act that the bulk of mankind can be subjected to it. Accordingly we find some philosophers who are never weary of expressing their astonishment, that multitudes should be so infatuated as to submit their conduct to the arbitrary decisions of one, or of a few of their fellow men. From what has been said above, it may appear how little foundation there is for invectives against a system which, in a greater or less degree, is essential to the very existence of society ; yet every one must admit, that this is perhaps the most curious problem which occurs in the whole history of man.

‘ The collection of numbers together, while it augments the tendency to tumult and dissention, unavoidably leads to a discovery of the advantages resulting from union and co-operation. Combinations are in consequence formed, which necessarily suppose a certain sacrifice of private interest, and which, as will appear hereafter, of themselves impose various restraints on the violence of individual passion. As, however, their numbers become more numerous, the difficulty of acting in concert is increased : and a more evident necessity arises for electing chiefs, and for resigning to them some portion of their natural liberty. Thus, in proportion to the increase of numbers, and to the violence of the passions which it generates, will be the restraint to which, with a view to the gratification of those passions, men will be inclined to submit. Readiness of communication tends also to induce subjection. In extensive plains the government is generally absolute. Ease of access tends both to inspire ambitious projects, and to facilitate their execution. It thus extends the boundaries of states ; and this extension has always been found inimical to liberty. Dr. Gillies justly observes, that had Greece consisted of an uniform and connected tract of country, it would probably have been all united into one monarchy ; and that it was indebted for freedom to the being broken into such a number of small divisions.

‘ In the case of wealth there was a peculiar necessity for some check upon that more destitute part of the community, by whom it is beheld with eager and desiring eyes. Enjoying a great superiority of numbers, and consequently of physical strength, it might otherwise be easy for them to possess themselves of this object of their wishes. Now this check seems to be contained in wealth itself, and in the impression so universally produced by those objects which it is employed in procuring.

‘ The splendour with which the opulent man is surrounded, the pomp of dress, the multitude of his attendants, spread around him

a dazzling awe, which rules supreme over the vulgar mind, and which "scarce the firm philosopher can scorn." A fence is thus formed around him, by which he is protected from those dangers to which his situation exposes him; and this influence is consolidated and rendered permanent, by the distinctions of birth, and the establishment of a regular gradation of ranks.

'Under the last head I need only observe, that violent popular commotions, in any nation, are the never-failing forerunners of the loss of its liberty. Despotism seems, in this case, to be speedily induced, as a severe but indispensable remedy.'

The 7th chapter treats of knowledge considered in its relation to the progress of society. Mr. M. refers *knowledge*, under which term he includes every thing connected with science, literature, and the nobler arts, to the class of progressive principles. And though it may seem paradoxical, he places knowledge, as well as social communication, wealth, revolutionary convulsions, &c. among the corrupting principles.

'An attentive consideration,' says Mr. Murray, 'of literary and philosophical history has forced upon me the conclusion that knowledge itself, in a certain stage of its operation, is not only imperfectly useful, but, in many respects, positively injurious.'

In the transition of societies or individuals from a state of ignorance and barbarism to one of knowledge and refinement, various disorders are likely to arise and various evils to be produced. There are some truths which it is more dangerous to know only partially or imperfectly than not to know at all. And yet they must necessarily be only imperfectly discerned before they can be thoroughly understood. The transition from ignorance to knowledge cannot be sudden and instantaneous; but the intermediate way will often be gloomy and vexatious, and portend more mischief than advantage. The isthmus, which separates a state of total ignorance from one of real and sound knowledge is often a state of doubt and uncertainty, when the mind is at once apt to cherish the most insufferable arrogance, to engage in the most absurd attempts, and to indulge the most mischievous speculations. Sophistry is invoked to colour the most pernicious delusions: and reason, as is the case with so many religionists, is made the corrupter of morality. How many errors and crimes have been the fruit of a corrupt and false philosophy! And yet it is the corrupt and false philosophy which prepared the way for the pure and true.

Mr. Murray comprehends the leading symptoms of the

corruption of knowledge under the three heads of error, excess, and abuse. When the mind first begins a process of reasoning, it is highly probable that it will set out in a wrong direction; thus the farther it advances the more it is likely to recede from the truth till it is bewildered in a maze; and ages may elapse before he discovers his error, or before he can extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he is involved.

‘It has been ingeniously, and I believe justly observed,’ says Mr. M. ‘that before men think right upon any subject they must first have exhausted all the absurdities which can possibly be said upon it.’

‘But notwithstanding this tendency to error, which is at first inevitable, yet ample provision is made for its gradual extinction. Erroneous opinions seem indeed to have a prior claim on the attention of mankind; and each, in their turn, seems destined to prevail for a destined period. But they have never been able to stand the test of long continued discussion. As soon as thinking men have leisure to examine their various relations, and to trace the consequences to which they lead, their absurdity becomes evident. And by means of letters, the record of former mistakes, and of the means by which they have been detected, is transmitted to posterity, so as to form a bar against their future introduction.’

This tendency to error is much greater in some literary and scientific pursuits than in others, and it is greatest in those which abound most in ambiguous and indeterminate expressions. In geometry, which is concerned only with sensible ideas, and with clear and definite expressions, there is little liability to error. Geometry, instead of being deformed, has been improved in proportion to the labour bestowed upon it; and the elements of Euclid, instead of being rendered obsolete by the lapse of ages, remain to this day the best introduction to mathematical science.

The investigation of facts is more difficult in proportion as the objects to which they relate are farther removed from sensible observation. Thus metaphysical science, which is occupied with an analysis of the mental faculties, seems involved in an almost impenetrable obscurity. One theory has supplanted another, but in the science itself little or no progress has been made. Morality, as far as it consists in observing the common tendencies and the general consequences of actions, and in deducing rules of life and maxims of conduct from those tendencies and consequences, is a matter of daily experience, and the knowledge of it is a continually increasing stock. The observations which many make on the effects of

particular actions; and the prudential economy of life, are generalized into proverbs, which are for the most part indebted to their truth for their common currency with mankind. But when instead of confining our attention to the simple perception of right or wrong, and the relative differences of truth and falsehood, of probity and fraud, we come to investigate the principles of action, the metaphysical origin of moral sentiments, and the abstract criterion of virtue and of vice, morality, which is otherwise clear and luminous, becomes intricate and dark. Errors arise; the judgment is distracted by opposite conclusions; and the mind vibrates in painful uncertainty.

Novelty operates as an incitement to immoderate indulgence. This is the case not only with objects of sensual but of intellectual pursuit. The mind evinces an excessive attachment to some particular occupation. Hence the mind is thrown into one particular direction; and that force of understanding which arises from the equilibrium of all the faculties acting in unison, suffers considerable diminution.

Even literary pursuits are not entirely exempted from human interests and passions. Those interests and passions mingle their bane with the stream of mental exertion, which they debase by rendering it subservient to the purposes of sordid imposture and a narrow-minded selfishness. But this must be less practicable in proportion as literature is more generally diffused. It is ignorance by which imposture is most encouraged and best paid.

If science be progressive the corruptions to which it is liable must be gradually diminished till they finally disappear; while the benefits which accrue from the diffusion must be continually increased. The improvement of the reason, the memory, and the imagination, which must gradually be produced by the culture of philosophy, history, and poetry, considered in their most comprehensive signification, must tend to render man less sensual and gross, and to elevate him to a higher and more refined region of existence.

‘Any vice or disorder,’ says Mr. Murray, ‘which is habitually practised in any society is connected with some narrow views, some error of reasoning, some irregularity of taste.’

The most effectual preventive of all vice and disorder must then be ultimately found in intellectual cultivation.

After having explained the leading causes which regulate the progress of society, as well as the moral condition of each particular people, Mr. Murray proceeds to examine

some other causes to which different writers have referred the phenomena of national character. Montesquieu has ascribed that character to the influence of climate. But Mr. Murray strenuously maintains that climate, *physically* considered, has no influence whatever upon human character. Hot climates do not uniformly produce that mildness and indolence, that debility and fear which favour the establishment of a despotic form of government. Under the equator, where the heat may be supposed most enervating, though despotisms exist, yet they are turbulent and ferocious, in which a barbarous aristocracy controuls the arbitrary will of the sovereign. The Malays are the fiercest people under the sun. The inhabitants of Java, Sumatra, and other islands in the Indian ocean, are subject to an irregular feudal system,

‘ which is restless and turbulent beyond perhaps any other. Abyssinia is a legal despotism ; but is one of which mildness and indolence certainly are not the basis. In the centre of Africa we find the Gailas, the fierce and cannibal tribes of Giagas, Arsicans, and Dahomeys, who from time immemorial have spread desolation and terror over that immense continent. Among most of the states situated on the river Gambia, the form of government is purely republican. The same constitution prevails on the gold coast ; in which the kings and chiefs, where they exist, possess a power little more than nominal. It is not till we arrive at the kingdoms of Whidan and Benir, considerably south of the line, that we find feebleness and despotism.’

‘ In our East India possessions, warriors and founders of states have arisen as active, as brave, and as bloody as any that ever issued from the regions of the north.’

Drunkenness has been supposed to be the vice of cold regions, while venereal excess is reckoned the vice of warmer climes. But ebriety appears to be the vice of the uncivilized inhabitants of all countries, whether hot or cold, in proportion to their means. On the discovery of America the inhabitants of the southern part of that continent were in possession of a fermented liquor with which the inhabitants regaled themselves to such excess, that they are said by Lery to have surpassed all competitors in intoxication. The second disorder seems to be circumscribed rather by the scarcity of food than by the variations of heat or cold. But, though Mr. Murray denies the physical influence of climate, he admits that it possesses a very powerful moral influence. But this influence is exerted through the medium of the pro-

gressive principles. Thus a warm climate, by increasing the fertility of the soil and diminishing the necessity of clothing, and perhaps the consumption of food, tends powerfully to the increase of numbers and of wealth.

Mr. Murray makes some good observations on what he calls the '*oscillatory tendency in human affairs*,' or the transition from one extreme to another, as from liberty to servitude, from abstinence to indulgence. This oscillatory tendency, which, if it were to be perpetual, would for ever prevent the progressive improvement of social man, Mr. M. thinks can be only temporary. It is very palpable, when we contemplate any small portion of history; but when we view distant epochs, it is no longer to be seen. What an immeasurable distance between the condition of New Holland and that of Great Britain! Between these two states of society there can be no oscillation.

Mr. Murray does not seem to think that the principle of population presents such an insuperable obstacle to improvement as it is represented by Mr. Malthus. He considers, and we think with great justness, the tendency of population to exceed the means of subsistence as a provision against the depopulating influence of human passions.

In the second book Mr. Murray exhibits a '*view of man in the primitive state*,' and in the third, '*a view of man in the savage state*.' These two books, which are compiled from the relations of historians and travellers, contain a multiplicity of curious and amusing details; and the general reader will probably find it the most agreeable part of this elaborate performance. But the intellectual power of the writer, his depth of reflection, and his sagacity of observation, are most conspicuous in the first.

We have, on the whole, perused this work with singular satisfaction. It exhibits the most rational view which we have yet seen, of what Condorcet and others called the perfectibility of man. It proves that human society is susceptible of a high state of amelioration; that the process of improvement, which has been begun, is not soon likely to end. Those persons whose ardour of philanthropic hope was chilled by the perusal of the essay of Mr. Malthus on the Principle of Population will, we trust, derive singular pleasure and instruction from the present Inquiries of Mr. Murray, which evince a sober, discriminating, and enlightened mind.

ART. II.—*Romantic Tales*. By M. G. Lewis, *Author of the Monk, Adelgitha, &c.* 4 Vols. 12mo. Longman. 1808.

MR. Lewis, who has at different times amused and gratified us with so many original productions, condescends in the present instance to become the retailer of other men's wares,—not indeed as a mere translator or editor; but as the collector of a set of tales or romances, to none of which (some trifling ones excepted) he claims any right of invention, though he has taken great liberties of altering, omitting, and improving, in each of them. We will not deny that we have been a good deal entertained by the perusal, not equally of all, but in some degree of every one of them; but, before we proceed to analyze the sources of our satisfaction, we shall quote, though only to dissent from, a very modest assertion of the author, who, after observing that 'it would have been less trouble to write an entire new work;' adds, 'but I doubt not, any such work, composed by my own unassisted abilities, would have been greatly inferior to the present.' Whatever were the faults of Mr. Lewis's first and most celebrated publication, it most certainly displayed a genius capable of much higher efforts than we can discover to have been exerted in any of the compositions now before us.

The romance of 'Mistrust, or Blanche and Osbright,' occupies nearly the whole of the first volume. In his preface, Mr. Lewis informs us, that the idea of it was suggested to him by a German tragedy, from which he has borrowed a great part of the plot, and one of the most striking scenes. We rather object to the first appellation bestowed upon this tale which certainly does not express, or at least does not completely express, the nature of the fatal passion, the effects of which form its interest, and lead to its catastrophe. The tale itself we consider as a good one, and susceptible from its subject of much higher interest and greater length of detail than is here given it. But we are sensible of the disadvantages of writing at all upon a plan chalked out by another, and therefore wish that Mr. Lewis had invented an original fable rather than chosen the really more laborious and less honourable task of working upon the basis of a German play. 'Blanche and Osbright,' is, like *Romeo and Juliet*, and a multitude of other fables to which the memories of our readers, will readily recur, the tale of a feud between two families, and of the fatal consequences produced by it to the happiness of two *constant lovers*, the son and daughter of the

chief of either faction. There is no novelty, therefore in the general outline ; but there is a great deal of what is new and interesting in the conduct of it, and a great deal of natural colouring in the gloomy misrepresentations and yet more dreadful errors flowing from the extremes of prejudice and dislike lodged in the breasts of the contending parties. It is also a tale of feudal times, and our readers already know how well Mr. Lewis is qualified, by the peculiar nature of his favourite studies, for giving due effect to a picture of that romantic age.

'The Anaconda,' is a tale also translated or borrowed from the German. The introduction of it, containing the whimsical *qui-pro-quo* of a slanderous old maid, who mistakes the name of the tremendous tropical serpent for that of a fancied Hibernian damsel, *Ann O'Connor*, and in consequence of her error, fixes the most uncharitable construction on the character of a worthy young man, which she contrives to blast wherever she goes, with her poisonous breath, is meant to be something comical, or eccentric, but fails of its end, and is, to our conceptions, merely childish. This is the more pity, as it is appended to a tale of no ordinary interest, of great simplicity, and calculated to awaken the highest degree of sensibility in the mind of the reader. It contains, indeed, no variety of incident or of character, being merely the plain pathetic narrative of a most affecting circumstance, in which the narrator is supposed to have borne a principal part. The Anaconda, it is well known, is one of the most terrible of those monstrous and destructive productions with which it has pleased Providence to afflict the tropical regions of the world. This tremendous scourge, issuing from the forests in the neighbourhood of the settlement of Columbo in Ceylon, visits the plantations of an English gentleman, whom it encloses within its merciless toils, while his amiable wife, and his friends and domestics, remain at a distance safe from the animal's reach, but near enough to be spectators of all. The husband himself is placed in a situation from which he cannot move without being exposed to instant death, and in which no person can approach him without the same imminent and hopeless danger. The agonizing suspense of a whole day and night passed in that condition, form the whole interest of a story, which is incapable of being further analyzed for the satisfaction of such of our readers as may not be tempted by our unqualified recommendation to seek for that interest at the fountain-head.

The tale of 'the four Facardins,' is translated from a fragment by Count Hamilton, to which Mr. Lewis has added a

conclusion of his own. The original is formed on the plan of those burlesque fairy tales which abounded in some Parisian coteries during the time of Louis the fourteenth, which must have furnished very pleasant pastime to the particular societies for whose amusement they were immediately composed, but are very little worth the honours of publication. The *Bouts Rimés*, and other little jeux d'esprit of the Bath-easton villa were very innocent and not unprofitable recreations to the guests of Lady Miller, but they become extremely flat and insipid to a general reader in the shape of a printed book.

Count Hamilton was certainly one of the most lively writers in this whimsical species of composition; and the absurd tale, which Mr. Lewis has thought deserving of revival and completion, abounds with little playful strokes of humour and fancy which one is rather sorry to see wasted on so foolish a subject. Horace Walpole's '*Hieroglyphical Tales*,' are perhaps the best English specimens from this province of the '*Realms of Nonsense*;' for though some of these were undoubtedly meant to convey some occult satire, that is not the case with others, notwithstanding their mystic title. Walpole, however, did not himself think of publishing these trifles, which we believe were merely intended by him for the Christmas amusement of some young ladies who honoured him with their company and good-humour, and were brought to light only by the aid of editorial industry.

Mr. Lewis's only satisfactory apology for his nonsense would have been the production of a sequel at least capable of rivalling in neatness of style, sprightliness of thought, and playfulness of imagination, the characteristic qualities of Count Hamilton's fairy tale, but we cannot flatter him by saying that we think him altogether successful. In the mere bizarrerie of his fancy, he may indeed be fully equal to his original, but he certainly falls short of him in every superior quality.

To attempt analyzing such a farrago of nonsense would be much more ridiculous than to write it. Leaving our readers, therefore, in the dark as to the meaning of the strange title, and as to the lives and characters of the four gentlemen who had the misfortune to be called by the same name, we will select, by way of specimen, one of the most absurd of the adventures which have been engrafted by Mr. Lewis on the original design; for although we pronounce this writer decidedly inferior to his laughing predecessor, we will not deny him the praise of considerable drollery.

An unhappy queen of Denmark had the misfortune to be cut in pieces for refusing to marry her daughter to a man ten feet high ; but, being of enchanted blood, every part of her body survived its separation ; and it only required the enterprising spirit of some charitable young prince to go about the world and collect the mutilated limbs in order to restore her to her pristine shape and consistency of person. This enviable task falls to the lot of one of the four heroes of the tale, who, by a series of ridiculous events, meets first with the lips, next with the teeth and bosom, and then with the legs in the manner which we are about to shew, only premising that the greatest affliction suffered by the poor princess during the whole period of her dismemberment is the reflection that those instruments were unfortunately bandy, and that their natural deformity was thus cruelly deprived of the friendly concealment of the petticoat.

‘ We soon reached the gates of a noble city : not chusing to make too conspicuous a figure, I quitted my seat after using the necessary precautions and entered the city on foot : but my companion, (a joint-stool on which Prince Facardin was in the habits of riding,) attracted such universal notice, and the crowd which followed us created such a disturbance, that as we passed the prime minister’s palace, he was induced to appear at his balcony. Struck with surprise at the sight of this animated machine, he gave orders that both of us should be conducted into his presence. This command I readily obeyed, and the stool trotted up stairs after me of its own accord.

‘ My reception was very gracious. I took care to keep my birth and station in life a secret, which (as I knew nothing about them myself,) was a matter of no great difficulty : however, I failed not occasionally to throw out certain little hints, which by saying nothing and implying a great deal, made the minister understand that I was a person of no slight importance. On his part, he informed me, that I was then in the capital of the Danish dominions : and he begged me very politely to make use of his house during my stay at Copenhagen, a request with which I was condescending enough to comply. At night, I was conducted to a superb apartment. I could not help expressing to the domestics who were appointed to attend me, my surprise, that among all his civilities their lord had not offered to present me at court,—a flood of tears was the first answer to this observation ; after which they informed me, that the whole royal family had suddenly disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and that the supreme power was for the present, exercised by the chief minister alone ; they also entreated me not to mention this subject before their lord, whose grief had been excessive on this occasion ; and they even hinted that a tender attachment to her majesty was suspected to have no small share in producing so violent an affection. The domestics now left me ; I retired to my couch, where I soon fell into a

profound sleep; but the tripod did not suffer me to enjoy it long: as its movements seemed to insist upon my rising, I took my guitar and followed the most intelligent of all moveables through a long gallery, which led to the minister's own bed chamber; unwilling to disturb him at an hour so unseasonable, I would not enter; but I made no scruple of looking through the key-hole, which (I thought) could do no harm to any body. My surprise at what I beheld was excessive! the minister, a grave stately man with a white beard, was on his knees, while he address'd the most passionate and pathetic speeches to a pair of the bandiest legs that ever were covered with a petticoat! It's true, to set them off a little they were clothed in flame coloured stockings, with silver clocks; and I remarked that in spite of their crookedness they walked up and down the room with an air of extraordinary dignity. 'Oh, ho! said I to myself,' these legs must certainly belong to the lips and bosom in my velvet bag; they must needs become their companions.'—But how was this to be managed? the door was lock'd and the key was on the inside; however, accidentally applying my shoulder to one part, and my knee to another at the same time, through mere inattention giving a tolerably hard push against it, the door happened to fly open! at that moment the right leg was replying to a tender speech of the minister's by a tolerably hard kick upon the right cheek. I walked straight up to them, took one in each hand, and in spite of all their struggling, deposited them very quietly in my green velvet bag.

'Most extravagant was the rage of the prime minister! he called loudly for his servants to throw me out of window; a ceremony which in my opinion was quite unnecessary; desirous therefore, to save the poor fellows the trouble of coming up stairs, I now tried for the first time the silver chord of my guitar; no sooner had I struck it, than the minister seemed to have been stung by a tarantula; in vain did he strive to repress his desire to dance, a desire so unbecoming his age and station! first he extended one arm, then the other; now he lifted the left leg, and now the right, till at length he set off in full speed, and danced the hays round two elbow chairs, with wonderful activity. I could not restrain my mirth when I saw the old gentleman (his cheeks glowing with rage, and his eyes flashing fire) frisk away, snap his fingers, nod his head, figure in and out between the chairs, and every now and then set to a corner cupboard, but my attention was soon called to quiet a disturbance which had taken place in the green velvet bag. It seems, the rage for dancing had communicated itself to the flame-coloured legs; they were footing it away at an astonishing rate; while the lips complained aloud that they were kicked black and blue, and the bosom sent forth such sighs as if its very heart was breaking. This being the case, I thought fit to put an end to the ball. I forbore to strike my guitar, seated myself on the joint stool, and it sprang with me through the window, just as the minister came tumbling upon the floor quite out of breath and totally exhausted.'

This incident must be allowed to be whimsical enough,

but we are sorry that Mr. Lewis should have found it necessary to have recourse to the romance of Sir Huon for the salutary effects of his guitar, a piece of nonsense which we suppose he might easily have supplied from the lawful stores of his own imagination. A violent fit of sneezing, for instance, might have answered his purpose quite as well as the stolen dance; and in that, we believe there would have been no larceny.

'My Uncle's Garret Window,' the first tale in the fourth volume, is a translation from the German, and is founded on a plot so entirely novel (to the best of our recollection) that we cannot avoid giving it on that account our approbation, though we think much more might have been made of it with a little ingenuity.

'My Uncle's Garret Window' overlooks all the apartments of the opposite house; and during my long dull morning visits to the good old gentleman, who being a poet, has fixed on the most exalted region of Parnassus for his residence, my great amusement is to watch all that is passing there. Thus, with a very good pair of eyes to observe, and an active imagination to improve upon, the dumb-show that is acted before them, I make out, in the course of a few days, a very interesting family drama or romance (call it which you will) ending, as all romances should do, with a reconciliation and a marriage.

The principal defect of this little story is, that aiming rather incautiously at liveliness, it is too abrupt to be very easily intelligible.

An 'oriental romance,' also of German origin, entitled *Amorassan, or the spirit of the frozen ocean*; is the last piece in the collection, and in our opinion the best, not excepting the *Anaconda*. 'Mistrust,' the second title of '*Blanche and Osbright*,' might with more propriety, have been applied to this tale, which exhibits in the most powerful colours, the cold and chilling miseries attending on that unfortunate defect of character.

The *Caliph* is represented as a man gifted by nature with a kind and benevolent heart, and actuated by the best intentions of governing for the welfare and happiness of the people committed to his care. He is at the same time too susceptible of flattery, too open to the arts of favouritism, and too ready to believe all that is represented to him by those in whom his confidence has been placed. In the early part of his reign, his only brother and true friend, Abdallah, had fallen a victim to court intrigue. He had been banished by his country, perhaps he had died of want, and misery, and every moment of the caliph's existence had since been

embittered by remorse. Nevertheless the artful vizier who had procured his expulsion, contrived to retain his favour with the sovereign by the practice of incessant adulation ; but at the period where the narrative commences, he had conceived a jealousy of a certain wandering Jew, named Ben Hafi, who had just then contrived to attract the peculiar attention of the caliph by the honest simplicity of his character, and the extensive knowledge of the world which he displays. The wily Mazaffar accordingly resolves to attempt his disgrace, and for that purpose, when they are next together in the caliph's presence, introduces a subject of conversation from which he hopes and expects to make his account by entrapping his suspected adversary.

‘ The sun, when at mid-day he shines upon the ocean, is not brighter than the smile with which Mazaffar greeted Ben Hafi : the song of the nightingale, when he woos the rose is not sweeter than the tone in which he bade him welcome. Oh ! at that moment how must Mazaffar have hated him !—Ben Hafi was seated on cushions, arranged opposite to the Caliph's sofa : the dwarf Hegnawn took his accustomed station at his master's feet ; and now the grand vizier seemed by a respectable bow to request permission to break silence. The permission was granted, and he thus addressed the object of his aversion and fear.

—‘ Worthy and wise Ben Hafi, there is a point (and that a point of no light importance) on which our lord the caliph has long differed from the humblest of his slaves, and which I have obtained his authority to submit to your experience in the nature of mankind. I maintain, that a sovereign, who has no other materials to work upon, and no other instrument to work with, than men, must govern his actions entirely according to the dictates of cool and unbiased *prudence* ; and without suffering himself to be in the least influenced by that most dangerous of all delusions, which is no less erroneous than dazzling, the *enthusiasm* of the heart. I maintain, that that government only can be of use to the *whole*, which is grounded upon a knowledge of the depravity, the baseness, the selfishness, the incapacity of the individuals of whom that whole is composed : and that all those plans must come to nothing, which are built upon the idea of ruling men through the medium of their good qualities ; which aim at substituting the rewards of virtue for the dread of punishment ; and whose foundation rests upon the belief, that to keep a kingdom in order and tranquillity, and render a people happy and contented, it is only necessary for a sovereign's views to be those of equity, benevolence, and foresight. I maintain also that the black dress, which the angel Gabriel removed from the heart of Mahomet, exists in the hearts of all other children of Allah ; that on account of this innate depravity, the sovereign must possess a sceptre of iron as well as a sceptre of gold ; that he will oftener find it necessary to use the first than the second : and that true wisdom will make him consider man merely as an animal, who must be com-

pelled to do that which is useful, and abstain from that which is pernicious; the one by his passion for pleasure, the other, by his fear of pain. Such are my sentiments; I have the misfortune to find them disapproved of by my lord the caliph, and but too often have the still greater misfortune to see him act from sentiments, in direct opposition to them.—*The Caliph*.—‘And if your opinion were just, Mazaffar, why, in the name of Ali did nature give the king a heart as well as the beggar? In order to rule as you would have him, and yet not be the most miserable of earthly beings, a monarch should be born without the feelings of a man.—*Mazaffar*.—‘The feelings of a man, and the duties of a monarch are always different, and always incompatible.’—*The Caliph*.—‘If that be the case, I pity both; but most the monarch;—To dare confide in no one—to be deaf to the pleadings of benevolence—to repress all warm affections, all generous sensibilities, and to shut our bosoms against the whole world, at the very moment when the heart overflows towards the whole world with love, with friendship, with philanthropy—always to threaten—always to punish—always to be an object of alarm and aversion—to be cursed for all the ill that happens—to resign to ministers all the merit of the good which is done—to delight in conferring happiness, and yet be obliged to resign the power of conferring the happiness into the hands of others—oh! if this be indeed the lot of a sovereign, his lot is a dreadful one!—Lord of creation! unless you weigh my good conduct by the measure of my good intentions, how shall thy servant stand upright before thee!’—*Ben Hafi*.—‘Doubt it not, commander of the faithful: at the last great day, our actions will be judged, not according to their consequences, but according to the views with which they were committed.’—*The Caliph*.—‘I trust so, Ben Hafi, and therefore I will not repine, that my seat is a throne, rather than a couch of straw. On the throne, as well as in the peasant’s hut, it is still possible to be virtuous; and surely the rewards of virtue will hereafter be proportioned according to the difficulty which its possessor found in retaining it. Were not this the case, alas! how much to be pitied would be the great ones of the earth!—But we have wandered from Mazaffar’s dispute with me. Tell me, Ben Hafi, (and speak without reserve,) is it better that a man—(you hear that I say a *man*, and not a *monarch*, for in spite of all my vizier’s arguments, I cannot help flattering myself that they are the same,)—is it, I say, better that a man should act according to the warmth and enthusiasm of his heart, or that he should merely obey the dictates of that cold discretion, which, before a step is taken, weighs its merits in the nicest balance, and examines it with the severest scrutiny? Do not answer that the right thing is to make a proper use of both; I know that already.—But I wish you to decide between two people, who seldom can make prudence and enthusiasm walk hand in hand. Mazaffar sees me act imprudently without thinking of any thing but how to confer pleasure, and then he shakes his head; on the other hand, I see him act discreetly without caring whether he inflicts pain, and then I feel that my heart is bleeding. Both of us are in the wrong; but which of us is most so?’

‘Ben Hafi paused for a few moments.—At length he raised his head, and the genius of inspiration sparkled in his expressive eyes. ‘Commander of the faithful,’ said he, ‘the life of an illustrious person, who still exists, will be the best answer to your important question. Am I permitted to relate his adventures?’—‘By all means, Ben Hafi,’ answered the Caliph, ‘and you shall have not merely my permission, but my thanks: your narrations please me well, especially when they are wonderful; and if any spirits or genii should appear in the course of your story: they will be extremely welcome, and I shall like your discourse the better—that is, provided always that your story be no fiction.—And now, then, begin your narrative, my good Ben Hafi.’

‘The Hebrew bowed his head, and commenced his tale as follows.’

Amorassan, the grand vizier of Guzurat, was such a minister as the world never sees: upright, disinterested, benevolent in all his designs, and ardent in the execution of them. ‘He was the minister of Guzurat, not of its Sultan;’ and nevertheless he had the happiness of enjoying the friendship of his master, which can seldom be attained by the exercise of principles such as he professed. The character both of the servant and the prince are very ably sketched.

‘Amorassan was one of those men who, inflamed with enthusiastic admiration of the good and fair, are capable of undertaking plans, whose accomplishment (*the accomplishment of which*) seems to require the life of an antediluvian. Such a man is seldom happy; nay, to prevent his being totally miserable, it requires him to possess firmness enough to forgive every fault in others while he excuses none in himself: it requires that his experience in the nature of those, *with whom*, and *for whom* he labours, should produce no more effect upon his heart and temper, than vapours produce upon the sun; which can do no more than obtrude themselves between the planetary sovereign and the human eye in the form of clouds, and which soon overcome by his warmth, fall down again in fruitful showers freshen and fertilize the earth.

‘Amorassan’s heart was the most tender, his sympathy the most warm, his courage the most undaunted, his activity the most indefatigable; he wished ardently what was right, and he no sooner perceived that good might be done, than he hastened to do it. But he, who hurries on with too much eagerness and rapidity, is frequently apt to overshoot the goal, and by not allowing himself time to take every necessary precaution, he sometimes runs the risque of failing in his object: he cannot do every thing himself; he must employ agents, whom he finds it difficult to inspire with the same enthusiastic ardor for the execution of his benevolent projects, which animated their projector when he formed them: nay, sometimes, he will find himself counteracted by those very agents, because they find his plan conducive to the general good, but tending to their in-

dividual disadvantage. Amorassan believed that could he only prove that his schemes aimed at the universal benefit, self-interest would induce mankind to forward their execution : he was not aware that the universal good is an object too remote and too uncertain to excite very warm sensibilities, and that few men act with ardour and spirit in affairs with which their personal and particular advantage is not in some degree connected. Amorassan thought, that when he had found men *able* enough to execute his schemes, every thing was done ; their own common sense would be sufficient to make them *willing*. So erroneous did he find this opinion, that much, which he had designed in the true spirit and with all the fire of the most extensive philanthropy, was so marred in the execution, that he started back appalled at the sight of his disfigured work, and found that he had earned curses, where he had sowed blessings with such labour and care.

‘ The Sultan was in truth a very good kind of man : his greatest fault was, that he was wholly dependant on those who possessed his confidence. His heart was warm and susceptible ; his imagination was easily inflamed, and he was possessed by a most inordinate desire to obtain renown. The enlarged and glorious plans of his grand vizier dazzled and enchanted him ; and there were moments, when in the warmth of his enthusiasm for virtue he would have obeyed Amorassan, even had he been advised by him to exchange his throne for the cell of a dervise. The love of virtue, the abhorrence of vice, the sacrifice of self, philanthropy to wish, resolution to decide, and vigour to execute ; all these were communicated to him by Amorassan ; but that which alone could give duration to these qualities, he did not possess from nature, and Amorassan could not impart it :—the Sultan had no firmness of character.’

On such a heart as Amorassan’s it may easily be conceived that disappointments arising from the inconstancy and treachery of mankind must have made a deep and lasting impression ; the discoveries of depravity in those whom he trusted and the consequent defeat of his plans of benevolence ; the observation of distress and misery still prevailing in spite of his best endeavours, and even sometimes produced or aggravated by the very measures taken to remove them ; lastly, and above all, the confidence which his prince began to bestow upon a base flatterer, from whose known character he expected nothing but further impediments to his purposes, or the absolute destruction of all his hopes, plunged him into a deep and cheerless melancholy ; and in this unhappy condition it is not to be wondered at that he yields to the first suggestions of an Egyptian magician who offers to put him in possession of supernatural powers to accomplish his ends.

‘ Yes !’ said he to himself ; ‘ could I but once see clearly into

the hearts of men, my designs would then be certain of success ; I should then be armed against deception, might select none but fit instruments, and could reckon upon gathering securely the fruit of my benevolent labours. Yet, hold ! to be proof against the illusions of others, is not enough ; I must also be guarded against those of my own heart. The being, whom I need, must not only warn me against the hypocrisy and artifices of my fellows, but against the deceitful enthusiasm of love, of friendship, and even of mistaken virtues. I must be enabled to read the human soul, to distinguish the resemblance from the reality, to see before hand the consequences of my own actions and those of others, and to remove from my senses all those deceitful clouds with which sympathy, imagination, and the passions, obscure the sight of men, and misguide their footsteps.*

He becomes initiated in the tremendous science, and soon attains the power of commanding such an attendant spirit as he requires, to direct his steps. The first, and indeed every subsequent appearance of this mysterious being, the inhabitant of ' the islands of chillness and of gloom,' is uncommonly striking, and calculated to freeze the reader almost as much as she froze the unfortunate Amorassan. We wish it were in our power in this place to make a much longer extract than any in which we have hitherto indulged ourselves, but our limits forbid us to do more than recommend the sequel of the tale, not to our mere romance-readers only, but to all who can receive delight from an admirable moral conveyed in the form of a very interesting and affecting allegory.

From the moment that Amorassan adopted the intimacy of this *most uncomfortable* companion, he had farewell to all his happiness. Every scheme of benevolence, every impulse of friendship or generosity, is instantly chilled by the representation of some unforeseen consequence, some probable failure. Compelled to oppose, yet unable to assign his reasons, he loses every hour the confidence and esteem of his prince, and at length becomes the object of his avowed distrust and hatred. Obligated to refuse petitions which every good and warm and honest feeling of his soul would otherwise have urged him to anticipate, because of some future evil which his detestable counsellor points out to him as the probable consequences of granting them, he estranges from him his father, he banishes his brother, he sows hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness among his friends, he causes the death of the most virtuous man in Guzurat whom he meant to serve, and at length brings on his own head disgrace, beggary, and ruin. Even when the cup of his miseries is filled to the utmost measure of despair, still his horrid attendant does not cease to follow him ; she now makes him retrace the

whole course of events from the moment of his first invoking her, and then completes her hellish work by pointing out to him the consequences which would have ensued from his actions had they continued to be guided only by the unbiassed impulses of his own heart, and only aided by the lights usually vouchsafed to man; the pleasures and the satisfaction, chequered, indeed, and damped but not annihilated, by disappointments; the evil, though great, yet remediable; the good, though slow and imperfect, yet certain and permanent.

The moral of the tale is thus completed,—but the tale itself is not finished; and every reader will rejoice at beholding Amorassan at its conclusion, freed at length from the persecuting fiend, restored to comfort and happiness, and fully contented in the exercise of those virtues and talents which Providence had entrusted to his charge, notwithstanding the imperfection of his instruments, and the uncertainty of his best arrangements.

The conclusion of the Caliph's story may be anticipated from many passages of the interwoven romance. Ben Hafi and the banished Abdallah are the same. The recognition is introduced with uncommon felicity and flows naturally from the preceding tale. The treacherous Mazaffar, who had contrived his disgrace, is banished in his turn from the palace of Bagdad, and the Caliph remains ever after, 'a wiser and a better man' for the tale which he had heard and the events he had witnessed.

We have said nothing hitherto about the several little poetical legends and romances which are interspersed through these volumes. But those of our readers who have seen Mr. Lewis's former poetical productions in 'the Monk,' the 'Tales of Wonder,' and other publications, will know exactly *what kind* of poetry they will meet with here; and we must confess that we have found nothing *so good in its kind*, as to merit our particular notice. 'Oberon's Henchman, or the legend of the three sisters,' is the most considerable of these pieces both for length and merit.—It is founded on the idea of Titania's Indian Boy, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' a personage whom he has translated with some fancy and some pleasing description, to the banks of the Clyde, to 'Bothwell Castle, and Blantyre Priory.'—But, notwithstanding the occasional strokes of imagination and genius discoverable in the poem, we rather fear that the poor little changeling has suffered a great deal from the cold in migrating from Athens to Caledonia.

ART. III.—*An Attempt to prove the Truth of Christianity, from the Wisdom displayed in its original Establishment, and from the History of false and corrupted Systems of Religion in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1808, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. J. Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury. By John Penrose, M.A. of Corpus Christi College. 8vo. Murray. 1808.*

MR. Penrose, the learned and ingenious author of these lectures, tells us in his dedication to the archbishop of Canterbury, that he has 'endeavoured to prove the truth of the Christian religion by an inquiry into the wisdom which was displayed in its first establishment,' and that 'he has taken a line of argument, which he does not recollect to have seen pursued elsewhere;' 'that in the prosecution of this inquiry,' he has 'been led into a series of historical details concerning those teachers of false religions, or of a corrupted christianity, from whose conduct,' he 'thought it most expedient to show that the conduct of Christ himself may be distinguished by infallible criteria.'

In the first part of the first sermon, Mr. Penrose draws a distinction between wisdom and craft; which distinction, he says, furnishes '*an accurate criterion, by which the truth of Christianity may be determined without entering into the question of miracles.*'

'Wisdom and craft,' says Mr. Penrose, 'it has frequently been observed, are principles of distinct nature, and incompatible so far as they are distinct. They differ in the objects to which they are respectively directed, in the means which they employ, and in the results which they are calculated to produce. As the grasp of wisdom is strong and comprehensive, so its aim is permanent success. The views of craft, on the other hand, are limited by actual emergency. Though acute in the discernment, and ingenious in the application of present resources, it ascends not from the contemplation of parts to an enlarged conception of the whole. Wisdom preserves unviolated the precepts of an elevated morality, abstains from every particular expedient of which the general consequence would be prejudicial, and trusts its future though perhaps distant triumph to the undoubted efficacy of truth. Craft less scrupulous in its ambition, is less also in its casuistry; and where an immediate interest may be advanced by politic falsehood, either is not aware of, or does not regard, that certain progress, by which falsehood, though it may prosper for a time, yet terminates eventually in defeat.'

Such is *the accurate criterion*, by which the truth of christianity may be determined, in the opinion of Mr. Penrose.

But this criterion, instead of being accurate appears to us to be indefinite and indistinct. Craft and wisdom are not so easily separable, as Mr. Penrose seems to imagine; nor can the line of partition be easily ascertained.—That they are principles of a distinct nature, we can readily agree; but this distinction is difficult to be traced, and it may elude the notice even of a penetrating observer. Some of the marks of difference, which Mr. Penrose enumerates, are rather adventitious than real; rather temporary than permanent. But can an accurate criterion be drawn from an occasional or fugitive distinction? and above all, can such a criterion be employed to determine the truth of Christianity?

Mr. Penrose says, that wisdom and craft differ in the object of pursuit, in the means which they use to attain it, and in 'the results,' we suppose that he means of good or evil, of happiness or misery, 'which they are calculated to produce.' Now we can conceive circumstances in which wisdom and craft may have a similar object of pursuit, in which they may employ similar means, and in which both may lead to a similar result. Wisdom and craft may centre in the same person, or may alternately sway the volition of the individual. Thus Bonaparte is certainly not destitute either of wisdom, or of craft. He has a copious stock of both. But there are occasions, as in the abolition of feudal servitude in Germany, in which the object of his pursuit, in which the means which he employs, and the results which he produces, are such as wisdom would sanction and philanthropy approve:—If wisdom be seen in the exact adaptation of means to an end, does not craft often as clearly discern the relation between cause and effect?—But the means which wisdom employs to effect its purpose are, it will be said, always moral means;—but has not craft often the sagacity to discern the superior efficacy of such means? Were not religion and morality powerful engines in the state-craft of Mr. Pitt?

Mr. Penrose says that 'the grasp of wisdom is strong and comprehensive,' and that 'its aim is permanent success.' But may not the same thing be predicated of craft, whether in the abstract, or the concrete? Are not the conceptions of the crafty Napoleon vigorous? Are not his views extensive? Is not his aim permanent success? Even the mind of Mahomet, though filled with the devices of craft, and, at times, seemingly entangled in a labyrinth of fraud, was nevertheless susceptible of elevated ideas, of mighty projects; and his

aim certainly was not a temporary but a permanent triumph over the credulity of mankind.

'The views of craft,' says Mr. Penrose, 'are limited by actual emergency;' but were the views of Mahomet thus circumscribed? Were the views of Cromwell, the most crafty of mortals, thus confined? Are the views of Bonaparte, who is superlatively crafty, bounded by such a narrow line? When Mr. Penrose says, that wisdom 'preserves unviolated the precepts of an elevated morality, abstains from every particular expedient, of which the general consequence would be prejudicial, and trusts its future, though perhaps distant triumph to the undoubted efficacy of truth,' the characteristic features of wisdom, considered in the scriptural sense, as the combined identity of knowledge and of virtue, is clearly delineated and palpably fixed; but then the true opposite to this wisdom is not craft but folly, which, as a scriptural term, includes the idea of vice. But how is the distinction between wisdom and folly, or between virtue and vice, to supply '*an accurate criterion*, by which the truth of Christianity may be determined?' If, by the *truth* of Christianity, Mr. Penrose mean its divine original, we do not see how that can be proved without having recourse to the evidence of the miracles. By not making the credibility of the miracles a part of his argument, Mr. P. has rendered the whole inconclusive and unsatisfactory.

If Mr. Penrose had designed merely to prove the truth of the Christian doctrine, considered as a system of morals, harmonizing with that succession of causes and effects in the providential government of the world, which make virtue the interest of man considered both in his individual capacity and in the aggregate of nations, the criterion, which he has adopted, would have been better suited for the purpose. But if Mr. Penrose regard the Christian doctrine, not as the product of the reflective wisdom of man, but as the *supernatural communication of the Deity himself*, without any choice of intermediate causation, the proof must rest on the miraculous powers with which the founder supported his pretension to a heavenly mission; and by which he shewed that his doctrine was derived from the supreme intelligence. The truth of the Christian doctrine considered as an assemblage of moral precepts is by no means involved in the reality of the miracles; for the doctrine, which is adapted to the nature of man, and to the circumstances in which he is placed, would be true even though the miracles could be proved to be false. But, when the Christian doctrine is asserted to be a supernatural communication, then its beneficial tendency,

or its congruity with the nature of man, and the state of the world, is *not alone* sufficient to establish the affirmation. For a miraculous communication can be known only by miraculous proof. The doctrine itself furnishes indeed to the wise and good ample proof of its own truth, and that truth exists independent of miracles; yet, who will assert that the *divine origin* of Christianity is independent of any *miraculous attestation*? The moral deductions in Mr. Wollaston's religion of nature are true, are in perfect harmony with those laws which God has appointed for the conduct of his rational creatures; but are we hence to infer that these deductions were formed by supernatural assistance? If Mr. Wollaston had said that his moral theory was a divine communication, we should have said, Sir, your ethics, though very good, will not prove this without the additional evidence of miracles. When, therefore, Mr. Penrose pretends to have discovered an *accurate criterion* by which to discover the truth of Christianity *without the aid of miracles*, he appears to us to have undertaken a hopeless task; and though he certainly discovers a considerable share of erudition and ability in his sermons, yet we will venture to assert that they will not convert one sceptic, nor add one believer to the Christian fold.

We will now produce a few specimens of the style and matter of these sermons. The following is from the first sermon, in which the author shows the wisdom of Christ in furnishing only a general idea of a future state, without any descriptive particularities.

‘The doctrine of a future state of retribution forms almost a necessary part of every system of popular and profane theology. It was prudent, but at the same time it was extremely natural, for the Author of Christianity to introduce it into his own. His wisdom is obvious, not so much in the introduction of the doctrine as in the simplicity with which it is represented. A more ignorant or short-sighted impostor would, it is probable, not only have borrowed the opinions, but have adorned them also with the superstitions of mythology. He would have delighted to enumerate in detail the pleasures of his visionary elysium, or would have aggravated the horrors of his Tartarus with the wheel of Ixion, or the rock of Sisyphus. Christ, however, seems to have foreseen, that the grossness of such fabulous representations would not long be able to resist the acuteness of sceptical criticism; and he judged wisely in expressly announcing the existence, but in leaving the particular circumstances and condition of a future state to continue in their natural obscurity.’

In this passage Mr. Penrose has, though no doubt from inadvertence, represented Christianity as a human system.

rather than one of divine original. Thus, he says, 'it was *prudent*, but at the same time natural,' &c. as if Christ were governed by any thing like *prudential* calculation in the doctrines which he admitted into his system. '*A more ignorant and short-sighted impostor*,' &c. as if the author of Christianity were *a less ignorant and short-sighted impostor*; or at least ignorant and short-sighted in some degree. Mr. Penrose should have written 'An ignorant and short-sighted impostor.' 'Christ seems to have foreseen that the grossness of such fabulous representations would not long be able to resist the acuteness of sceptical criticism, and he judged wisely,' &c. This is put as if Christ made such representations no part of his system, not because he knew them to be false, but because he 'seems to have foreseen' that they would be penetrated 'by the acuteness of sceptical criticism.' Mr. Penrose certainly did not intend this inference, but it necessarily follows from the incorrect manner in which he has expressed himself on the occasion. For Mr. Penrose is not in the above passage talking of Christ hypothetically as an impostor, but he is expressly contrasting his character with that of an impostor, and shewing that his system exhibits no traces of imposition.

We were pleased with the following remarks. The characters of ability, which are distinguishable in the author of Christianity,

'Are all indicative of enlarged, not of temporary policy; not conducive to its immediate establishment, though necessary to its permanence. To the personal greatness or the personal pleasure of its promulgator, they are not favourable, but repugnant. The general principles indeed of our nature extend to all places and operate throughout all ages. They existed in Judea at the time of Christ, and we doubt not but that Christianity was conformable to and congenial with them even there. On the whole, also, the efficacy of these general principles is stronger, because it is more lasting than that of particular impulses or motives, which are limited to peculiar cases. Still their immediate efficacy is not so great; in the same manner as reason, though eventually more powerful, is always less violent than prejudice. But an impostor, as will be proved, must chiefly consult the immediate efficacy of the principles which he employs. Christ, however, consulted uniformly the general result rather than the immediate; he always rejected partial success for permanent, whenever they were inconsistent with each other.'

In the third sermon, in which Mr. Penrose endeavours to prove the truth of the Mosaic and Christian systems from the exclusion of every species of superstitious mixture, and

of idolatrous adoration, we meet with many judicious and acute remarks, which evince a reflective and discriminating mind.

'Religion is intended,' says Mr. Penrose, 'not for perfect beings but for weak and fallible men. As the work of a wise God, it must be suited therefore to human imperfection. The Jewish institution was addressed to an age and nation probably inferior in moral powers, and certainly in enlightened intellect, to those to which Christianity is proposed. It bears undoubted marks of a more extensive indulgence to the passions; it appeals less forcibly to the reason of mankind. Its lustrations, its sacrifices, and its pomp were, doubtless, accommodations to the weakness of human nature. So also in a less degree, may be the positive institutions of Christianity. These accommodations to human weakness may vary with the varying circumstances of mankind, and it may be impossible to determine with precision the bounds of their propriety, while differing only in degree, they are the same in kind. Yet one distinction at least is obvious and indubitable. The true God can never have authorized any of his ministers to countenance idolatry. On this ground the question may most fairly be brought to issue: on this ground rests the main argument by which it is here endeavoured to confirm the evidence of our religion.'

But if the 'main argument' by which the evidence of Christianity may be confirmed, exists, as Mr. P. intimates in the last sentence of the above quotation, on the total exclusion of idolatrous superstitions, Mahometanism may, with equal justness lay claim to a divine original; for the koran certainly inculcates the unity of the godhead with at least as much constancy as the gospel, and is as hostile to the admission of any idolatrous rites. Mr. Penrose, however, says in the next page, that he does not unreservedly pronounce that the internal evidence of a religion is solely to be determined by the absence or admission of idolatry. But if '*the main argument*' in confirmation of the truth either of Judaism or of Christianity '*rests on this ground*,' that argument will avail little, for it belongs to systems which are confessedly of human contrivance.

Mr. Penrose says, page 63, that 'the excesses of superstition must destroy equally with idolatry itself, the credit of the religion by which they are avowed.' 'If,' adds he, 'they are to be found in Christianity, Christianity must be incapable of defence.' But still he goes on to tell us that there may be particular superstitions, or modes of superstition, 'the inconsistency of which with the divine attributes is merely doubtful,' and which may not be excluded even from a system, of which God is the author, when they are suited to the genius of the people, or are ac-

commodated to particular exigencies. But can we admit this without ascribing to God a *temporizing spirit*, which belongs only to man ?

'Some *compliances*,' says Mr. P. '*with particular circumstances* may, even in a teacher of religion, be compatible with truth.' It is not quite clear to us what our Bamptonian theologian means by these '*compliances with particular circumstances*,' but the context leads us to suppose that he intends the admission of certain superstitious errors. We do not see how such admission can ever be considered in any other light than as deviations from truth ; and how can deviations from truth be compatible with a system of truth ? If a human teacher of inviolable probity could not without the imputation of falsehood sanction any assertions that are not true, or any religious observances that are tinctured with superstition or with erroneous notions of the Deity, much less could this be expected in the founder of a system not of earthly but of heavenly extraction, whose mind the Deity himself had cleared from the mists of error, and illumined with the unspotted radiance of truth.

Mr. P. contends that the ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual were intended in many cases in which they are the least easy to be explained, not so much for offices of worship as for a method of instruction.

'Much gesticulation,' says he, 'is always to be observed among people who possess not a copious language, and is necessary, perhaps, to determine the meaning of such words as bear numerous significations. At the period of the Mosaic dispensation, written language was doubtless in its infancy ; the language which was spoken must consequently have been imperfect, as we know indeed, to have been the case with the more ancient dialects of the East. What may be denominated the language of action must therefore have borne a considerable share in the general converse of mankind, particularly in those warmer climates, where the manners as well as the feelings are more impassioned than they who have no intercourse with any but the inhabitants of northern Europe can easily conceive.'

The following remark is very judicious, and proves that the enlightened mind of Mr. P. is no advocate for the *typical* application of the Mosaic ceremonies to the various occurrences in the history of Christ.

'The sprinkling of blood upon the unclean, and of the water of separation, which we now, *interpreting by the event*, suppose to have had a general reference to the future blood-shedding and mediation of the Saviour, might be adapted to excite a more definite expectation

in those for whom they were appointed than the same dark ceremonies would convey to us.'

'Man, even now,' says Mr. P. 'is far too imperfect to be able to render to his Creator a worship strictly pure, a homage genuine and without alloy. There is no doubt but that Christianity itself is accommodated to the manifold infirmities of our nature.'

The only homage, genuine and without alloy, which man can render to his maker, is that of undeviating obedience to his will. But though, in this probationary state, man is not likely ever to offer this moral uniformity of worship to his creator, yet he is not the less required to make the attempt; and to labour after the perfection which he cannot reach. In this respect there is nothing like *temporizing compliance*, nor accommodating facility in the precepts of Christianity. The whole substance of the worship which Christ requires is contained in these words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.' But this is 'worship strictly pure, homage genuine and without alloy;' and in this there is no compromise with human infirmity, no accommodation to the gross conceptions of man.

We do not think that the *orthodox* will thank Mr. Penrose for the following remarks:

'It is injudicious as well as unnecessary to claim for every part of the conduct of the apostles the praise of an *exact propriety*. It is not to be contended that they always acted under the influence of a continued inspiration. For Christ alone seems to have been reserved by the divine appointment the prerogative of an unerring judgment equally as of a sinless life. If Paul withstood Peter to the face, *either Peter must have been incorrect, or Paul mistaken*. The precise limits of a lawful accommodation to Jewish principles and opinions, it may be impossible correctly to define; and *where the apostles differed, the most adventurous theologian of modern times can scarcely venture to decide*.'

In his 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th sermons Mr. P. gives a succinct account of the rise, progress, principles, conduct, and suppression of the Jesuits; and he has thrown into the notes many curious details which could not aptly have been introduced into the body of the sermons. On the whole, though we differ from Mr. P. in some of his views and inferences, yet we have perused his discourses with considerable satisfaction, and think that in point of liberality of sentiment and variety of erudition, they may vie with the productions of most of the Bamptonian theologues which we have perused.

ART. IV.—*Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq. F.R.S. Author of Travels to discover the Source of the Nile in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773. By Alexander Murray, F.D.S.E. and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. 4to. Longman. 1808.*

MR. Bruce deserves a high, if not the highest place, among the travellers of modern times. In enterprize and courage he has been surpassed by none, and it will be difficult to name a superior in the successful execution of what he attempted. The countries which he visited lay entirely out of the common track of Europeans, and though more than thirty years have now elapsed since he visited Abyssinia, not one traveller has retraced his steps, nor penetrated into that country. When the travels of Mr. Bruce were first published many of his details were called in question, but subsequent inquiries, as far as they have been carried, have rather strengthened than invalidated the opinion of his veracity.

The present account of the life and writings of Mr. Bruce was prefixed to the edition of his travels, which was published in 1805; but it is here reprinted with considerable additions and emendations. Besides the life there is an appendix which constitutes by far the largest part of the volumes, and contains a great variety of matter. We shall reserve this for a separate article.

James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was born at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling, in Scotland, on the 14th of December, 1730. His mother died while he was an infant. Of his early years but little is remembered, except that his constitution and temper, which were afterwards athletic, impetuous, and irascible, were originally delicate, gentle, and quiescent. Mr. Bruce was entered at Harrow in January, 1742, and he left it in May, 1746. At Harrow Mr. Bruce is said to have made a considerable proficiency in classical literature. After leaving Harrow he spent near a year in the academy of a Mr. Gordon, where in addition to his classics he studied French, arithmetic, and geometry, and made himself master of some of those elegant accomplishments, which are much prized in fashionable life, but which were destined to promote his safety by exciting the wonder of the barbarians in distant regions.

Mr. Bruce returned to Scotland in May 1747, when he acquired a predilection for the sports of the field, which he retained to the close of life. When he was consul at Algiers he had his hands sent him from England, some of which

he carried with him into Asia. He was originally designed for the profession of an advocate at the Scottish bar ; but he never made much proficiency in the study of the law, and he soon relinquished it for other views more congenial to his enterprizing genius.

He came to London in 1753, in order to solicit the permission of the Court of Directors to settle as a free trader under the patronage of the East India Company. In London he became an intimate in the family of a Mrs. Allan, the widow of an eminent wine-merchant, who had a beautiful and accomplished daughter named Adriana, who soon attracted the tender regards of Mr. Bruce. On the 3d of February, 1754, she became his wife; but a consumption carried her to the grave in the October following, at Paris, whither she had proceeded with her husband in her way to the south of France.

‘The bigotry of the Popish religion,’ says the author, ‘contributed to embitter the close of this melancholy scene. From an excess of zeal the clergy in the enlightened metropolis of France delighted, as late as 1754, to persecute the last moments of a dying heretic. With similar illiberality they were accustomed to prevent the interment of the remains in consecrated ground. Mr. Bruce would have suffered from the violence of both these prejudices, if the English ambassador had not extended his protection to the family, and claimed for it the privileges due to himself and his retinue. Under this protection, Mrs. Bruce died undisturbed by the clamours of fanatics; but her funeral could not be conducted in a public manner. At midnight, between the 11th and 12th of October, Mr. Bruce stole a grave for his wife in the burying-ground assigned to the English embassy, and there saw all his happiness laid in the earth. He left Paris immediately after the ceremony, frantic with grief, and travelled during the remainder of that night, one of the most tempestuous that had ever been known, towards Boulogne, which he reached on the following day. Fatigue, abstinence, and sorrow, threw him into a fever, which detained him at that place nearly a week. As soon as he was able he embarked for England; to which he returned solitary, in ill health, and in deep melancholy, from the most unhappy journey which it was ever his lot to perform.’

We have quoted the above, because it proves that Mr. Bruce, whatever sturdy qualities he might possess, was not deficient in sensibility. After the melancholy occurrence just mentioned, Mr. Bruce, who on his marriage had engaged in the wine trade, found his ardour for business cool, and he had recourse to literary pursuits in order to divert his attention and soothe his regret. He applied himself to the

study of the modern languages; he improved his skill in drawing; and enlarged that stock of qualifications which contributed so much to the advantage of his future travels. In 1757, Mr. Bruce visited Portugal and Spain, and he passed through Holland in the following year. By the death of his father in May, 1758, he succeeded to the family estate. This event did not incline him to a life of pleasurable indolence.

‘He had collected in Holland most of the books published by the Dutch and Italians on oriental literature. The labours of Erpenius, Golius, Schultens, and Maracci, opened his way to a knowledge of the Arabic, now the learned language of great part of Asia and Africa. The same curiosity which had led him to study a branch of learning little connected with European knowledge, induced him to examine in the works of Ludolf, the Ethiopic or Geez; a circumstance which perhaps determined him to explore the sources of the Nile.’

About this time the establishment of the iron-works at Carron, in the neighbourhood of his estate, proved a considerable addition to his fortune. In 1761, he relinquished the wine business, which he had hitherto conducted with Mr. Allan, and in February, 1762, he was appointed agent and consul-general at Algiers. In the June of the same year he quitted England, and passed through France and Italy. Before he proceeded to his destination at Algiers, he had leisure to spend a considerable time in surveying the antiquities, paintings and other curiosities in Italy. He at the same time improved himself in drawing, and had his taste refined by a critical examination of the best models of ancient and modern art.

Mr. Bruce arrived at Algiers on the 20th of March, 1763. He had previously made himself master of the written Arabic: but he resolved to acquire a knowledge of that language as it is spoken in Barbary, that he might be able to carry on his official communications with the ministers of the Dey without the aid of an interpreter. Mr. B. found the divan or council divided into two parties, at the one of which was the Aga Mahomet, the brother of the Dey. This latter party was most favourable to the English interest; but the former, with the Dey at its head, was displeased at the commercial privileges which were enjoyed by the English above the other Christian states. In the intestine discord which prevailed on this occasion, Mr. Bruce conducted himself with great prudence and firmness; and if the representations of his situation, which he sent to the British cabinet, had received the attention which they deserved, a singular triumph

might have been obtained over the violence of the piratical state.

‘It had been customary at Algiers to make the consuls of other European powers on occasions when they became obnoxious, to draw the stone-cart, and to subject their servants to the bastinado. Mr. Bruce was saved from this disgraceful sentence by the influence of the Aga’s party; but received orders to leave the country in three days under pain of death.’

But a sudden change in the Divan made them alter this resolution, and Mr. Bruce remained till his successor arrived.

Mr. Bruce sailed for Tunis on the 25th of August, 1765, along the African coast by Ras El Hamra, Tabarca, and Bona. He examined the ruins of Ulica and Carthage; and at Tunis he obtained permission from the Bey to travel through his dominions in any direction he might please. Mr. Bruce was well qualified to undertake this journey, and he possessed numerous facilities for the purpose.

‘He was perfectly acquainted with the Moorish language and character. To assist him in drawing he had procured from Rome a young Bolognese architect and painter called Luigi Balugani. Under Mr. Bruce’s direction he became an expert and able draughtsman. The number of drawings which they executed together is indeed surprizing. They delineated the ruins of all the ancient cities in the north of Africa, of Balbec and Palmyra, besides many articles in natural history in a manner which the best judges have honoured with their approbation. Part of their labours was facilitated by the use of a camera obscura which Mr. Bruce had procured from London, along with astronomical instruments, for the purpose of ascertaining the geography of the country.’

Mr. Bruce proceeded from Tunis to Tripoly, across the wide sandy deserts which separate the two states. He was attacked by some Arab horsemen on the way; whom he did not repulse till four of his attendants had fallen in the conflict. Mr. Bruce returned to Tunis, by the coast of the Lesser Syrtis. Here he remained till August, 1766, when he proceeded by the way of Sfax and Gerba again to Tripoly. He crossed the gulph of Sidra to Bengazi, a city founded by the Ptolemites, where he found that the independent Arabs near the town had occasioned a famine by their mutual devastation. The Bey allowed Mr. Bruce to pass into the interior.

‘He found nothing remarkable at Barca or Arsino. At Ras Sern he had the satisfaction of disproving an improbable story common in Africa, and circulated in England by Tripoline ambassa-

dors. It had been asserted that a city existed in that place, the inhabitants of which had been all petrified by a special judgment of heaven. They were described to the great amazement of the credulous, as still visible, fixed in the several attitudes, and at the different employments in which they were overtaken by the divine vengeance.'

Mr. Bruce finding any farther excursions to the eastern coast of Africa impeded by the suspected hostility of the Bey of Bengazi, and by the famine and pestilence which had prevailed at Dura, embarked in a small Greek vessel for the island of Crete. But he was obliged to put back in a storm: and was shipwrecked near Ptolometa, the ancient Ptolemais.

'Mr. Bruce swam ashore with great difficulty and was cruelly treated by the Arabs while he lay in a state of insensibility on the beach.'

After a detention of about two months he succeeded in reaching Crete, in a small French vessel, and was kindly received by M. Amoureux, the French consul at Canea. In the summer of 1767, he arrived on the coast of Phenicia. Here he was indebted to M. Clarembaut and the French merchants, who were settled there, for numerous civilities. His biographer says, that at this place and at Aleppo which he afterwards visited, he spent some of the happiest moments of his life. Sidon, which was celebrated for its commerce in the earliest periods of antiquity, and to which the Greeks were originally indebted for their letters and their arts, exhibits no vestiges of its former grandeur and importance.

'Its principal manufacture is silk, which the inhabitants raise in the gardens around the town. By imprudently sleeping all night in the tents erected in them for the convenience of the manufacturers, Mr. Bruce relapsed into the ague and fever which had seized him in Africa. He was confined several weeks, but as soon as his strength returned he amused himself with short excursions to Mount Libanus, and other places in the vicinity of Sidon, well known in ancient history, but not remarkable at present. On the 29th of July, 1767, he was at Paneas, one of the sources of the river Jordan, where he found the papyrus growing in the marsh in that place.'

On the 19th of September Mr. Bruce arrived at Balbec, whither he was incited to proceed by curiosity to behold, and by an ardent desire to delineate, the ruins of that ancient city, where the Sun, under the name of Baal, 'the king of

heaven,' had been worshipped before the dawn of history. Like Palmyra, Balbec was

'probably one of the stations of the Indian trade, and owed its consequence and support to that circumstance. The ruins of the temples have suffered greatly from time and other injuries. Mr. Bruce delineated every thing that deserved attention in them, being fully at leisure and unmolested.'

Having finished his operations at Balbec, Mr. Bruce set out in a few weeks for Palmyra.

'He proceeded by Hassia and Cariateen, under the protection of the Shekh of Hassia, which is situated on the western border of the desert. Having travelled about sixty miles through the sandy wilderness without intermission day or night, he and his company on the morning of the 19th of October reached the top of the adjoining eminence, from which travellers obtain the first view of Palmyra. From this hill they descried, with all the astonishment naturally excited by a sight so remarkable, the remains of the city of Zenobia, perhaps the most magnificent in the world. Though time and violence have greatly impaired its original beauties, Palmyra still appears to be one of the most splendid works of human industry and genius that ever have been abandoned to solitude, desolation, and ruin.'

'Mr. Bruce divided the whole into six angular views, bringing into the fore-ground of each a principal edifice or groupe of columns. The state of the buildings was favourable for this method; the soil on which the town is built being hard, and the columns uncovered to the base. He made in all thirteen large drawings, which, along with those of Balbec, he presented on his return to the king.'

At Aleppo Mr. Bruce became acquainted with Dr. Patric Russel, physician to the English factory, and author of a treatise on the plague. From him Mr. B. derived considerable knowledge respecting the diseases of the east, and the best mode of treating them, which he found very useful in the character of physician, which he assumed on his travels. Mr. Bruce embarked from Sidon for Alexandria in June, 1768, as he had now formed a resolution which had before often occupied his mind, of inspecting the antiquities of Egypt, and of penetrating from thence into Abyssinia, and discovering the source of the Nile, which has been called an achievement worthy of the ambition of kings. When Mr. Bruce represented his design to the French merchants at Cairo, to whom he had been recommended by his friends in the Levant, they were astonished at the temerity of the attempt, but

‘ offered to assist him in it to the utmost of their power. In order that the government might not be prejudiced against him, by insinuations, he gave out that he was going to India, and seldom appeared in public except in the disguise of a dervish who was skilled in magic, and cared for nothing but study.’

The supreme power in Egypt was at this time in the hands of the celebrated Ali Bey, to whom Mr. Bruce was introduced by Maalem Risk, a pretender to astrology, and who had conceived a strong predilection for our traveller from the sight of his astronomical apparatus. Mr. Bruce soon acquired the confidence and favour of the Bey ‘ by his superior skill in medicine and prophecy.’ In December, 1768, Mr. B. proceeded on his voyage up the Nile, having procured letters of recommendation to the governors, &c. of the principal places on his route to Abyssinia. At Thebes

‘ he visited the caves in the adjacent mountain, which were called the tombs of the kings, but seem to have been the common burial-place of the city. The banditti, who live in these sepulchres, obliged him to cross the Nile at midnight to Luxor, where he was well received by the governor.’

Mr. Bruce arrived at Shekh Ammer, implored the protection of Nimmer, the chief of the Ababde Arabs; the old Shekh, who was very grateful for some medicines which Mr. Bruce had sent him from Furshout, rose from his couch, and lifting his emaciated hand, pronounced a curse on any of the tribe who should injure him. He then summoned his people to the tent, and concluded the covenant of friendship between them and his physician. After inspecting the cataracts at Syene, Mr. Bruce returned down the river to Kenne, which he left February 16, 1769, with the caravan for Cosseir on the Red Sea. From Cosseir Mr. Bruce made an excursion up the coast of the Red Sea to ‘ Tibbel Zunned,’ the emerald mine, described by Pliny and other writers.

Mr. Bruce next proceeded to Tor, a village at the bottom of the gulph, not far from Mount Sinai, from whence he sailed to Jidda, where the English have a factory, from which the East India company usually disperses its manufactures over the adjoining countries.

‘ Mr. Bruce, whose appearance made no impression in his favour, was driven from the gate of the factory by one of his countrymen and relations, who mistook him for a vagrant; but he was received with great kindness and compassion by Captain Thornhill, of the Bengal Merchant. In the mean time, Yousef Cabil, governor of Jidda, having taken the liberty of examining his baggage, was surprised to find in it a number of valuable presents, and letters written

by persons of the highest dignity, particularly a firman from the Sublime Porte, a letter to the Khan of Tartary, and several others from Ali Bey, addressed to the Sheriffe of Mecca, to his minister Metical Aga, and to Yousef Cabil himself. The style of these letters alarmed the governor. He came immediately to the factory to inquire about the English nobleman, recommended by the Grand Seignior and Ali Bey, and was astonished to find him sitting under a shed in the habit of a Turkish sailor. A good understanding was instantly established with Yousef; the English gentlemen used their whole influence to promote Mr. Bruce's designs, and every head was employed in procuring letters of the most effective kind from the Sheriffe of Mecca to the governor of Masuah, the king of Abyssinia, and his general and prime minister Michael Subul.

Abyssinia was at this time very difficult of access to foreigners, not only from the detestation in which the name of Frank was held, from an impolitic attempt of the Portuguese Jesuits in the 17th century to change the mode of worship of the Greek church of Alexandria to that of the Roman Catholic, but from the three powerful factions by which the whole country was at that time agitated with the most furious broils.

In September, 1769, Mr. Bruce arrived at Masuah. The first audience which he had of the Naybe of the place was very discouraging. The Naybe demanded an enormous present of Mr. Bruce, which the latter refused to give. The Naybe endeavoured to frighten him into compliance; but, finding this unsuccessful, he had him accused of sorcery, and was even charged with having caused

‘a comet which was then visible at Masuah. Many of the soldiers supported these accusations: and had it not been for his own firmness and the interference of the Sardar, (commander) of the Janizaries, Mr. Bruce would have been murdered on the spot.’

After this

‘the Naybe sent a party to murder Mr. Bruce: but they had no courage to make an attack on him, being terrified for his fire-arms.’

By the assistance of Ahmed, the nephew of the Naybe, who was indignant at the conduct of his uncle, Mr. Bruce succeeded in passing the stupendous range of mountains that separate Abyssinia from the Red Sea. The toil and fatigue of the journey were increased by the heavy baggage, to which Mr. Bruce's astronomical instruments made a large addition. At Hadawi, a village in Abyssinia, Mr. Bruce was met by a deputy from Michael, a ferocious chieftain of about seventy years of age, who was governor of Tigré, the

province of Abyssinia nearest to Arabia, and who secretly aspired to the government of the whole kingdom.

‘He had spent fifty years of his life in humbling every individual of consequence in Tigré; and his house at Adowa contained no fewer than three hundred persons, all in irons, and most of them kept like wild beasts in cages, for the purpose of extorting money from them.’

Having passed Axum, which was built by the Ptolemies, and was formerly the metropolis of Abyssinia, the caravan proceeded through the province of Siré, and entered Woggora. At a place called Kossogué, they first had a view of the capital of Gondar, or

‘rather of the king’s palace, for the other houses were hid by the trees which grow in the town, and give it at a distance the appearance of a forest.’

Aylo Aylo, an Abyssinian nobleman of considerable influence, ‘hearing that a white man had come to Gondar, paid Mr. Bruce a visit, and undertook to introduce him at court, which was then held at Koslam, about a mile from Gondar.’ Aylo introduced him to the Iteghé or queen dowager, the first person of her sex in Abyssinia, and universally more revered than the king himself. Michael

‘had changed the order of succession by placing first her husband’s brother, and then his nephew on the throne. She was, however, much respected by the king, and had considerable influence with Michael, who had married her daughter the Princess Esther.’

At this time the small-pox raged like the plague in Gondar and the vicinity; and Mr. Bruce established himself in favour at court by curing some of the royal family, who were attacked by this loathsome disease.

‘During his attendance on the children he became acquainted with the queen’s daughter, Ozoro Esther, at that time wife to the Ras, but who had been twice married before, and had children alive by both husbands. Her son, Ayto Corfu, a promising young man, to whom Mr. Bruce had conceived an attachment at first sight, took the small-pox, and recovered very slowly. Mr. Bruce was not wanting in attention to Corfu. He removed to an apartment leading to his chamber, and waited on him constantly. The princess was equally careful. She could neither eat nor sleep; but watched him all night in fear and anxiety. As it was not proper for the physician to leave such a nurse without company, a particular friendship commenced between them, which continued till their last interview, and greatly advanced Mr. Bruce’s interest at court.’

In the first interview which Mr. Bruce had with Michael his reception was not very flattering. The first spectacle which the *Ras* exhibited after his arrival at Gondar was

‘the pulling out of the eyes of a number of Galla officers, whom he had taken in war, after which he turned them out in the fields to perish by famine and the wild beasts.’

Michael hearing of Mr. Bruce’s skill in horsemanship, resolved to make him ‘Palambaras, or master of the horse, an office of great honour and emolument,’ which he declined. The *Ras* then appointed him a Baalomaal, or sort of lord in waiting on the king, and commander of a body of cavalry belonging to the household. Mr. Bruce besides obtained other marks of favour and distinction.

During the distractions which prevailed at Gondar, from which Michael had fled to avoid being attacked by the governors of Begemder and Amhara, Mr. Bruce set out on a romantic and dangerous excursion to Saccala or Geesh, the seat of the sources of the Nile. He was accompanied only by a few servants, and under no protection. In his way he fell in with the army of Fasil, general of the Galla, who

‘gave Mr. Bruce a guide called Shulaker Woldo, a person of authority in that country, and a horse, which he desired him not to mount but to drive before him till he came to Saccala.’

When they reached the district called Saccala, Mr. Bruce observed that the Nile was dwindled into a scanty brook.

‘Woldo pointed with his finger to the marsh which contains the springs of the Nile, and retired into the village of Geesh, leaving his master to indulge his enthusiasm.’

‘Mr. Bruce ran down to the grassy spot, where he observed two or three fountains of different sizes, some of which were inclosed within a mound of sod, the work of the Agas, who have long worshipped the river, and still continue to pay adoration to it at these sources. The joy which he felt at contemplating an object unknown to the ancients, and which, as he conceived, had been hitherto seen by no European, was great, but momentary and transient. The dangers and sufferings which he had already undergone, and those which probably might terminate in the most fatal manner this romantic journey, presented themselves to his imagination, and quite overwhelmed him with despondency and sorrow.’

When Mr. Bruce returned to Gondar, he found that city the scene of the most unrelenting proscription and massacre.

Michael and the king had re-entered the city in triumph, and had begun to inflict the most cruel vengeance on their enemies.

‘Hundreds were hanged in the public square, and their bodies left unburied to be eaten by the dogs and the hyenas. Blood was spilt like water till the middle of the following month. The courts were filled with carcasses, which the natives neither wished nor dared to remove.’

Mr. Bruce, who had now accomplished the grand object of his travels, was anxious to quit this scene of woe. After considerable delay he obtained permission from the king to return home.

‘He set out from Koscam on the 26th of December, 1771, attended by three Greeks, one of whom had been his servant since his departure from Cairo, and another, called Georges, was infirm and nearly blind. The rest of his party consisted of an old Turkish janizary, who had come to Habbesh in the escort of the Abuna, a Copt who left him at Sennaar, and a few common servants, who took charge of the mules.’

At Sennaar Mr. B. was for four months detained in a state of jeopardy by the king, who contrived several attempts against his life. But the violence of the monarch was in some degree restrained by the friendship of Ahsined, governor of the household, and a relation of the royal family, a person whose office it was, by the constitution of that barbarous monarchy, to murder his sovereign when the welfare of the state required it.

On leaving Gooz, where the Tacazze mingles its waters with those of the Nile, Mr. B. entered on an immense desert of near five hundred miles in extent, which reaches nearly as far as Syene. He left Gooz on the 9th of November, with a company of not more than fourteen persons, only eight of whom were effective and well armed. A caravan which had taken this rout a little while before Mr. Bruce set out, had been attacked by the Bushareen Arabs, who murdered them all to the number of ninety persons. Mr. Bruce saw their dead bodies scattered in the desert. Mr. Bruce had but one person in his train who possessed any knowledge of the way. They were twice involved in the purple haze of the simoom; and when they arrived at Saffieha, a place about forty miles from Syene, even their camels, overcome with hunger and fatigue, could proceed no farther. Mr. Bruce was now reduced to the very brink of despair. His distress was aggravated by the prospect of losing all his drawings, journals,

and every memorandum of his travels. After leaving Saffeha, Mr. Bruce parted from his company in order to inspect a small eminence, when his ears were gratified by the sound of the Nile; and a flight of river birds added to the conviction that the river was near. This discovery was heard by his companions with loud acclamations of joy: and they were soon after refreshed by the shade of a grove of palm trees to the north of Syene. The aga or Turkish governor of the garrison 'received Mr. B. with kindness, and supplied him with money and necessaries.' On the 10th of January, 1773, Mr. Bruce arrived at Cairo; he was at Alexandria in the beginning of March, whence he embarked on board a vessel for Marseilles. There the celebrated Buffon, M. Guys, and many other persons came to congratulate him on his return. Having resided some time in the south of France for the recovery of his health, he repaired to Paris, where he experienced a very flattering reception. He did not return to England till June. He had been absent from his native country for the long space of twelve years. During the same period few persons have traversed more remote or inhospitable regions, few have encountered more hardships, more dangers, more privations, and more toils.

He made but little progress in preparing his papers for publication for nearly twelve years after his return; and perhaps the task would have been ultimately relinquished if the death of his second wife in 1785, had not obliged him to seek the solace of literary employment.

'Mr. Bruce, when once engaged in any undertaking,' says Mr. Murray, 'was eager and indefatigable. The greatest part of the work was finished before 1788, and submitted to the inspection of the Hon. Daines Barrington, and some other friends alike eminent for their literary talents and their high station in life. It was printed at Edinburgh, and thence transmitted to London, where it was published by the Robinsons in 1790, in five volumes 4to, under the title of *Travels to discover the Source of the Nile in the years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773.*

'Mr. Bruce's knowledge of the ancient languages,' says Mr. Murray, 'was sufficient for the purposes of reading and research, but he had not been trained to the dexterity of verbal criticism and minute classical information. In the heat of controversy, he sometimes mistakes the sense of the author whom he quotes, and this has yielded an imaginary triumph over his writings, to the commentators and critics on the continent, who ridiculously call in question his moral character, and the general merits of his work, because he has misinterpreted a passage of Herodotus or Strabo.

'Though his journals were in general copious, he too often omit-

ted to consult them, trusting to the extent and accuracy of his recollection. At the distance of fifteen years, a part of so many incidents must have been effaced from the most tenacious memory. Before he composed his narrative, his mind had begun to suffer from the indolence natural to his time of life. He was not sensible that, by relying with too great security on his memory he was in danger of confounding dates, actions, and circumstances, which might have been easily rectified by his papers. To this inattention must be imputed those particular inconsistencies which have been unjustly ascribed to his vanity or want of veracity.

As a writer, Mr. Bruce's style is in general simple, manly, and unaffected. If, in some instances, it be deficient in purity, owing to his national habits, and mean opinion of the mechanical part of writing, it has the merit of being his own, an advantage often denied to the narratives of other travellers. He received no assistance from literary men, and imitated no favourite author. He is sometimes diffuse and prolix in the theoretical parts of his work, but his narrative is always well written. His descriptions are animated; his expressions are often much more appropriate and happy than occur on similar occasions in the works of writers who have enjoyed every opportunity of study and practice. There are, perhaps, more sublime passages in his travels, executed under the immediate impulse of genius, than are to be found in any other book of the kind. The character of Ras Michael has been pronounced genuine, because it is such as no writer could have invented since the time of Shakespeare. It may be added, that it requires no common abilities to describe a character, which the imagination of Shakespeare alone could have equalled in the department of fiction.

The death of Mr. Bruce was occasioned by the following accident:

'On Saturday the 26th day of April, 1794, having entertained some company at Kinnaird, as he was going down stairs, about eight o'clock in the evening, to hand a lady into a carriage, his foot slipped, and he fell down headlong from about the sixth or seventh step to the ground. He was taken up in a state of apparent insensibility, with no marks of contusion, one of his hands only appearing a little hurt. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but with no success. Though, some hours after the accident happened, there appeared symptoms of recovery, they gradually vanished, and he expired early the next morning.'

We shall close the present article with the following account of Mr. Bruce's person and character:

'Mr. Bruce's stature was six feet four inches: his person was large and well proportioned; and his strength correspondent to his size and stature. In his youth he possessed much activity; but, in

the latter part of his life, he became corpulent; though, when he chose to exert himself, the effects of time were not perceptible. The colour of his hair was a kind of dark red; his complexion was sanguine; and the features of his face elegantly formed. The general tone of his voice was loud and strong, but his articulation was sometimes careless and indistinct. His walk was stately; his air noble and commanding. He was attentive to his dress, and was particularly successful in wearing that of the nations through which he passed in an easy and graceful manner, to which he was indebted in part for his good reception, especially in Abyssinia.

The leading qualities of his mind were courage, magnanimity, and prudence. He was endowed with a large portion of that elevated spirit, without which no enterprise of importance is conceived or executed. He was ambitious to be known as the performer of honourable and useful undertakings, and was equally intrepid and dexterous in effecting his designs. Though he justly ascribed his success to causes which no man can controul or direct, he owed much of it to his own precaution and superior good sense. His mode of travelling was peculiar to himself. He omitted no opportunity of securing the means of safety in foreign countries, by methods which other travellers have sometimes neglected to their great disadvantage. To use his own expression, he was not to be duped by ordinary letters of recommendation; he knew the style of the East, and always attempted to gain the protection of great men by some hold on their interest. His personal accomplishments fitted him in a superior manner for the undertaking in which he engaged. His constitution was robust; he had inured himself to every kind of fatigue and exercise. His long residence among the Barbary Arabs, the best horsemen in the world, had enabled him to excel in the management of the horse, and in the exercise of the lance and javelin. His skill in the use of fire-arms was uncommonly great. He knew also how to display these accomplishments to the best advantage among barbarians, and seldom failed to excite their applause and astonishment.

In qualifications of a different description, he equalled, if not surpassed, the generality of travellers. His memory was excellent, and his understanding vigorous and well cultivated. He found no difficulty in acquiring languages of any kind. He understood French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, the two first of which he spoke and wrote with facility. Besides Greek and Latin, which he read well, though not critically, he knew the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac: and, in the latter part of his life, compared several portions of the scriptures in those related dialects. He read and spoke with ease, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Amharic. Necessity had made him acquainted with these last, and impressed them deeply on his mind. He had applied, during the greatest part of his life, to the study of astronomy, and other practical branches of mathematical learning. His abilities in drawing must have been considerable, as his taste in this particular was acknowledged to be excellent. Though the

tempts which have been made to depreciate his character after his return, prevented him from mentioning the exact share of assistance which he had in executing his beautiful collection of drawings, it is certain that he received occasional help, and used it to much advantage.

Mr. Bruce's temper, as he candidly confesses, was irritable and passionate; but his heart was warm; his affections ardent; and his moral feelings extremely acute. His friendships were sincere and, in general, permanent; though sometimes interrupted by suspicion.

ART. V.—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England; or an historical and genealogical Account of the Lives, public Employments, and most memorable Actions of the English Nobility, who have flourished from the Norman Conquest to the Year 1806: deduced from the public Records, ancient Historians, the Works of eminent Heralds, and from other celebrated and approved Authorities. By T. C. Banks, Esq. 4to. Vol. 1, 1807. Vol. 2, 1808. White.*

WE are far from joining in the silly or malevolent cry of those who, disparaging the great source of our national prosperity, and swallowing the envious and interested misrepresentations of our worst enemy, run about the streets exclaiming that 'the age of chivalry is gone,' that 'we are dwindled into a nation of shopkeepers and stockjobbers,' and that every virtue under the sun has long since taken her flight upon the wings of our paper credit. Nevertheless, we are aware that the direct tendency of our unparalleled extension of commerce is to level those distinctions of birth and rank which the voice of antiquity, sanctioned by our laws, customs, and habits, has rendered venerable; and that it requires no little exertion of virtue and talent in our ancient aristocracy to bear up against the torrent of wealth, and the influence of ministerial equalization.—For this reason we wish to see encouraged to the utmost every popular feeling that yet remains in favour of hereditary dignity; and for this reason, in our capacity of literary censors, we feel ourselves inclined to set even a disproportionate value on such works as tend to revive the study, and circulate the knowledge of our own feudal and baronial history. Even heraldry, which from being the most essential branch of human wisdom, has of late years fallen to the lowest rank in fashionable reputation, is in this point of view, entitled to our very great respect and

attention ; nay, we are so antiquated in our notions that we can even endure to contemplate a genealogical table without disgust, and can find almost as great a pleasure in laboriously tracing the intricacies of some ancient family alliance, as in forming computations on the rise and fall of stocks, or in solving an important question of domestic oeconomy by the sure and silent operations of the rule of three direct. Nor is our taste in other departments of literature uninfluenced by this peculiar feeling. We love an old chronicle better than a modern history, prefer the relation of an antiquarian's tour to that of a mercantile voyage, and are more attracted by a romance which leads our fancy back to former days than by a novel which describes to us the manners of our own. In short, while we are sufficiently grateful to commerce for affording us many of our greatest blessings and comforts, we think that its influence on the manners and principles of the people requires the operation of a strong counterbalancing sentiment, the existence of which we should be happy to discover in the literary taste of our countrymen.

Mr. Banks writes and thinks like a herald of the old school ; perhaps blameably so ; since, whatever veneration we may attach to the names of Dugdale and Camden, we see no reason why their successors in works of this description should not accommodate themselves to modern phraseology. We think, therefore, that Mr. Banks might have rendered the result of his labours more generally entertaining, and not less useful, by adopting a more elegant style of composition. We shall dwell no longer, however, on this peculiarity, and now proceed to give Mr. Banks's own account of the motives or design of his publication.

‘Memoirs of eminent men may be considered as materials essential to the composition of history ; affording not only a pleasing amusement, but the most instructive lessons. No study can be, perhaps, better adapted to impress on the minds of youth an early love of virtue, and a desire of being useful to mankind in general, or devoting themselves particularly to the service of their country ; for whilst contemplating the characters and actions of the sage legislator, the disinterested patriot, the intrepid warrior, the persuasive orator, or the deep philosopher, the generous spark kindles with sympathetic emulation, and burns to seek an opportunity of imitating examples so illustrious. No nation has produced greater men, perhaps, than our own, especially in point of prowess and of patriotism : to the first, the chronicles of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, bear ample testimony ; and the effects of the latter are enjoyed at this day in the preservation of our excellent constitution.

- 'Of these generous patriots, not the least distinguished were the ancient barons and our early nobility; who, although they derived their honours from the crown, and were often indebted to the munificence of the king for their possessions, yet, generally speaking, neither profit or honour could tempt them to betray the interest of themselves or posterity; but, when necessity required it, they strictly, steadily, and boldly, opposed every infringement upon the rights and liberties of the subject, even when attended with the loss of their estates and lives. But although some fell victims to despotism and arbitrary power, others were found to carry on the glorious cause, which terminated most frequently in punishing the authors of their grievances and strengthening the liberty of the subject. Our history affords many instances of this kind; but none more striking than the contention between the barons and king John, which produced the celebrated Magna Charta, considered the palladium of the British constitution. To endeavour to preserve the character of persons of such high merit, and to whom we lie under so great an obligation, is not only an act of gratitude, but a pleasingly generous task; particularly so far as relates to such noble families as are now reputed extinct and form the object of this work.' *PREF. P. IV. V.*

Having thus set forth, rather in a more pompous strain than we could wish, the principal benefits to be derived from a work of this description, Mr. Banks proceeds to inform us of the peculiar design of his own publication in the following words:

'It is not, however, intended, from these observations, to write a distinct history of the life of every individual who has been elevated to a title: it is only in view cursorily to recite any peculiar action by which he obtained celebrity, or his successors adorned the coronet, or rose in fame; and whilst prolixity of narration is avoided, every endeavour is made to render the information given, of such a nature, as in general may prove acceptable and interesting. As many ancient titles originally were created by writ of summons to parliament, thereby becoming descendible to heirs general in fee, it is peculiarly meant in the following pages to pay attention to those breaks in descent, at which such titles of right appertained to female branches, although very frequently they continued to be used by the heir in the male line; and especially when such male line had been raised to an higher degree of peerage, and had obtained an entail of the new dignity, *'sibi et hæredibus suis masculis.'* Hence when the last created title (in which, pro tempore, were absorbed the others,) has become extinct, the baronies so merged have too often been set down in the same way, whilst in fact, they are only dormant, until the female heir, if a sole one, may think proper to assert a claim; or otherwise are remaining in abeyance, waiting the determination thereof by application of some party or other to his majesty's grace for that purpose. It, however, not unfrequently occurs, that younger brothers and female branches, through their

alliances, in a very short *revolvement* of time fall into decay; their fortunes and situations in the world becoming very inferior to their *primæval* setting out in life; when slighted or spurned by their more exalted relations, they pine in obscurity, thus submitting through necessity, to the very common reputation of their own extinction. Wherefore it sometimes falls out, that at the time of becoming absolutely the next heir to an old title, ignorance and poverty have contributed to render the party totally unaware of its successional rights. To this point many instances may be adduced. That of de Courcy is a well known story; who at the period of being the next heir to the Kinsale barony, was in some very low employ in one of the royal dockyards; and one of the lords Hunsdon was apprentice to a weaver when he became the next heir to that title. Should remoteness of consanguinity be then contemned? or is the research after the representations of our family disgraceful: because a few may be found in stations and conditions not equally prosperous with those of their more fortunate and exalted kindred?

Wherefore every endeavour has been used to make as full as possible the account of the male and female descents, about the time at which most of the titles deemed extinct have been usually represented as such, in order that families, who may be inclined to trace back their ancestry, may have an opportunity of comparing their own researches with those statements and genealogical *deducements* made in this work.

Mr. Banks very properly considers titles as divided into such as 'had their origin from tenure or prescription; from creation by writ of summons to parliament; and from letters patent.'—The first class, he says, terminated about the latter part of Henry the third's reign, at the conclusion of the barons' wars, when the crown had received so great an accession of force as to find itself enabled to restrain the dangerous privileges of a self-supported nobility. Then followed the barons by writ, namely such men as having estates which under the old system, entitled them to the rank of barons, were called to parliament, *at the pleasure of the king*, in right of such possessions. This summons, according to sir Edward Coke's opinion, conveyed an absolute *hereditary* title, a title descendible *on the heirs general*, to the person summoned; and Mr. Banks, in the sequel, very satisfactorily refutes the mistaken notion that an earldom granted *in tail-male* to one already a baron *by summons*, so involves the *fee-simple* of the barony, as that on the failure of *heirs male* to the earldom, the barony becomes also extinct, notwithstanding the existence of *heirs general*, who might otherwise claim under the original *writ*. It has, nevertheless, followed as a consequence from this mistake, that many baronies have been reputed extinct which are in fact, only dor-

mant, and that at this moment there may exist many commoners who are entitled to revive in their own persons some of the most ancient and honourable baronies of the realm which have slept during several ages. Another mistake, which it is probable has also caused many titles to become dormant, to which there nevertheless may remain an indisputable right in some ignorant or careless descendant, is the legal doctrine of *possessio fratris*, which, in the case of *property*, renders the sister of the whole blood, preferable to the brother by the half-blood, of the last possessor,—a rule which, Mr. Banks observes, is strictly inapplicable to the case of *dignities*, the right to which is to be made out through the blood of *the first ancestor, not of the last possessor*,—and this opinion he supports by very judicious and probably irrefragable arguments.

Many other curious particulars relating to *baronies by writ* follow,—but we pass them over, and barely mention the third, and most modern species of barony, that created by *letters patent*. The first of these creations bears date the 11th of Richard the second,—and they are almost universally limited to the heirs male of the first taker,—at least in the first instance; though, in many late cases, they have been accompanied by remainders over to the heirs male of the next female branch.

According to Mr. Banks's first intention, this work would have been completed in two volumes, 'the first relating principally to the barons by tenure prior to the establishment of titular honours, and to those who after the introduction of that form had summons to parliament, but with whom the honour terminated; or who, or their posterity, although existing, did not continue to receive the like summons; the second treating of those titles which have been allowed and considered as hereditary, and are now presumed to be either dormant, in abeyance, or absolutely extinct. But from the advertisement prefixed to his second volume, we find that Mr. B. found it impracticable to complete his design within the limits originally proposed, and that a third volume is still to be expected from his hands. The distinction between the contents of the three volumes will, therefore, be the following.—'The first,' he says, 'may be considered as the *radix nobilitatis*:' embracing just so much as it would have embraced under the original plan. The second, as a history of those noble families whose honours having their origin by writ, the same thenceforth became (by a continued succession of summons to parliament, and a regular sitting under them,) an inheritance in fee descen-

dible to the heirs general : The third, as an account of persons who, without the inheritance of any feudal tenure, by virtue whereof they were liable to be summoned to parliament 'ad libitum regis,' were by letters patent, or charter of creation, constituted peers of the realm, with an express limitation to whom, or to what heirs the title should descend.

Mr. Banks further informs us that he has thought proper to follow Dugdale's learned and excellent Baronage as the foundation of his own work, that he flatters himself with having, in some instances, corrected faults and mistakes in his original, but in more has only copied, or enlarged upon the details which are there to be found, so far as they were consistent with the particular design of his own publication.

Having thus explained the design, divisions, and general contents of the volumes before us, we shall have very little to remark, contenting ourselves with pointing out a few of the most interesting passages of baronial biography, and antiquarian anecdote, (this alliteration was really undesigned,) with which Mr. Banks has furnished us.

Fulk de Breant is a personage represented by most of our historians in the light of a common robber, an error owing to the violent expressions of our old monkish chroniclers against all men who were unfortunate enough in turbulent times to hurt or endanger any church possessions. His life is thus given by Mr. Banks.

'Fouke de Breant was a Norman by birth, and although a bastard only of mean extraction, yet grew so much in favour with king John that he obtained the grant of the castle and manor of Chilham in Kent, for whom he did many signal services in the wars between him and his barons. As he was a very valiant person, so our monkish writers represent him as a vile murderer, and a great oppressor ; and a complaint being made against him for the violences and disorders perpetrated by him, he was fined a great sum of money, which refusing to pay, his * castle of Bedford was besieged and taken, and his brother William hanged, for holding out the same : on which he flew into open rebellion against the king, who committed him to prison, and having called a parliament soon after required sentence against him as a traitor. But as he had been faithful to king John and for some time to Henry the third, then reigning, he had only banishment from the kingdom for ever pronounced upon him. For such was the esteem in that fighting age due to men of valour, that it disarmed an enemy of revenge, and forbid them to let an hero die

* By the bye, should we not be informed how he came by his castle of Bedford? only that of Chilham is mentioned as given him by the king.

but in the bed of honour. He went to Normandy, and thence to Rome, and there received a pardon and reverse of his sentence of banishment, probably on some interest he made there; but on his return, died suddenly, with the symptoms of being poisoned, after eating a dish of fish. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Warren Fitzgerald, and widow of Baldwin de Riparies, earl of Albemarle. Dugdale says, he left a daughter Eve, married to Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, prince of North Wales, to whom she was second wife.
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Mr. Banks, however, should not have omitted to relate on the *unquestionable* authority of our honest monk of St. Alban's, the miraculous vengeance exacted on the person of the said Fulk by means of a sword in the hand of St. Paul's image at his church in Bedford, nor the fearful dream of which his pious lady took advantage to persuade him to make restitution to the insulted monastery of St. Alban's, nor lastly the verses in which, as the same worthy chronicler informs us, '*quidam satis eleganter*, described the disproportionate union between him and the noble heiress of the house of Rivers.

Lex connectit eos, amor et concordia lecti,
Sed lex qualis? amor qualis? concordia qualis?
Lex exlex, amor exosus, concordia discors.

At page 45 of the same volume we meet with the following extraordinary and *romantic* species of tenure.

Henry de Percy, ancestor of the earls of Northumberland of that name, had, in marriage with Isabel, daughter of Adam fourth lord of Skelton, the manor of Lokin field, near Beverly, in Yorkshire, for which he and his heirs were to repair to Skelton castle every Christmas day, and lead the lady of the castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and thence to her chamber again; and after dining with her to depart.

These lords of Skelton were of the family of Brus, or Bruce, which afterwards so gloriously atchieved the crown of Scotland.

Under the head of 'De Burgh,' Dugdale is corrected in an error as to the descendants of William Fitz Aldelm, steward to king Henry the second, who was father, not of Walter earl of Ulster, but of Richard the great justiciary,—and this Richard, marrying Una, the king of Connaught's daughter transmitted the title of 'lord of Connaught,' to his son Walter, who, by marriage with the heiress of the Lacies, became 'earl of Ulster,' and whose grandson John still further, and most considerably, augmented the family pos-

sessions by marrying a daughter of the earl of Gloucester, who brought with her the ancient 'lordship of *Clare*,' as her portion. It was his grand-daughter Elizabeth, who by marrying Lionel, third son of king Edward the third, brought the titles of Ulster, Connaught, and Clare, (or *Clarence*, for they are the same,) into the royal family.

At page 67 occurs an expression which strikes us as rather a singular one for a professed antiquarian to make use of. 'There was a fine engraving (*some time since to be seen in the print-shops of the metropolis*,) of the Magna Charta, with the name of Gilbert Delaval, one of the twenty-five barons. His arms are the same as those now borne by lord Delaval, who is also in possession of that noble seat called *Seaton Delaval*, the residence and former property of those illustrious barons, his early ancestors.' This circumstance is an interesting one; but we think it somewhat strangely introduced, since the engraving to which Mr. B. refers is much too well known and too commonly to be met with, both in public and private collections, to be noticed as *an* engraving, *some time since to be seen in the shop-windows*. Besides the *original* is to be seen at the Museum, and why not refer to that?

At page 86, Mr. Banks has strangely misquoted the monkish rhymes addressed by his Satanic majesty to Gilbert Foliot the celebrated bishop of London. 'Concerning whom Matthew Paris relates, that, coming one night from the king (Henry II.) with whom he had been in long conference on the troubles between him and the archbishop (Becket,) as he lay meditating thereon in his bed, a terrible and unknown voice sounded these words in his ears. 'O Gilbert Foliot, dum revolvis tot, et tot Deus tuus est Astaroth.' Which he taking to come from the devil, answered as boldly, 'Mentiris, dæmon, Deus meus est Deus Sabaoth.' Now, in the first place, Matthew Paris, who is no friend to the bishop as may be supposed, very disingenuously gives us only the first part of the story, namely the devil's speech,—and subsequent writers who have added the bishop's reply, give them both in a poetical shape.

The celebrated Glanville, a name so well known to lawyers, is passed over with much too slender a notice; it being only said, after mentioning his military exploit against the Scots at Alnwick, that 'he was made one of the justices itinerant for the northern counties, and also, afterwards, justice of England.'

The name of 'Marmion,' may be allowed at present to attract particular notice. Robert, founder of the family,

was lord of Fontenay in Normandy, and received from William the conqueror a grant of the manors of Tamworth and Scrivelsby, 'to hold by the service of performing the office of champion of England.'—It is said that the Marmions were already, before the conquest, hereditary champions to the dukes of Normandy. Philip, the last baron of the name, died A. 20 Edward 1, and the lordships of Tamworth and Scrivelsby fell by marriage one to the house of Freville, the other to that of Dymoke; those two families afterwards contested the right of the office of 'champion,' which was adjudged by the earl marshal of England to sir John Dymoke; and it is a very remarkable circumstance that, for the space of 500 years, the office has continued in the same family and name, Lewis Dymoke, Esq. the living possessor of the manor of Scrivelsby, being by virtue of the said manor, hereditary champion of England, and the son of John Dymoke, Esq. who acted in that capacity at the coronation of George the third. The service to which he is bound is thus described. 'to ride into Westminster Hall, completely armed upon a barbed horse, and there to challenge the combat with whomsoever should dare to oppose the king's title to the crown;' and the manner of its being performed is thus curiously detailed in an extract given from Sandford's 'History of the Coronation of James the second, 1687,' a very scarce and valuable work.

'Before the second course was brought in, sir Charles Dymoke, knight, the king's champion, (son and heir of sir Edward Dymoke, knight, who performed the like service at the coronation of his majesty Charles the second,) completely armed in one of his majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a goodly white horse, richly caparisoned, entered the hall in manner following, viz.

'Two trumpets with the champion's arms on their banner.

'The sergeant trumpet with his mace on his shoulder; two sergeants at arms with their maces on their shoulders.

'The champion's two esquires, richly habited; one on the right hand, with the champion's lance carried upright; the other on the left hand, with his target, and the champion's arms depicted thereon.

'York herald, with a paper in his hand, containing the words of the challenge.

The earl marshal in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the marshal's staff.	{ The champion on horseback, with a gauntlet in his right hand, his helmet on his head, adorned with a great plume of feathers, white, blue, and red,	The lord high constable in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the constable's staff.
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‘ Four pages, richly apparelled; attendants on the champion.

‘ The passage to their majesties’ table being cleared by the knight marshall, York herald, with a loud voice, proclaimed the champions challenge, viz :

‘ If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord the king, &c. to be right heir to the imperial crown of this realm of England, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him : and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.’

‘ And then the champion threw down his gauntlet. The gauntlet having lain some short time, the said York herald took it up, and delivered it again to the champion.

‘ Then advancing in the same order to the middle of the hall ; the said herald made proclamation as before, and the champion threw down his gauntlet ; which after having lain a little time, was taken up by the herald, and delivered to him again.

‘ Lastly, advancing to the foot of the steps, York herald, and those who preceded him, going to the top of the steps, made proclamation a third time, at the end whereof the champion again cast down his gauntlet, which after some time being taken up and redelivered, to him by the herald, he made a low obeisance to his majesty. Whereupon his majesty’s cupbearer bringing to the king a gilt bowl of wine, with a cover, his majesty drank to the champion and sent him the said bowl by the cupbearer, accompanied with his assistants, which the champion (having put on his gauntlet) received, and retiring a little space, drank thereof, and made his humble reverence to his majesty ; and being accompanied as before, departed out of the hall, taking the said bowl and cover with him as his fee.’

The observations on this ancient ceremony, which follow are very judicious, though we know not whether to ascribe them to Mr. Banks, or to ‘ Francis Sandford, Lancaster herald at arms.’ But, to which soever they appertain, we fully agree with the author of them in supposing that this was not, in the early times of the institution, a mere ceremony ; but a good and useful precaution ; that the challenge was made, in earnest, and by passing unaccepted, was regarded as no slender confirmation to the title of the reigning monarch.

The custom of women riding side-ways on horseback most ladies may be apt to imagine originated with the first woman that mounted a horse. So far from it, some writers have assured us that Ann, the queen of Richard the second, is entitled to the honour of having introduced that comfortable fashion. A curious impression on the seal of Joan de Wake, baroness of Liddel and daughter of Nicholas de Esterville,

(temp. Edw. I.) disproves the royal claim, though we cannot agree with Mr. Banks that it transfers it to the lady in question.

At p. 197, occurs a curious account of the ancient barons to the earls of Chester, as to whose origin Selden tells us, in his *Titles of Honour*, that the noblest and greatest tenants to the greater sort of subjects, had anciently the appellation of barons ascribed to them, *especially* those to the earls of Chester. The particular privileges granted by the conqueror and his descendants to the possessors of this princely earldom, may account for the title, at first more general, being at last confined, or nearly so, to the tenants of those earls. So early as Hugh Lussus the first earl, we find the principal gentlemen and commanders under him so styled; and a list is given of eight whom that nobleman, by virtue of his own high privileges, created. They were, however, inferior in rank to the barons of the realm. Of a description somewhat similar were the 'barons of the county palatine of Durham,' and 'barons marchers of Wales.'

In the catalogue of the earls of Chester, we find the following circumstantial account (from the old chronicles) of the fatal shipwreck in which Richard earl of Chester the only child of Hugh Lussus, perished along with the sons of king Henry the first, and many other great and distinguished noblemen.

'He (this Richard E. of Chester,) married Maud, daughter of Stephen earl of Blois by Adela his wife, daughter of the conqueror, and had no sooner tasted the pleasures of his marriage-bed, than he, with his young countess, were not only prohibited by the churlish waves, their mutual love embraces, and hope of future posterity to succeed them, but were deprived of their lives also. But because this lamentable accident is memorable for the destructive influence it had upon many of the nobility of England, it may not be unentertaining to recite briefly the whole story, as it is recorded by Ordericus.

- 'The master of the ship was Thomas the son of Stephen, who came to king Henry I. then in Normandy and ready to take shipping for England, and offered him a mark of gold, (in elder ages valued at six pounds in silver,) desiring, that as Stephen his father had transported the conqueror when he fought against king Harold, and was his constant mariner in all his passages between England and Normandy, so that he himself might likewise now have the transportation of king Henry, and all his attendants; as it were in fee; for he had a very good ship called 'Candida Navis, or the white ship,' well furnished for that purpose. The king thanked him; but withal told him, he had already made choice of another ship, which he could not change: but that he would commend him to his two sons

William and Richard, with many others of his nobility; whereat the mariners much rejoiced, and desired the prince to bestow some wine upon them to drink. He gave them 'tres modios vini', three hogsheads of wine, wherewith they made themselves sufficiently drunk. There were almost three hundred in this unfortunate ship; for there were 50 skilful oars or galley-men, had they not been intoxicated, which belonged to the ship, besides the young gallants who were to be transported; but now being able to govern neither themselves nor the ship, they suffered it to split on a rock, and so were all drowned, except one Berolde, a butcher of Roan in Normandy, who was taken up the next morning by some fishermen, after a cold frosty night's shipwreck; and with much ado recovered, and lived twenty years after.

We have not room to add the poetical description of the event, though composed by 'an excellent rhymers of those times,' and though really somewhat superior to the generality of monkish jingles. p. 213, 214.

Under the head 'Camois,' we have the following singular anecdote, which may be new to several of our readers.

'John his son, of whom it is memorable, that by a former deed, out of his own free will, he gave and demised his own wife, (Margaret daughter and heir to sir John Gaddesden knight,) to sir William Paynell, knight, perceiving her to be more fond of the said sir William, than himself. On this occasion, it seems Margaret having departed from her husband and lived in adultery with Paynell, Camois finding out the same, went voluntarily to sir William, and came to this accord in form; and sealed it before many witnesses, that he would release all his right and title to the said Margaret: and by the same deed gave and granted and for ever quit-claimed unto sir William Paynell, all the goods and chattels which she had or hereafter might have, as also whatever was in his hands, of the said Margaret, together with their appurtenances, so as neither himself, nor any other in his name, might, or for ever ought, to claim any interest therein from thenceforth.' p. 250.

This contract was probably much to the advantage of John de Camois, even though he relinquished all the antient estates of Gaddesden together with his wife to her paramour. She certainly had no reason to be discontented, nevertheless, after the death of Camois, she petitioned parliament for her dowry, 29 Edw. I. when the court gave judgment against her upon the statute of Westm. 2. made six years before.

Page 321. The French Enguerrand has been transformed by chroniclers into Ingelram,--but why is the great and celebrated name *Coucy* metamorphosed into Cusey? Enguerrand de Coucy lord of Guisnes and earl of Bedford, and Lois-

sons can hardly be recognized under this strange disguise, although the hero of chronicles and one of the first noblemen either of France or England. His possessions passed with his daughter Mary into the house of Bar, (not Barre,) to Robert, (not Henry) earle of Marle; and (in her right) of Soissons. Our English heralds, when they look into French families, should at least take the trouble of consulting French histories and genealogies. Morery would have furnished Mr. Banks with much better information on the subject of this article (Ghisnes) than Sandford.

Every one is aware of the extreme facility with which he may obtain the right to bear any arms to which he may have a fancy at the present day. The practice of the herald's office in the time of Richard second was somewhat different. On the death of John Hastings earl of Pembroke in the fifteenth year of that king, a contest was carried on between Reginald lord Grey of Ruthya and Edward Hastings for the right of bearing the arms of the deceased (sc. Or, a maunch gules,) which lasted twenty years, 'in the court military, before the constable and marshal of England; wherein, after much money spent, the said Edward, who challenged them as next heir male, was not only condemned in very heavy costs, and the arms adjudged to Grey, but imprisoned sixteen years for disobeying that sentence. Wherewith being greatly displeased at the injury he conceived done him, he, when in great anguish of mind at his latter end, left God's curse, and his own, upon his posterity, if they did not attempt a vindication thereof.'—Where in these degenerate days is the *gentleman* so simple as to claim even the arms of the house of Bedford at so terrible a risk?

'The Musgraves are said to have been originally Germans, as the name imports; being dignified by the title of Musgraves, or lords of the marshes and mosses; which family, in process of time became so considerable, that one of them had an archduchess of Austria given him in marriage; the traditional history whereof is this: The emperor had two great generals, who made court to his daughter at the same time; and as he had experienced singular services from both, did not care to prefer one before the other. But to decide the matter, ordered the two horses to run at the ring for her, (an exercise then in use:) it so happened, that this Musgrave (one of the contending generals,) had the fortune to pierce the ring with the point of his spear; by which action he gained her for a reward of his gallantry and dexterity, and had 'six annulets or,' given him for his coat of armour and for his crest, 'two arms in armour holding an annulet.' From this marriage issued that Musgrave, who, being a man of an enterprising genius, accompanied William the con-

queror into England, and was the first founder of the Musgraves in this country.' p. 382.

One objection to this pretty story is, that there was no such title as that of archduke of Austria before the fourteenth century. Quere.—Was not running at the ring an exercise of later invention?

Page 406, we are pleased to find that Mr. Banks has sense enough to despise the foolish sycophancy of certain genealogists who, in the hopes of pleasing the family of the present lord Harrowby endeavoured 'to trace and represent their lineage from the ancient barons *Rythre*, temp. Edw. first,' for he adds 'had they been gratified with a sight of his (sir Dudley Rider's) epitaph, they might possibly have been satisfied with dating his pedigree from an æra much more recent; and from an origin by far less noble.' We fully agree with Mr. B. (who here quotes a very eloquent passage of Burke's to the same purpose,) that on many occasions it is much more flattering to be one's self the first of a family than to look up through a long series of ages to the origin of it.

Notwithstanding this proud jacobinical boast, we very much suspect that there is not a sans-culottes in existence, who would refuse the honour of being made a kin to the most rascally baron throughout all the pages of these two volumes; and therefore we think the case of Sir Richard Chetwode very hard, who, after establishing his claim in the most satisfactory manner to the ancient barony of Woodhill, was denied his right by king James the first, and condemned either to accept a patent or rest contented with simple knight-hood. He very proudly, but very properly, preferred the latter, 'thinking his majesty's offer a derogation to his claim.' The certificate presented in his favour which was so shamefully overlooked by the king, is a curious relique, and, connected with the circumstances of the case throws some light upon the nature of an ancient writ of summons to parliament. But we have no room to state it with the whole detail annexed to it, and therefore content ourselves on the present occasion with referring our readers to p. 436 et. seq. of the first volume.

We must now defer the extracts which we purpose making from the second volume to the publication of some future number.

ART. VI.—*A Picture of Lisbon, taken on the Spot ; being a Description, moral, civil, political, physical, and religious of that Capital ; with Sketches of the Government, Character, and Manners of the Portuguese in general. By a Gentleman, many Years resident in Lisbon. 8vo. Colburn. 1809.*

THIS Picture was, we suppose, occasioned by the present state of our relations with Portugal, which has occasioned a demand for this species of information. The work before us, however, appears to accord with the professions of the title ; the author seems to have been a spectator of the scene which he has described ; and he has imparted a considerable share of information respecting the city, the government, the manners, and population of Lisbon, in a manner at once perspicuous and amusing.

The old part of Lisbon, or that which was spared by the earthquake of 1755, is said to be composed of dark and crooked streets, which breathe a confined and unwholesome air. The new part of the town is built on a more regular and healthy plan. Most of the streets are straight, broad, and uniform ; but are subject to disadvantages from the inequalities of the ground. The street, which borders on the Tagus, runs the whole length of Lisbon through a space of two leagues. There are no squares in old Lisbon, but there are several in the new part of the town. Few of the houses have any yards, ‘ the entrances are often dark, the stair-case narrow, ill-lighted, and irregular.’ The apartments are usually laid out in large suits of rooms, some of which are so dark as to exclude the day.

‘ The floors of their rooms are coarsely planked. The planks are washed every week, and afterwards strowed with sand to dry them. Water is not spared in this operation ; it is poured out in deluges, and a small pipe under each window upon a level with the floor, carries it out of the house, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the streets, who are sure to receive their share of it.’

Lisbon does not exhibit any specimens of architectural magnificence or taste. Many fountains are dispersed through the different quarters of the city, which are supplied with excellent water from a bason in the centre ; into which it is conveyed by an aqueduct, which was constructed in the reign of John V. and is the only public edifice which merits the attention of the traveller. Lisbon is said to have only one public walk, and that is so small that three hundred

persons could not enjoy it at their ease. But the Portuguese are reported not to have any taste for the pleasures of the promenade.

Lisbon is built on seven hills, from which it descends to the Tagus, by which it is bounded to the south. The hills form a kind of rampart around it on the other three sides ; ' The hills may be said to represent a bow, and the river the string.' Much rain falls during the winter months. The rains begin in November, and last with more or less considerable intermissions till the end of February. In Lisbon

' The water falls with astonishing violence, and in prodigious quantity : sometimes it penetrates so far into the earth as to destroy the vaults which cover the subterraneous canals. The streets of the upper part of the city, which are upon the descent, and which are the most numerous, become reservoirs which discharge themselves into the lower part, which having but little vent for the flood, soon becomes inundated, and choked up with the rubbish, filth and mud which the water carries along with it from the higher streets, so as to be altogether impassable: the water makes its way into the houses and shops, penetrates through the walls that lean against the hills, and insinuates itself into the interior of the apartments.

' The winters here are very rarely cold. Sometimes, however, when the rain ceases, a slight frost takes place. The moisture of the atmosphere is more disagreeable than the cold ; it concentrates itself in the apartments, and penetrates into the body ; and its influence is the more severely felt, as the inhabitants never use fires in their apartments, and have no other resource for keeping themselves warm than to sit with their feet placed upon a mat, and wrap themselves in a cloak or roquelaure.'

The heat begins to be intense about the end of April, and continues with a gradual increase till the beginning of September ; but the fervours of the summer are moderated in the evening by the cool gales which constantly blow from the north. Great variations of temperature are experienced in Lisbon. In those streets which run from north to south, a stream of air often rushes down which causes the passenger to shiver with cold, while in the streets, which run from east to west, he will perhaps languish with intolerable heat. Lisbon which, in this country, is represented as the favourite abode of Hygeia, is said, on the whole, to be unfavourable to health : but the diseases which are most prevalent are probably owing less to the climate than to the nastiness of the inhabitants.

The remark that he who has the most servants is the worst served, is said to be exemplified at Lisbon.

' The houses of the *fidalgos*, or nobles, swarm with them : some

of them contain a number of domestics sufficient to people a small village.

‘These include the secretaries, the *major-domos*, the *guardos-ropa*, or valets-de-chambre, the cooks, the scullions, the confidential priests, the *bolheros*, or coachmen and postilions, the grooms of the stables, the *moços-aguaderos*, or water carriers, who do the out-door work, the *moços damesa*, who wait at table and perform the necessary services in the interior of the apartments, the *moços*, who stand behind their master’s carriage, and never enter the apartments, the *escudeiros*, or squires, a kind of servants who constantly ride with swords at their sides before the carriage.

‘Next come the female domestics. These are the *criadas-moças*, who do the coarse and dirty work of the house, and the *criadas-graves*, some of whom are waiting-women, others iron linen and perform needle-work for their mistresses. These do not take their meals either with the male domestics or with the other female servants, but have their separate table and even females to wait upon them.

‘Nothing can exceed the insolence of these *criadas-graves*; they affect an air of importance, a tone of consequence which is perfectly disgusting. They wish to ape the manners of their mistresses, but they imitate them only in their defects, and exhibit nothing of their graceful ease, or moral excellence: their ridiculous awkwardness is ill concealed by all the efforts of affectation.

‘This ostentation of keeping a large train of domestics has become prevalent even among the private citizens, many of whom maintain enormous numbers of them, and observe the same distinctions of classes among them.

‘Every affluent Portuguese merchant or magistrate, supposing his family to consist, besides himself, of a wife and two children, has at least his cook, his *bolhero*, or coachman, his groom of the stable, his *moço aguadero*, two *moços* for his carriage, two *moços damesa*, two or three *criados-graves*, and two *criadas-moças*.’

This exorbitant number of mischievous idlers has, we trust, been diminished by the irruption of the French; and we hope that the English, who have since gotten possession of the country, will teach the more affluent Portuguese that only a few domestics are requisite for convenience and happiness. To those travellers who have felt the comfort of an English inn, the inns of Lisbon will offer but few attractions.

‘A stranger has scarcely landed at Lisbon, when a score of *Gallegos* present themselves, and dispute who shall carry his luggage, which they take from him without ceremony: they traverse with rapid paces the streets, the alleys and the squares; they climb, they ascend, they descend, and pass on without giving themselves any trouble to see whether the stranger is following them or not. They enter an inn of their own choosing, namely that in which they are best paid for bringing a customer. The stranger follows them with

hastened steps; he arrives at the place of his destination, and finds himself housed and fixed for the night, without knowing where, without having had an opportunity to ask whither he was going, or intimating to what place he might wish to go.

‘Often his stomach is turned at the first sight of his new lodgings. Smoked walls, a greasy table, chairs which sink under the weight of his body, a wretched truckle-bed of a still more inauspicious aspect, are the first objects that strike his attention. If he quits his cell, a dirty kitchen, with filthy utensils, a dresser never cleaned, four copper pots upon the fire, and a cook of the most squalid appearance present themselves to his view. When the hour of repast arrives, he is accommodated with a napkin that has been eight days in use, an iron fork covered with grease and rust, cracked dishes, plates with their edges worn off by long service, a soup in which water is almost the only ingredient, a ragout which operates more powerfully than agreeably upon the olfactory nerves, a sauce in which salt is the only seasoning, a dish of roast meat burnt to a stick served up on a table as dirty as the floor upon which it stands.’

The chaises in Lisbon are very unpleasant vehicles; they are constructed of two seats resting upon poles, and drawn by two horses or mules driven by a postilion. No chaises in Lisbon are to be hired according to the distance or to the time; they must be taken for at least half a day. The theatrical exhibitions of the Portuguese are not likely to attract the admiration of foreigners.

‘They have no female actors: the women’s parts are performed by men; by castrati at the opera, and by bearded men in the Portuguese pieces and in the ballets. It seems quite ludicrous to a stranger to hear a rough masculine voice proceed from the figure of a young shepherdess, a princess, or a fine lady: it is not less so, to see young shepherdesses, country-girls and nymphs perform a ballet with beards that shock the eye of every spectator. The rouge with which they bedaub their faces only renders the dark tinge of their beards more prominent; and this mixture of hues gives them the aspect of furies, contrasting in a very grotesque manner with the characters which they represent.’

This picture is so disgusting and incongruous that we are surprised not only how it can be liked, but how it can for a moment be endured.

The English are said to have introduced the practice of tea-drinking into Portugal. ‘It is now universal in this city.’ Lisbon is said still to exhibit traces of that constraint and servility in which the fair sex were formerly kept, and the continuance of which proves the small advances of civilization among the people.

‘We still see those window-blinds, the invention of jealousy, and

the futile precaution of husbands, intended to conceal them from the view of passengers. We still see remains of the mercenary race of duennas, who were hired to guard them, to follow all their steps, and to watch all their actions.'

'When a Portuguese lady walks out, she never goes alone, but is always followed by female servants wrapped in large cloaks of coarse woollen stuff, who follow her like lacqueys. Those who have none of their own, hire them when they have to go out, especially on festival days, when they go to mass. They are generally Negro or Mulatto women that are hired for this purpose; their general pay is half a teston, or about four-pence every time. It is ludicrous enough, to see a lady stalk solemnly through the streets: followed by four female servants, walking two and two, with measured paces, imitating her gait and aping her gravity of demeanour.

'The Portuguese women are very little seen in public: they rarely quit their houses; some of them not four times in the course of a year, and some only once a year to receive the sacrament in their parish-churches: others have this rite performed in their houses and never go out at all. It is in consequence of this restraint imposed upon them, or which they impose upon themselves, that most of the houses have an oratory, or small chapel, where, in compliance with an improperly established practice, they have mass performed every festival day. It is also in consequence of this restraint, that they are never to be seen in the public walks, and that at whatever hour one visits them, one never sees any lady in them unless she be a foreigner.

'They are even very little seen in their own houses; it is very common for them to conceal themselves whenever a man enters. I know a French physician who during an attendance of twenty days upon a Portuguese of the higher rank of citizens, who laboured under a severe disorder, never got a sight of his patient's wife, for she always concealed herself when he entered, so that he never saw any female about him except a servant maid.

'If the Portuguese women shew themselves rarely in the streets, they shew themselves the more at their windows. They spend there three-fourths of the day in gazing at and being gazed at by the passengers, standing with their arms crossed, their heads bare, however cold it may be, and in winter with their shoulders covered with a coarse woollen cloak.

'Within doors they abandon themselves to the most complete indolence: they are accustomed to do nothing at all; they never take up a needle or a book, but divide the day between the window and a seat, upon which they remain indolently reclined and quite absorbed in ennui.

'Formerly they did not use to sit upon chairs, but squatted themselves upon rush mats, placed under the window, with their legs crossed or bent backwards under them. There are some women in Lisbon who are so habituated to this posture, as to be unable to keep their seat upon a chair. This practice has not yet fallen en-

tirely into disuse : it still prevails among the women of the inferior class of society and the servant maids ; nor is it any thing strange to see even ladies of the highest distinction squatted upon mats in the middle of their apartments, with their female domestics around them in the same posture.

The carnival, which in most Catholic countries is a period of extraordinary festivity, is here very dull ; but the days immediately preceding Lent, are enlivened by the women throwing water from the windows on the people in the streets, with bottles, syringes, pots, jugs, kettles, and other vessels. Many receive upon their heads not only the water but the pots which contain it.

The vicinity of Lisbon to the north-east and west is adorned with *quintas* or country-houses. The village of Cintra (a name which will long be remembered for the infamous convention lately concluded there), which is ' about seven or eight leagues from Lisbon, is embellished with some very handsome *quintas*. Running streams and fountains add greatly to their amenity.

Religious processions are among the principal pleasures of the Portuguese. Eight processions take place during Lent.

' They are composed of men of all conditions, covered with long robes, white, red, grey, violet or blue, wearing capuchins of the same colours, and carrying in their hands sticks shaped like wax-tapers, with which they support themselves. Statues of saints, in various dresses, representing the different actions of their lives, are carried upon poles, and bands of vocal and instrumental musicians distributed at proper distances from each other, accompany the procession. The rear is formed by monks, who appear less occupied with the religious ceremony over which they preside than with the pleasure of seeing and being seen : their eyes, fixed upon the windows, seem with a kind of avidity to range among the women that occupy them.

' No order reigns in these processions, and we seek in vain for that decency which we must suppose ought to accompany a religious solemnity.

' They all resemble each other : so that after having seen one, you may dispense with seeing the rest.

' A French Capuchin asked me one day, as one of these processions went by : " Do those that come to see the procession pray ? " " No," I replied. " Neither do they who perform them," rejoined he. They are in fact mere processions, religious ceremonies unaccompanied with devotion,

' The most celebrated is that *dos Passos*, which proceeds from the Church of the Great Augustines, of Notre-Dame de Grace, on the second Friday in Lent. It is formed like the rest, with this difference, that only one large statue, which represents Christ bear-

ing his cross, is carried under a canopy. This statue is considered to have a miraculous power, and it inspires the Portuguese with great devotion, for they attribute many miracles to it.

‘When this procession passes through the streets, one hears at a distance confused and continued cries, which become louder and more distinct as the procession advances; these issue from an innumerable crowd of people, who follow the procession in the greatest disorder, addressing their prayers to the statue which is carried before them, some singing, others bawling. This confusion is entertaining for a moment, but it soon becomes fatiguing. The procession is followed by about four or five thousand persons, the greater part of whom are Negroes and Mulattoes of both sexes. It is believed by the vulgar, that a person following this procession seven successive years, becomes exempt from the possibility of dying in a state of mortal sin.’

The author gives the following description of the court of Lisbon before the late emigration to the Brazils.

‘If you go to court at Lisbon, you see nothing but a numerous assemblage of persons, among whom you can distinguish neither the officers of the king, nor the officers of the crown, nor the sovereign himself; the whole is a confused crowd, in which the king is without magnificence, distinction or majesty.

‘The courtiers exhibit in their conversation nothing but the unmeaning incoherent prate of affectation, a tone of importance, which they can but ill maintain; they appear totally destitute of sentiment, opinion and power of action, displaying an indolent, impotent ambition, an insolence of ostentation which is meanness personified, ever restless, ever present, exhibiting itself in different forms according to the circumstances; a meanness which dreads to speak the truth, which approves every thing that the prince wills, that his ministers decree, which places the crown upon the head of ministerial despotism, and offers incense to the underling tyrants.

‘No trace is here to be seen of that amiable politeness, that easy tone, those engaging manners, that elegant unaffected language, that noble unaffected deportment, that genteel and delicate raillery which distinguish several of the courts of Europe.

‘We find here neither facility of expression, force of demonstration, dignity of representation, or even that external varnish under which elsewhere flattery and corruption conceal themselves: every thing here exhibits itself in its naked deformity.

‘The king’s guard consists of a number of dragoons indiscriminately taken from among the regiments stationed in Lisbon: they guard the doors of the palace and accompany the prince wherever he goes. These soldiers, ill-combed, ill-dressed, mounted upon lean half-starved horses of different sizes and colours, whose trappings are held together by cords, do not excite any very magnificent idea of the court.’

The king has at present no palace at Lisbon. The royal family usually reside at Quelus, a village about two leagues distant from the capital. The nobles seem in general a very despicable race. They are distinguished more by exterior haughtiness than by their magnificence or hospitality. Their servants 'are the worst kept, the worst clad, the worst fed, and the worst paid in Lisbon.'

Nothing can more clearly show the detestable government of the royal house of Braganza than the number of spies and informers whom they kept in their pay. These vermin, the usual spawn of the most abject despotism and superstition, breed in swarms in Lisbon. They

'are distributed through all places, they haunt the squares, the streets, the shops, the taverns, the exchange, the theatre, the houses of private individuals, social parties, the lawyer's office, the merchant's counting-house, and they profane, by their detestable presence and nefarious scrutiny, the sanctuaries of justice and the temples of God.'

Yet this is the government which the present ministers are so eager to restore. But can a greater curse be inflicted on mankind than a political system supported by such execrable means?

The streets of Lisbon are represented as very insecure. Robberies and assassinations are so frequent as hardly to excite any unusual sensation in the city. The watchmen, who are all labouring men, and who receive no pay, repose during the night under the gate-ways, without concerning themselves with what is passing in the streets.

The police which neglects the security, seems to pay even less attention to the cleanliness of the streets. In winter the mud is not less than half a foot deep at the sides, and is accumulated in still greater masses in the middle of the streets. The small streets are never cleaned of their filth, which in some has been collected for near twenty years, so as almost entirely to choke up the way. The principal streets are not cleared unless on account of some religious processions, or when the passage is entirely obstructed by the accumulation of filth. But even then the mud, instead of being removed, is only pushed into heaps in the middle of the streets. These heaps are loosened by the first rain that falls, and are then broken into bogs of various extent and depth.

Though the judicial tribunals in Portugal are slow in the prosecution of criminals, yet the persons in authority are precipitate in the exercise of oppression. Crimes, that

shock the moral sense, and weaken the most sacred social ties, are beheld with indifference or neglect, while the smallest affront either in word or deed, which is offered to the depositaries of the political administration, excites their keenest resentment, and provokes the most implacable vengeance. Not contented with taking cognizance of overt acts they presume to judge of intentions, and suspicion supplies the place of proof.

‘The persons accused or suspected, are immediately arrested, thrown into prison, debarred all communication with their friends or families. Their papers are seized, without an inventory of them being taken in their presence: so that it is easy to introduce a supposititious document among them, or to suppress any of the true ones. These operations are always performed during the night.

‘No one dares undertake the vindication of the persons accused; every one fearfully expects his own turn; the neighbours, the friends, the relations of the party are afraid to appear to know any thing of the matter; it is spoken of only in whispers, with the utmost caution, and under the pledge of the most profound secrecy. A sullen silence is maintained, which is almost always the expression of consternation and grief.

‘The unhappy prisoners, left to themselves, harass their minds in vain to discover the cause of their detention. They have not even the satisfaction of being able to transmit a petition, a vindication of themselves, into the hands of the minister whose orders have deprived them of their liberty; their voice cannot make itself heard, their justification becomes impossible. Their sentence has been pronounced without any legal process, without any regular information, without any evidence, without having heard their defence, without having convicted them; and it is carried into execution, without their even knowing the grounds upon which they have been apprehended.

‘They are generally kept a long time in prison, after which they are conveyed on board of a vessel, and carried into banishment; without any one knowing whither they are to be conveyed. The Portuguese are transported to the colonies of Portuguese America, often to the most remote and uninhabited places, where they arrive without knowing any one, without money, without any means of providing for their subsistence, so that most of them perish in misery.’

‘The ministers frequently take out of the hands of the regular courts of justice the cognizance of civil processes, in order to decide upon them despotically themselves, without hearing the parties or seeing the documents to be produced as evidence. These decisions are comprised in a written order of eight lines, signed by the minister, in the name of a queen whom a malady renders incapable of governing, and even excludes from society. The parties who

are robbed of their property in such a scandalous manner, dare not complain, or suffer even the slightest murmur to escape them; otherwise, they would soon be punished by a long and severe imprisonment, and by transportation to remote countries, from whence they would never return.'

Thus we see that the government of Portugal, such as it existed before the late emigration of the royal family to the Brazils, was a system of oppression as barbarous and unrelenting as was ever exercised on man. If such a system is to be restored without any modifications or improvements, the people of Portugal will have no occasion to rejoice at the victory of Vimeira, or the departure of the French.

The populace of Lisbon, debased by ignorance and superstition, by idleness and want, are a pale, meagre, emaciated race, the image of a people who have long been crushed by the united tyranny of kings and priests. They live

'in low, ruinous, confined hovels, whose half demolished roofs afford a passage, through which the lamentations of want and misfortune ascend to the skies.'

'In general the horrors of misery encompass the people of Lisbon on all sides. Want degrades them; languor consumes them; labour exhausts them; an ignominious state of mendicancy is the only resource for an immense multitude of persons, who have spent two-thirds of their lives in fruitlessly tormenting their existence.'

Mendicity seems to have fixed its abode in Lisbon; the government makes no effort to restrain it; indeed it is in a great measure the vitiated product of the government which generates idleness and want.

The state of the prisons in Lisbon, which is in unison with the unrelenting tyranny of the government, must excite the indignation and the sorrow of the reflective and humane. Persons of all descriptions and conditions are confined together in a mass. The place of confinement has often no other aperture than the door, which is opened only for a few moments every day, or a small window which is almost choked up by a double grate. Here the unfortunate persons breathe a stagnant and noxious air; and lie on no other bed than a heap of straw, which is not changed more than once a year.

'These unhappy beings, from the moment of their entrance into these prisons, are totally cut off from society; they are not suffered to have any communication with their legal counsellors; they have not even the satisfaction of being able to transmit requests, remon-

strances, vindications, to their superiors who have caused them to be confined, or to the judges who are to determine upon their cases.

‘They are never visited by any magistrate, commissioner, or officer that has the superintendence of the police of the prisons: they are left entirely to the mercy of a gaoler, who is always unfeeling towards those who are unable to pay for their complaisance, which, however, is always the case for a considerable time.

‘As soon as they are in prison they are forgotten. If their imprisonment is intended only for correction, the term of its duration is never fixed; it is arbitrary, and left to the memory or caprice of him who has decreed it. If they are accused of any crime, their detention lasts still longer; sometimes a year elapses before the examination of their cause commences, and four or five years always intervene before it is decided.

‘No provision whatever is made for the subsistence of these prisoners. Those among them that have no money to purchase victuals, (and they are always the majority) sometimes pass two or three days without having any thing to eat; they have no other resource except what they derive from the occasional alms (always precarious, and always inadequate to the number of famishing prisoners) which some charitable souls send into the depth of their dungeons.’

Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil the Portuguese are indebted to foreigners for the larger part of their subsistence. The country is said hardly to produce more corn than is sufficient for the consumption of three months. Pot-herbs are scarce, and there is a deficiency even of esculent vegetables. Thus does the despotism of government paralyze the active powers of man!

Nothing can more clearly show the moral degradation of the Portuguese than this simple fact, that false-witnesses may be had in Lisbon for half-a-crown a head. ‘This is their established price, and every body knows it.’

‘They say, they affirm, they swear whatever the party that employs them pleases. They are always ready, they know every person, though he come from Japan; they are acquainted with every fact; though it have happened in China. It is sufficient to give them their lesson well, either verbally or in writing, and they will repeat it faithfully in the face of the Judges, and of the justice of a God who hears them.

‘A new crusado, or about half a crown, is their price for each false oath; it is an established price and there is no bargaining. They are paid in advance, but they are faithful to their engagement.

‘The end of a handkerchief is their token; a person cannot be deceived in it, but may boldly address any one whom he sees with the end of a handkerchief hanging out of his pocket; he is sure that he speaks to a false witness.

‘All Lisbon is acquainted with these practices; the courts are acquainted with them; the judges themselves know the persons of all these false witnesses; they see them appear every day before them, adding perjury to perjury, giving evidence in all manner of cases: nevertheless they admit their oaths, pay regard to their depositions, instead of treating them as they deserve. It is in vain that the scandal is evident, it is in vain that the public voice exclaims against so revolting an abuse; they remain unpunished, and the abuse is perpetuated.’

This Picture of Lisbon is on the whole an interesting performance, and it deserves an attentive perusal not only from the curious details which it contains, but from the striking proofs which it exhibits of the numerous and portentous evils of a despotic government! Will Portugal be benefited by the return of the house of Braganza from the Brazils?

ART. VII.—*An Exposition of the Practice of affusing Cold Water on the Surface of the Body, as a Remedy for the Cure of Fever: to which are added, Remarks on the Effect of cold Drink, and of Gestation in the open Air in certain Conditions of that Disease.* By Robert Jackson, M.D. 8vo. Murray. 1808.

NEARLY a hundred of the first pages of this volume are occupied by the author in establishing his own claim to the introduction of the cold affusion in British practice; and in controverting and commenting on some remarks introduced by the late Dr. Currie, into the fourth edition of his ‘Medical Reports on the Effects of Water.’ With regard to his former claims on this subject, justice to Dr. Jackson obliges us to acknowledge that he has brought indisputable evidence of his having used the affusion at a very early period, certainly before the experiment of Dr. Wright, which formed the foundation of Dr. Currie’s system. Dr. Jackson states that he employed cold bathing in fevers in the year 1774, and he introduced it into the hospitals of the British army in 1793. Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, has given Dr. Jackson a copy of notes written by himself (Dr. Jackson) on the fever of Jamaica, and now in the professor’s possession. How they came into his hands we have not time to say. But we find in them the following strong expressions. In continued fevers, as Dr. J. observed at that time:

‘The cold bath, properly managed, promises fairly to attain this end. In the few cases where I have seen it tried, it produced the

most amazing effects. It promoted sweat, procured rest, and gave such strength and vigour to the system, that a patient, who before it was applied could not raise his head from the pillow without shaking and fainting, was able next day to walk all about the room. In a word, it seems to be a remedy fit to do every thing in this case, if the sensibility of the system be not very much impaired, and even then more may be expected from it than from any other we know.

The fragment from which this extract is made, was written in Jamaica, and necessarily written not later than the year 1777 ; as the Doctor informs us that he left the West Indies early in 1778 to serve with the king's troops in America. He therefore used the cold affusion at least as early as Dr. Wright, and recorded the effects of the practice much earlier. So far then, we must allow that Dr. Jackson has shewn successfully, what he gravely, and in language somewhat ludicrous, assures us is a matter of importance,

‘ that a person who stands before the public as a counsellor on the subject of human health, standeth clear of all suspicion on the score of veracity and candour.’

It seems not very happily timed for Dr. Jackson to enter into the field of controversy when his opponent has been withdrawn by death from the power of replication. But we may fairly presume that these remarks were written during the life-time of Dr. Currie ; and we must add that they are not tinctured with asperity, nor do they contain any thing that can be construed into a deviation from the tenderness and respect due to the memory of a meritorious individual. Dr. Jackson has strictly confined himself to self-defence ; and to the giving such explanations as may remove ambiguity from his own sentiments and opinions.

Dr. Currie considered the heat of the surface as the best guide for the affusion ; and its efficacy to depend on the reduction of the temperature. This was at least simple and intelligible. But Dr. Jackson is not satisfied with it, but has certain rules or principles of his own for which he does not claim this species of praise ; since he expressly avows that it is not readily to be comprehended even by regular professors. Let him then explain it himself :

‘ The ground on which I act is different. The fundamental condition on which I rest is by no means so obvious, or capable of being so precisely measured by the help of an instrument as that assumed in the Medical Reports ; but it is a general condition capable of improvement ; almost of creation. It in fact consists, or is supposed to consist in a condition necessary to animal life ; viz.

susceptibility of impression. The subject as susceptible is more or less readily disposed to be acted upon; and, according to relative condition, more or less capable of assuming a new form of action with the application of a new power of stimulation, whatever be his temperature. As susceptibilities are different in degree and different in kind, it is evident that, to judge the degree or kind, requires in all cases the exercise of judgment. If the judgment formed on this head be wrong, we cannot expect the practical effect to be right; for just effect follows, on every occasion, a just estimate of the power of the agent, and capacity of the subject acted upon. Hence I conclude that, as susceptibility of impression is variously affected by the action of the febrile cause, and as cold water is only of a given force, the first practical step of the physician must be necessarily directed to the means of bringing susceptibility to a common level, so that the remedy may act with due impression throughout. This is my ground; and on this ground I institute a process of previous preparation, varied in its forms, and sometimes opposite in nature according to the circumstances of the case presented.

We conceive that Dr. Jackson infinitely overrates the powers of all external agents upon the human system. Susceptibility of impression is an inherent original condition of the animal system. It may exist in a great variety of degrees. In disease it fluctuates, and often in disease it is subject to alterations of intensity and depression. Often, too, it seems as it were suffocated; but we do not think it a condition capable of any radical improvement; still less do we think it capable of creation, except from the hands of the Creator.

We are not inclined to detract from the merit of those who have laboured to introduce the practice of cold ablu-tion in fevers. It would be to betray a criminal degree of scepticism to the weight of direct testimony, not to allow that it is a useful and beneficial practice: that it cools, refreshes, strengthens, and calms febrile irritation; and that the popular apprehensions of great danger, from a practice which carries some terror to an ordinary imagination, are wholly unfounded. But we are far from being satisfied that the cold ablu-tion possesses a proper anti-febrile power; and still less is our confidence in the accounts that are given us of its marvellous, and, as it were, miraculous powers. Our opinions of the causes of death in pure fevers is widely different from Dr. Jackson's, and prohibits us from indulging in sanguine expectation of the efficacy of any applications to the surface of the body. Fatal cases commonly disclose some great internal disorganization; as abscesses, mortification of the bowels, effusions upon the lungs, &c. How can it be supposed possible that washing the body with water

can prevent injuries of such magnitude from producing their natural and almost inevitable consequences? It is allowed that there are cases in which the effect of the affusion is not to be depended upon, though applied in an early stage. (See p. 25 of this work.) And there are cases in which the most powerful and best adapted remedies, applied at the earliest period, are equally nugatory. In these *the susceptibility of impression* (to use the Doctor's phrase) is not simply depressed, but irreparably injured. The vital flame is sunk so low that the attempts to fan it, or to increase it by the addition of fresh fuel, serve only completely to extinguish it with the greater speed and certainty.

Many of the cases of the extraordinary efficacy of the cold affusion, by proving a great deal too much, destroy the credit of the practice they are intended to recommend. We meet in the volume before us with tales of patients being in the agony of death to-day, and walking comfortably about their rooms to-morrow. We will select the following example, not because it is the most in point, but because it is the shortest.

'A boy, aged fourteen, had been ill of a fever seven or eight days. Nothing had been omitted in point of treatment which is usual to be done in similar cases. Bark and wine had been carried as far as could be serviceable, or even safe, yet death seemed to be approaching fast. The success of cold bathing, in some instances similar to the present, had so far exceeded my expectation that I was induced to make trial of it in the case before me, although I was not altogether without apprehension that death might be the consequence of the attempt. The business was, however, accomplished without accident; and next day the boy was able not only to sit up in bed but even to walk over the floor.'

If such a history proves any thing, it is that the disease was unattended with danger, and was probably terminated by a natural crisis. It requires to be very little versed in the history of diseases to know that such occurrences are to be met with every day, where no affusion has been practised, nor any powerful medicine employed. It may be very natural for the surrounding ignorant spectators to be affected with surprize at these changes, and to ascribe the whole to the doctor, or the last drug that was swallowed: but we should have been better contented with a faithful journal of the effects of the ablation continued for six or eight successive days, than with twenty histories of sudden and surprizing cures performed by it.

Dr. Jackson, we say, seems to us excessively to overrate the powers of art, and to misapprehend its object.

Though his language is involved, obscure, and redundant, yet, we believe, his real meaning is obvious enough; every sentence is a kind of problem; but the solution is not always worth the trouble we are obliged to take to arrive at it. He observes,

‘It is evident to the simplest understanding that organic action is not, and cannot be produced without an impulse of direct stimulation, or change of condition in the subject, which amounts to stimulation; so, it is equally clear, and supported on similar grounds, that no action or circle of actions, when moved into this artificial train, and maintained in it in the manner implied, can be checked or controuled in the vigour of its course, without an impression from a cause of a new and contrary nature to that which moved it originally, and which still continues to support it. And further, as the power of the cause which moves the act must, in all cases, be proportionate to the need of the occasion, it presents itself as an obvious inference from the supposition that the leading indication for the cure of fever must necessarily consist in the adjustment and application of a remedy, of a stronger power of impression than that of a morbid cause; and which, while stronger in power, is at the same time so constituted in its nature that, while it acts by arresting the cause of the disturbed and perverted movement in which the disease consists, it may also, by a mode of impression connected with its properties, move the parts into such particular form of contact, as to favour the commencement of actions analogous with those which obtain in health; at least, it may be supposed to produce, in consequence of the arrest alluded to, such a state of balance in the conditions of the subject, that the powers which stimulate action in its healthy forms, and which maintain it in vigour in ordinary circumstances, may be so presented, and so received in the case in question, as to exert their force without impediment and without hindrance: consequently, may be so directed as to restore the customary train of action in all its extent, and to support it in all its parts with vigour.’

This is an admirable specimen of the false profound. Surely never were so many words crowded together to express a very plain thing, if indeed we are not paying too great a compliment to our own discernment in presuming that we understand it. Not that we pretend to do so completely. What, for example, is the meaning of ‘moving the parts into a particular form of contact,’ we will fairly confess that we do not in the least comprehend. But taken as a whole, we fancy that it is no more than a circuitous method of expressing the old aphorism, ‘that contraries must be opposed to contraries.’ Thus, if the body be heated, cooling medicines must be used; if it be too cold it must be heated; if the circulation be accelerated it must be lowered; if it be de-

pressed it must be stimulated, and so forth. This is all very well upon paper. But unfortunately its execution is by far more difficult than might be supposed from the readiness with which it is enjoined. The human machine is not a clock or a watch, the movements of which are regulated by the hands of the artist. We cannot take out the wheels, nor put in a new string. A little cleaning we can occasionally give it; and accelerate or slacken a little its movements. But fortunately the human machine has one property of which the watch or the clock is destitute. If it is out of order, it has the knack of repairing itself. This it possesses in so great a degree, as to make perfectly ridiculous, the wretched tinkering attempts of ignorant medicasters. Nay, so resolute and determined is nature, that she will often keep straight forward, in spite of the utmost effects of drug-mongers to divert her from her course.

It is obvious that these principles, so solemnly laid down by Dr. Jackson, are not appropriated peculiarly to fevers, but are rather of universal application, and are quite as suitable to one disorder as to another. It would have therefore seemed right to show how both the main remedy of affusion, and its preparatory and auxiliary measures should have any peculiar relation to the altered condition of the system called fever; how they either extinguished its causes or counteracted the effects of these causes. For certainly the applications used being general, and the deviations from healthy action in the human body being multiform and infinite, it must be one of the most singular accidents in nature, if it should be really true that these few general applications, as bleeding, warm and cold bathing, or purging, should be precisely suited, and act with a sort of specific power upon the peculiar train of symptoms called fever. Not that the thing is wholly incredible. The examples of the cinchona in intermittents, and of mercury in syphilis, show that there are in nature substances with specific powers. But be it remembered, that the experience of more than three thousand years has detected only these two, unless we add the use of sulphur in the itch. And we have often regarded the effects of these applications as a species of miracle. But before we can admit similar powers in any other substances, or in any other modes of treatment, we expect the most clear, reiterated, and unexceptionable evidence, such as most unquestionably we in vain look for in the work before us.

Our readers will readily perceive that we are not convinced that the cold affusion, though it may be a salutary, safe, and grateful practice, possesses any proper anti-febrile power,

and still less that bleedings and purgatives either possess that, or what Dr. Jackson attributes to them—the power of producing susceptibility of impression. And we must be contented to be numbered with “the generality of medical readers,” (vid. p. 232.) to whom the practice of bleeding in the common fever of our climate seems highly exceptionable. Though we reverence highly the authority of Sydenham, we do not pay much regard to the history which Dr. J. has extracted from his works in support of this practice. The story was not originally founded upon proper medical evidence; the opinion formed upon it was thrown out as a suggestion, at an early period of the author’s practice; it was never acted upon by him; nor does it seem to have obtained the approbation of his later years and more mature judgment. As little do we regard the account of the success of Lieutenant Douglas, related in the 101st page of this work. This is not a time of day, in which discoveries with regard to the utility, or the rules of bleeding, in common diseases, will be made by navy lieutenants, nor by army surgeons, no nor by Dr. Jackson himself. It is idle to bring tales from St. Domingo in behalf of what may and has been settled in the practice of every hospital and of every physician, and almost of every apothecary in the kingdom. If we were to believe our author, by proper and timely bleedings, the yellow fever might be divested of its fatality. But the experience of the trans-atlantic physicians, who are as bold practitioners, though not quite such resolute theorists, as our author, is in direct contradiction to this opinion.

If we object to, we will not say the indiscriminate use of the lancet, (for that Dr. Jackson does not recommend) but, to its frequent use in our common fever, still higher is our disapprobation of the lavish mode in which blood is directed to be drawn away. ‘It is not to be measured by ounces, but by effect.’ It may be taken to fainting. If the patient faints no proper judgment can be formed of its effect; because the arteries ceasing to act, and sensation being abolished, there must be a necessary cessation of diseased action and feeling. But such a rule implies, that the effect of bleeding is not obtained, if it be not perceived immediately. Nothing can be more false. Even in inflammatory complaints, the effect of bleeding is often not felt till a few hours after the operation: and therefore common prudence dictates, that having done what the urgency of symptoms seems to require, a due pause should be made before proceeding with measures which nothing but necessity justifies. How much stronger is the propriety of this caution in a fever, where the symptoms of violent action are usually transitory, and the great

apprehension is from debility towards the termination of the fever? If indeed we were persuaded, that bleeding would truly cure the fever, if it would really kill the snake in the shell, we should gladly change our opinion. But we have not a tittle of evidence, that it possesses any such power. And therefore we believe it would be a safer rule to avoid it entirely, in our common fever, than to use it profusely, and therefore, we fear, injuriously.

We wish that Dr. Jackson had instead of giving us a series of speculations, of which we do not think very highly, added to our stock of facts with regard to the proper treatment of fever. We are willing to give him every credit for zeal and good intentions. But we think him ambitious of assuming a station, to which he has no claim. He conceives himself a profound reasoner, and takes upon him the tone and manner of a discoverer. His reasoning is commonly a mere wordy jargon, in which he seems to bewilder himself, and to puzzle his reader to very little good purpose. We will not say that he does not possess knowledge. But undoubtedly, no writer was ever more unfortunate in the attempt to communicate it to others.

ART. VIII.—*The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-nook.* By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of *Elementary Principles of Education, Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, &c. &c.* Cadell and Davies. 1808.

THE name of Miss Elizabeth Hamilton would alone be sufficient to recommend the book before us; and we anticipated a work of great merit and use even before we had read a line. But we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of a careful perusal, and were highly delighted with the contents. In pointing out the vices of sloth and indolence Miss H. has most happily blended her little story of Mrs. Mason with much sweetness, good sense, and sound morality. The characters are drawn to the life, with much force of outline, and with a delicate discrimination in the colouring. She has also so well accommodated her language and her advice as to render it most generally and most singularly serviceable to her countrymen and countrywomen. They must blush at the nastiness and indolence which she so well depicts; and from the known good sense of the Scots, and from their indefatigable perseverance in well doing for themselves, they will, no doubt, shortly become as clean and as neat in their farm

yards, in their dairies, and their houses as their southern neighbours. The improvement of agriculture is rapidly advancing, and when the benefit of good husbandry also is seen, the Highlander will throw away that terrible laziness which they show when exertion is necessary, and which even in their manners renders them so disgusting. Mrs. Mason is represented as a servant, who, after spending her youth in various situations in the family of a nobleman, returns with her small earnings (on his death) to spend the remainder of her days in her own country; where she purposes to board with an only relation in the village of Glenburnie. The habits, the tempers, the national resemblances, the personal peculiarities, of these people, and the mode in which they live, are most admirably described. We will, therefore, extract such parts of this tale as we have no doubt will afford our readers as much pleasure as they have imparted to ourselves.

Mrs. Mason sets out with a very amiable party, Mr. Stewart, his daughter, and three sons, who lived at Gowanbrae, for Glenburnie on an Irish car.

‘They had not proceeded many paces out of the turnpike-road which brings them to the road that turns to the glen of Glenburnie, until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other that one would suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid Burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze. If the reader is a traveller he must know, and if he is a speculator in canals he must regret that rivers have in general a trick of running out of the straight line. But, however, they may in this resemble the moral conduct of man, it is but doing justice to these favourite children of nature, to observe that, in all their wanderings, each stream follows the strict injunctions of its parent, and never for a moment loses its original character. That our Burn had a character of its own, no one who saw its spirited career could possibly have denied. It did not, like the lazy and luxuriant streams, which glide through the fertile valleys of the south, turn and wind in listless apathy, as if it had no other object than the gratification of ennui or caprice. Alert and impetuous, and persevering, it even from its infancy dashed onward, proud and resolute; and no sooner met with a rebuff from the rocks on one side of the glen, than it flew indignant to the other, frequently awakening the echoes by the noise of its wild career. Its complexion was untinged by the fat of the soil; for in truth, the soil had no fat to throw away. But little as it owed to nature, and still less as it was indebted to cultivation, it

had clothed itself in many shades of verdures. The hazel, the birch, and the mountain-ash, were not only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places clomb to the very tops of the hills. The meadows and corn-fields, indeed, seemed very evidently to have been encroachments made by stealth on the sylvan reign: for none had *their outlines* marked with mathematical precision, in which the modern improver so much delights. Not a straight line was to be seen in Glenburnie. The very plough moved in curves; and though much cannot be said of the richness of the crops, the ridges certainly waved with all the grace and pride of beauty.'

Mrs. Mason and the daughter of Mr. Stewart were quite enchanted with the scenery. But our author says,

'Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions, which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiating upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on, from year to year, without making any effort to repair it. "How little trouble would it cost," said he, "to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill." There are enough idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work, and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

- This is a specimen (Mr. Stewart gives us) of Scotch charity that does away a good deal of that wholesome doctrine of which we are old fashioned enough to be very fond; 'to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to do to all men as we would they should do to us.' After this observation of Mr. Stewart, they alighted to avoid a part of the road that from negligence had become dangerous, and a little further, at the foot of a short precipice, taking a sudden turn discovered to them a disaster which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of a bridge along which it had been passing.

'Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it, was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth. At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse were seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine, whether by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes,

the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow, exclaiming, "Come on, ye muckle brute! Ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now."

"As the last words were uttered a little fellow of about ten years of age, was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him with all his might a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper. "You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart, "how did all this happen?" "You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy; the brig brak, and the cart couppet." "And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart.

"O aye, we a' couppet thegather, for I was riding on his back." "And where is your father and all the rest of the folk." "Whar sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinne ye ken that we're taken in oûr hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a wook syne, be we're ayahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some half-pence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on *stepping* at their usual pace.

"Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think," (pointing to where it had given way) "If you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired?"—"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it *would do weel enough*. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen." "But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the *Glen* should be the better for it."

"Aye, sir," said one of the men, "that's spoken like yourself; would every body follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I'll work at your bidding, till it be *pruit mirk*."—"Well," said Mr. Stewart, "bring down the planks that I saw lying in the arnyard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean."—"O yes, sir," said the farmer grinning, "we ken what ye mean weel enough: and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice ow're them since they

laid there; and often said they sud be set by, but we coudne be fashed."

The planks are brought, and the bridge is made good as new, only wanting a little gravel, for which Mr. Stewart offers to re-imburse the farmer, if he will make it complete. But the only answer the good gentleman can obtain, is

"ay, ay, we'll do't in time, but I'se warrant it 'ill do weel enough."

Miss Hamilton then conducts us to the village which she describes, and Mrs. Mason soon finds her cousin, John M'Clarty's cottage, the picture of which we will give in her own words :

"It must be confessed, that the aspect of the dwelling, where she was to fix her residence, was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built like the houses in the village, of stone and lime ; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter ; and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill. On the other and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling. At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid ; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr. Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs. Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold.

"But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey-pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made ; and was at the present moment filled with chickens, who were busily picking at the bits of curd, which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Mason unfortunately stumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way through the pallin (or inner door) into the house. The accident was attended with no farther bad consequences, than a little hurt upon the shins, and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen ; but though they found the door of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs. M'Clarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age."

After the first welcome, Miss Hamilton gives us the following specimen of Scotch cleanliness at the *tea table*, and of obstinacy in the daughters of Mrs. M'Clarty, the latter

being bustling about in getting on the kettle and sweeping the hearth, Miss Mary Stewart observes,

"I think you might make your daughters save you that trouble;" looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall. "O poor things," said their mother, they have not been used to it; they have enough of time for work yet." "Depend upon it," said Mrs. Mason, "young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself." "Indeed she's of a stately growth," said Mrs. M'Clarty, pleased with the observation, "and Jenny there is little abint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time I warrant they'll *do weel enough*. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes." "And does she not like to do all she can?" said Mrs. Mason. "O we manna complain," returned the mother, "she does weel enough."

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours; theirs being so whitened up, that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty hand upon them, without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people in that station, to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

Miss Mary Stewart took upon herself the trouble of making tea, and began the operation by rinsing the cups and saucers through warm water; at which Mrs. M'Clarty was so far from being offended, that the moment she perceived her intention, she stepped to a huge Dutch press, and having with some difficulty opened the leaves, took from a store of nice linen, which it presented to their view, a fine damask napkin, of which she begged her to make use.

"You have a noble stock of linen, cousin," said Mrs. Mason. "Few farmers houses in England could produce the like; but I think this is rather too fine for common use." "For common use!" cried Mrs. M'Clarty, "na, na, we're no sic fools as put our papery to use! I have a dozen table-claithes in that press, thirty years old, that were never laid upon a table. They are a' o' my mother's spinning. I have nine o' my ain makin' forty that never saw the sun but at the bookin washing. Ye need na be telling us o' England!" "It is no doubt a good thing" said Mrs. Mason, "to have a good stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I confess I think the labour unprofitably em-

ployed, which during thirty years, is to produce no advantage, and that linen of an inferior quality would be preferable, as it would certainly be much more useful. A towel of nice clean huck-a-back would wipe a cup as well, and better than a damask napkin." "Towels!" cried Mrs. M'Clarty, "na, na, we manna pretend to towels, we just wipe up the things wi' what comes in the gait." On saying this the good woman to shew how exactly she practised what she spoke, pulled out from between the seed tub and her husband's dirty shoes (which stood beneath the bench by the fire side,) a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter. "There," says she, "I am sure ye'll say that ye never ate better butter in your life. There's no in a' Glenburnie better kye than our's. I hope ye'll eat heartily, and I'm sure ye're heartily welcome." "Look, sister," cried little William, "see there the marks of a thumb and two fingers! do scrape it off, it is so nasty!" "Dear me," said Mrs. M'Clarty, "I did na mind that I had been stirring the fire, and my hands were a' wee sooty, but it will soon scrape off, there's a dirty knife will take it off in a minute." "Stop, stop," cried Miss Mary, "that knife will only make it worse! pray let me manage it."

From this specimen our readers may perhaps be quite satisfied that neatness and Mrs. M'Clarty had never shaken hands. Yet we cannot forbear one more extract on the same subject from this most excellent tale. When Mrs. Mason came down the next morning, which she did before she quite finished dressing (merely to inquire for a very useful piece of furniture, a wash-hand bason)

"she found Meg and Jean (Mrs. M'Clarty's two daughters of *stately growth*) the former standing at the table, from which the porridge-dishes seemed to have been just removed; the latter killing flies at the window. Mrs. Mason addressed herself to Meg, and, after a courteous good-morrow, asked her where she should find a hand-bason? "I dinna ken," said Meg, drawing her finger through the milk that had been spilled upon the table. "Where is your mother?" asked Mrs. Mason. "I dinna ken," returned Meg, continuing to dabble her hands through the remaining fragments of the feast. "If you are going to clean that table," said Mrs. Mason, "you will give yourself more work than you need by daubing it all over with the porridge; bring your cloth, and I shall show you how I learned to clean tables when I was a girl like you." Meg continued to make lines with her fore-finger. "Come," said Mrs. Mason, "shall I teach you?" "Na," said Meg, "I sal dight nane o't, I'm gain' to school." "But that need not hinder you to wipe up the table before you go," said Mrs. Mason. "You might have cleaned it up as bright as a looking-glass in the time that you have spent in spattering it, and dirtying your fingers. Would it not be pleasanter for you to make it clean than to leave it dirty?" "I'll no be at the fash," returned Meg, making off to the door as she spoke. Before she got out, she was met by her mother,

who, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Are you no awa yet bairns! I never saw the like. Sic a fight to get you to the *schul!* Nae wonder ye learn little, when you'r at it. Gae awa like good bairns; for there's nae *schulin* the morn ye ken, its the fair-day."

Miss however, sets off, but the good mother, seeing her other daughter at her murderous work at the window exclaims,

"Dear me! what's the matter wi' the bairn! What for wonna ye gang when Meg's gane? Rin, and ye'll be after her or she wins to the end o' the loan." "I'm no ga'an the day," says Jean, turning away her face. "And what fore are no ye ga'an, my dear?" says the mother. "Cause I binna gotten my questions," replied Jean. "O but ye might gang for a'that," said her mother; "the master will no be angry. Gang, like a gude bairn."

However, Miss Jean holds out against her mother's soothing and threats, and continues catching flies, and replying the lesson was,

"Unco kittle, and she could not be *fashed*." After some good advice from Mrs. Mason, she makes her wants known to Mrs. M'Clarty, who replies, "Dear me! I'm sure you're weel enough. Your hands ha' nae need of washing, I trow. Ye ne'er do a turn to sile them." "You can't surely be in earnest," returned Mrs. Mason; "Do you think I could sit down to breakfast with unwashed hands? I never heard of such a thing, and never saw it done in my life." "I see nae gude o'sic nicety," returned her friend; "but its easy to gie ye water enough, though I am sure I dinna ken what to put it in, unless ye take ane o' the porridge-plates; or may be the *calf's luggie* may do better, for it will gie you enough o' room." "Your own bason will do better than either," said Mrs. Mason. "Give me the loan of it for this morning, and I shall return it immediately, as you must doubtless often want it through the day." "Na, na," returned Mrs. M'Clarty, "I dinna fash wi' sae mong fykes. There's ay water standing in something or other, for ane to ca their hands through when they're blacket. The gudeman, indeed, is a wee conceity like yoursell, an he coft a brown bason for his shaving in on Saturdays, but its in use a' the week haddin' milk, or I'm sure ye'd be welcome to it. I sall see an' get it ready for ycu the morn."

Our readers will not be surprized that Mrs. Mason preferred the '*calf's luggie*.' We could have much pleasure in transcribing more from Miss Hamilton's Cottagers, but our limits will not allow it. The family of M'Clarty are most ably contrasted with that of William and Peggy Morrison: and we are gratified with some excellent instructions to parents on indulgence, and some valuable strictures on education. We do not give the story, but those who read it must be devoid of sensibility if they do not sympathize with the tender and anguished feelings of the dying M'Clarty for his son's disobedience, and with the transient sensation of joy which

he experiences on seeing the poor prodigal return, though for a moment, to receive his forgiveness and his blessing. Every parent must feel an exquisite interest in this well-drawn scene. Some of the remarks which Miss Hamilton makes on Methodism are so just that we cannot forbear making another extract. In speaking of the *godly fraternity*, she says,

"As far as my knowledge extends I have observed pride to be the ruling principle with all those pretenders to extraordinary sanctity. "Ah, Madam," said Mr. Gourlay, "pride is a powerful adversary: it never fails to find out the weak part, and is often in possession of the fortress while we are employing all our care to guard the out-works. If these enthusiasts do some mischief, by leading weak people into error, they likewise are, I doubt not, in some instances, the means of exciting us, who are the regular shepherds of the flock, to greater vigilance, they will do much good." "Pardon me, Sir," said Mrs. Mason, "but indeed I have seen so much malignity, so much self-conceit and presumption among these professors of evangelical righteousness, that I should suppose their doctrines were at war with the pure morality of the gospel." "The spirit of party must be ever adverse to the spirit of the gospel," replied Mr. Gourlay, "and in as far as sects are particularly liable to be infected by party spirit, in so far are they injurious to the Christian cause. But, to confess the truth, the church, as by law established, is too often defended on the same narrow principles; nor, when the defence of it is made a party question, do I perceive any difference in the fruits. In both instances they equally taste of pride, the parent tree." "But is it not proper to expose the errors into which these visionaries betray weak minds?" returned Mrs. Mason. "Very proper," said Mr. Gourlay. "So that it be done in the spirit of charity. Calmly and wisely to point out the source of bigotry and enthusiasm, were an employment worthy of superior talents; but men of superior talents feel too much contempt for weakness to undertake the task, or at least to execute it in such a manner as to answer any good purpose. Men of talents pour upon these enthusiasts the shafts of ridicule, and attack their doctrines with all the severity of censure; but they forget that all enthusiasts glory in persecution. It is in the storm that men most firmly grasp the cloak that wraps them, whatever be its shape. Would we induce them to let go their hold, we must take other methods; we must shew them we can approve as well as censure; and that it is not because we envy the eclat of their superior zeal, or are jealous of their success in making converts, but because we honestly think they have taken an erroneous view of the subjects in question, that we venture to oppose them. Difficult, I confess, it is to gain access to minds that are imbued with a high opinion of their own superior sanctity, and wrapped in the panoply of self-conceit; but I am convinced that much might have been done to stop the progress of methodism, by setting forth, in strong and lively terms, the sin and danger of exalting any one point of the Christian doctrine, so as to make it pre-

eminent, to the di-paragement of the other gospel truths, and to the exclusion of the gospel virtues."

The present performance merits a very extensive circulation, particularly in the latitude of North Britain, where it may be perused with such important benefits. The next time we travel into that part of the island, we trust, that we shall be indebted to the literary labours of Miss Hamilton for more cleanliness in the inns, and for more neatness and comfort in the general domestic arrangements of the people. Though the filthy habits of the men and women of North Britain have certainly experienced a considerable diminution within the last fifty years, yet those who are acquainted with the state of Scotland, as it now is, and have been able to contrast it with that of their southern neighbours, know that many improvements may yet be introduced into their *household modes*, which would contribute greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants themselves, as well as of those whom curiosity or business causes to travel among them. Habitudes of neatness and cleanliness cannot be dissevered from those of genuine industry, and both are ingredients of no small proportions and no trivial value in the composition of virtue. The degree of domestic cleanliness, neatness, and management, will seldom be found to constitute an erring criterion of the quantum of virtue in a private family, at least in the female part of it: and the moral scale which is adapted to private families is not inapplicable to a nation, which is only a collection of families. Miss Hamilton merits most transcendant praise for making the fictitious narrative of a novel subservient to the increase of cleanliness and of industry, of individual comfort and national civilization.

ART. IX.—*A Discourse, by Thomas Falconer, M.A. of Corpus Christi College; preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 5, 1808. 4to. pp. 30. Hatchard.*

MR. Falconer contends with considerable cogency and acuteness, that what is called the *gunpowder-plot* was not the contrivance of Cecil, but was actually begun and conducted by the Catholics, to whom it is commonly ascribed. James I. whose kingly pride had been shocked by the republican spirit of the reformers, seems early to have resigned some of the prejudices with which that party had endeavoured to inspire him against the Catholics. Hence that

ancient body of religionists had been treated by James with unusual lenity during his Scottish reign. When James ascended the throne of England that event must have tended to excite the hopes of the Catholics, and the fears of the Protestants. It was natural, therefore, that the wise council of Elizabeth, who were so well acquainted with the intriguing spirit and enterprising restlessness of the papists of those days, should be anxious to alienate the affections of their new master from that busy sect, and to convince him that the protestant interest constituted the only real security of his throne. Impressed with the necessity of this measure, and, like *true statesmen*, not being very scrupulous about the means of effecting it, it is not unlikely that they might have fabricated even the gunpowder-plot, which from its aggravated iniquity and accumulated horrors, was calculated to make such a sensible impression on the fears both of the king and of the nation, as would most effectually estrange both from any favourable disposition towards the catholics. But there is no direct evidence that this was the case: the proof at best does not advance beyond the line of specious probability. But the proof, on the other side, is more circumstantial, more positive, personal and direct. Still, however, there are difficulties in the case, and if we were to undertake to sum up the evidence on both sides there would be several ambiguous particulars which would plunge us in doubt, and make us fluctuate in indecision. But even allowing that the catholics were the real authors of the plot, and that, irritated to find the hopes of tolerance frustrated which they thought that the good-will of James would realize, they had determined to put an end to his person and his government, and to destroy all the legislative and executive authorities of the kingdom at one blow; allowing all this, is it fair to make it an argument either for the proscription of the catholics of the present day, or for their exclusion from places of trust and power? Are we justified in thus visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children? or, rather the enormities of a few individuals two centuries ago, on a large and respectable body of religionists, who are as little implicated either in principle or in practice, in the transactions of those days, as the present presbyterians are in the gothic violence of the Calvinistic Knox and his infuriate adherents? Mr. Falconer does not expressly draw this inference; but he appears to have been anxious to establish the fact of the gunpowder-plot against the catholics of 1605, in order that it might be applied as an '*argumentum ad invidiam*,' against the catholics of 1808. Mr. Falconer says that 'it is not easy to ascertain what tenets'

the catholics 'now profess,' and that 'they are more ready to declare what they *do not* than what they *do* believe.' But, when the catholics are charged with maintaining certain obnoxious tenets, and when those tenets are made the express reason for excluding them from any pretension to certain places of trust and power, is it not more requisite that they should, in order to shew the injustice and oppression which they endure, make us acquainted with the tenets which they do not hold, than with those which they do; with the maxims which they deny, than with those which they profess? The catholics do expressly and solemnly disavow those pernicious tenets which are so generally imputed to them by calumny and by prejudice, as that '*no faith is to be kept with heretics,*' &c. &c. If the catholics therefore do not hold any tenets which can endanger the safety of a protestant government, what right have we to pry into the harmless mysteries of their belief, or to require them to explain the arcana of transubstantiation? As long as they do not hold any opinions which may not safely be held by good and loyal subjects, this is all that the present government is concerned to know; and when this is known, is not their exclusion from those posts of honourable ambition, to which the way is open to other subjects, who are not more wise nor more loyal than they, not only invidious, but oppressive and unjust? We will say in the sentiment, if not in the words of the amiable and enlightened Bishop of Norwich, that, if catholics did hold such opinions as are falsely imputed to them, they would deserve to be hunted like wild beasts out of the pale of civilized society. But, if catholicism does not oppose any stronger barrier to the agency of the moral sentiments in the heart, than the tenets of any other sect, why are they singled out for the marks of scorn, for the objects of disgrace, and for the victims of persecution? But Mr. Falconer says, that if the catholics reject some of what were formerly esteemed

'the most momentous articles of their creed; as the supremacy and infallibility of the Roman pontiff, it is probable that the other parts of a religion which is founded so deeply on the derived personal authority of its teachers, retain but a slight hold on the minds of men thus liberal and enlightened; and that, whilst we seem to have the opinion of the scientific and literati, we have, perhaps, mistaken for it the levity and relaxed conduct of a band of *sceptics and scoffers.*'

There is something not only so illiberal but so unjust in this latter inference that we cannot let it pass without se-

vere animadversion. How, we will ask, does it follow that because the catholics have gotten rid of those opinions which are erroneous, they have, at the same time, discarded those which are true? Are truth and error so identified in the mind of a catholic that he cannot part with one without losing the other? Can he not renounce the infallibility of the pope without at the same time denying the authority of Christ? The moment his intellect acquires force to dissipate the superstitious delusions of the popish church, must his heart become insensible to the moral precepts of the gospel? Must he become a sceptic and a scoffer because he is no longer a fanatic and a dupe? Must the sentiments of piety and virtue be erased in proportion as those of credulity, of bigotry, and ignorance disappear?

But notwithstanding these symptoms, in Mr. Falconer, of narrow-mindedness and prejudice, where the catholics are concerned, we discover, in other parts of his sermon, sentiments worthy of an enlightened advocate for civil liberty. There are indeed some expressions in it which would, not many years ago, have startled the ears of a *tory* audience in St. Mary's. But we hope that the good doctors, to whom we bear a sincere respect, as the venerable fathers of our *alma mater*, are in a state of excellent training to become *whigs* indeed! Would they otherwise have been such patient and admiring auditors while Mr. Falconer was talking of '*glorying in resistance to the sovereign*,' of '*recurring to the ancient forms of the constitution*,' of an ancient residuum of '*personal responsibility in the monarch*.' All this looks as if a great change were working in the heads of the doctors. We will do our best to promote so desirable an event, and to instil a true CATHOLIC spirit of civil liberty and of christian charity, not only into the bosoms of the doctors, but into those of the more docile under-graduates.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*A View of the Origin, Progress, and Discovery of Heathen Worship antecedently to the Christian Revelation.* By J. Thomas, of Wareham. 8vo. pp. 126. 4s. Bickerstaff. 1808.

IN this work Mr. Thomas has exhibited a brief view of the origin and progress of idolatry, which may be acceptable to those who have not leisure nor inclination to peruse larger and more elaborate performances. The style of Mr. Thomas has in general an air of stiffness like that of a person who is either translating the ideas of others, or who is himself not much habituated to composition.

ART. 11.—*Sermons on the practical Obligations of a Christian Life, for the Use of Families.* By the Rev. Theodore Robertson, LL. B. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 725. 14s. Crosby. 1808.

THESE sermons are not remarkable for correctness, for elegance, nor for harmony of diction ; but they are all of a useful and practical tendency, and there are few families which may not be solaced and improved by the perusal.

ART. 12.—*The New Whole Duty of Prayer, containing Fifty-six Family Prayers, suitable for Morning and Evening for every Day in the Week ; and a Variety of other Devotions and Thanksgivings for particular Persons, Circumstances, and Occasions.* 12mo. 4s. 6d. Scatcherd. 1809.

THIS work contains a change of prayers for the morning and evening of every day in the week for four weeks, with occasional prayers, with prayers for the use of particular persons, and with some thanksgivings for particular occasions. The great fault which we have to find with these prayers is that they abound in an unmeaning *verbiage*, while they are at the same time confined too much to general expressions, and do not descend to the particulars of our duty. This is indeed the fault of most prayers and most prayer-makers, with some, but with very few exceptions.

Of the *verbiage* we will take an instance from page 9 :

‘ With respect to ourselves we are unworthy of the least of all thy mercies ; for our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up into the heavens ; yea, we must confess that if thou shouldest lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, we should be confounded, and unable to lift up our face to thee, our God !’

In the first part of this wood of words, in the expressions 'our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up into the heavens,' the petitioner asserts what is not true, and what cannot be true in any circumstances. Such metaphorical exaggeration always weakens the energy of prayer. Why could not the author have said in simple language, 'our sins are many and great.' In the next passage, where the author talks of the *line* and the *plummet*, he represents God as exercising the office of a journeyman mason. The language in which we address the Maker of heaven and earth ought to be the most simple that can be employed. All rhetorical embellishments and inflations of phraseology or of sentiment, should be carefully excluded. Prayer is, in its true acceptation, *the heart speaking to him who knows the heart*. Consider this, ye tribe of religionists, and no longer besiege the heavens with your vain and senseless sounds!

POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*The Arcanum of National Defence. By Hastatus. No Book-seller's Name. London. Christmas, 1808.*

THE present work is the production of J. T. Barber, Esq. major commanding the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters. We did not receive it till near the end of the month, when all the former sheets of our review were printed off, or we should have noticed it more at length, and in a manner more worthy of its importance in the present perilous crisis of the civilized world. We thought it, however, better to notice it immediately, though briefly, than to delay the mention of it till another month. As far as Spain is concerned in the adoption of the vigorous and apparently most efficacious system of defence, which is so ably recommended and so luminously explained by Major Barber, the lapse of only a few weeks may render her unable to profit by the plan, or to emerge, even by the help of the pike, from the abyss of hopeless servitude into which she may be plunged by the disciplined hosts of Bonaparte. We cannot, indeed, flatter ourselves that our journal will either diffuse the knowledge or promote the adoption of this *Arcanum* in Spain; but it will, we trust, tend to accelerate and extend the circulation of the work in our own country. And this is a matter of no small moment; for, if *Spain be subdued*, it will be impossible even for the most sagacious politician to determine *how long Britain will be safe*! The present situation of Spain may soon become that of this country. We may soon have to contend with a horde of French ravagers for our liberties and our laws. Can then the *arcanum* of defence, which Major Barber so well describes, be too soon disclosed?

Major Barber, as a preliminary to the developement of his plan of national defence, considers 'what part of a population can be sustained as an army.' This he computes only at one-eighth of the whole. But, according to the present military arrangements, not more than a fortieth part of the whole can be appropriated to the

making of war. France, with a population of from thirty to forty millions, has about a million of men in arms. Such a force is more than equal to all the *regular troops* in Europe. What hope then have the nations, who are not yet subdued, of resisting this formidable foe, and of averting the subjugation with which they are menaced? None under the *present* system of defence. But hope does seem to dawn and confidence and joy to arise in the system which Major Barber proposes to substitute in its room. The armies of Bonaparte never can be annihilated by *regular* soldiers; for we never can have a sufficiency for the purpose. This can be effected only by the whole effective strength of a country brought to bear, if not at once, at least by incessant repetitions of attack, on the hitherto invincible foe. The French must be opposed in *close conflict*; in which man will grapple with man: and where personal strength and heroism must finally prevail over discipline and skill. Tactics are of little advantage in the shock of a close encounter. The weapon which Major Barber proposes to employ for this purpose, and to put into the hands of the whole efficient population, is the pike. 'It is fully proved,' says the author, that '*the simple rush on of courageous men with fixed bayonets is more formidable and more decisive of victory than all the intricacies of formation, the protracted cannonade, and discharge of musquetry.*' But the pike is a much more powerful and efficacious instrument, either of attack or of defence than the bayonet. '*Each man may embody the best effects of arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and all the long et cetera of equipment in a single pike.*'—With every smith and carpenter placed in requisition, a million may be qualified to take the field in a week, and at an expence not exceeding one hundred thousand pounds.' No incumbrances need oppress nor retard the march of pikemen; no dependance need be placed on tumbrils or magazines. With provisions for a few days, slung from the shoulder in a wallet, and with their instruments of destruction in their hands, 'the patriot host might march to the concerted point of union with the independence of supply and ease of ordinary pedestrians.'—'TO FIGHT CLOSE, CHARGE INCESSANTLY, and BRING MAN TO MAN should be the order of the day.' There is not an instance on record, in which the French have stood their ground, when manfully assailed by the British bayonet; and is it not much less likely that they could withstand the British or the Spanish pike, wielded by overwhelming myriads, resolutely determined either to conquer or to die? For a more particular detail of the training, &c. we must refer to the work itself; which will, we hope, be widely circulated both in Britain and on the continent.

ART. 14.—*The incontrovertible Proofs of the Forgeries in Major Hogan's Pamphlet; with the Particulars of the Informations filed by the Attorney General against Peter Finnerty, and a Variety of Others, for Libels on the King, Dukes of York and Sussex.* 8vo. 2s. Chapple. 1801.

IN our last number we gave the substance of Major Hogan's pamphlet, without hazarding any opinion on the truth or falsehood

of the statements it contained. The story, however, of the bank-notes, is since strongly presumed to be a fabrication of the Major himself, who has taken his passage to America, as his friends say, speedily to return, but as his enemies insinuate, to elude the shame of exposure and the punishment of the law. The author of this pamphlet assigns the following reasons for believing that the story of the bank-notes was a contrivance of Major Hogan :

‘ Major Hogan told him, (George Fozed, waiter at Franks’s hotel,) in the morning, *he expected a letter* of great consequence, and that it would be brought about dinner-time ; and particularly desired him to be attentive and receive it himself, and deliver it before the gentlemen who were to dine with him. The letter came before the cloth was removed, and he gave it the Major. Mr. Peter Finnerty was there, and wrote the attestation signed by the gentlemen and himself. That the Major promised to do great things for him, among the rest, to take him to America, and make his fortune : but all these promises were as fallacious as the letter, for the Major left the poor waiter to shift for himself.—Can there be a more irresistible proof of the forgery of the letter and the story of the bank-notes, than this *expectation* of it ? How could the Major *expect* the letter if he was wholly ignorant from whom it would come ? and how could he *expect* it exactly at the time so suited to his purpose ? and why appoint a particular person to receive it ? Need another word or argument be wasted to establish the fact, of its being a preconcerted scheme, for the transaction can admit of no other conclusion ?

‘ Upon the evidence of the waiter, the master of the house, and other persons present, this letter was delivered between five and six o’clock, the common coffee-room dinner-time ; this is the positive evidence in point of time. How it came to be dusk on that particular day, even at six o’clock in the month of August, when the sun does not set till seven, is a phenomenon Mr. Finnerty will have to account for : however, those who can believe the story of the letter or barouche, will believe it was dark at three o’clock on the 27th of August ; but it is hoped the reader will not banish his understanding so readily as Mr. Finnerty banishes daylight. Why was the dusk of the evening fixed upon for the inquiry at the *Morning Chronicle* office as well as the delivery of the letter ?—For the plainest of all reasons, as it furnished an excuse for not giving a description of the supposed lady :—however, I have pinned Mr. Finnerty to the stake, and there I will keep him till he makes it clear to the public, how it came dusk in the month of August at six o’clock in the evening.

‘ I will now state another fact from the evidence of the waiter, and the master of the coffee-house—which is, that two days after he signed the attestation, and previous to the publication of the pamphlet, he (the waiter) left his place without any apparent cause, being upon exceeding good terms with his master :—I will not call forth Mr. F.’s ingenuity for another explanation, but tell him that which the waiter will tell the jury whenever he comes before them : that he was taken away and concealed, lest any inquiries should be

made of him respecting the transaction; and I believe his testimony will be corroborated by his master.

If such really be the declaration of the waiter, and if his testimony be worthy of credit, it certainly does afford a strong presumptive proof that the story of the notes was a malicious invention of the Major, in order to bring an unmerited odium on the Duke of York. The authorship of Major H.'s Appeal is ascribed to Mr. Peter Finnerty, against whom an information has, it is said, been filed by the attorney-general, as well as against Garratt Gorman the publisher, Richard Bagshaw, and several other persons who are accused of writing libels on the Duke of York. We do not think that the cause of truth is likely to be much promoted by these prosecutions; but they may, perhaps, serve as a pretext for imposing restraints on the liberty of the press. The press itself will, we believe, ultimately be found the best protection even against its own licentiousness. Falsehood is always impotent when it is detected; and though the calumnies of malice or the misrepresentations of prejudice may, for a time, be very injurious to the reputation, and very destructive of the peace of individuals, yet where the press is entirely free, the effects of calumny and misrepresentation must ultimately be dissipated by the plain, the forcible, and convincing statements of truth. If the press furnish the malevolence of falsehood and detraction, with the strongest means of assault, yet it at the same time supplies more powerful weapons of defence, and finally of triumph, to the ingenuousness of candour and of truth. He who wears the armour of truth needs not to seek assistance in the vengeance of penal law. In prosecutions for libels, the object, which is sought, is not so much the elucidation of truth as the infliction of punishment. The infamous falsehoods of Major Hogan's pamphlet would have been sufficiently exposed, and, as far as the disgrace of being convicted in a lie can operate, sufficiently punished, without the aid of the attorney general.—The press itself, by which the character of the Duke of York has been so foully aspersed, would have been ultimately found the most efficacious instrument of cleansing it from every stain. The liberty of the press cannot exist without some degree of licentiousness; but while the licentiousness disgraces the liberty, the liberty will always be found more than equal to counteract the licentiousness. We feel as much as loyal subjects ought to feel, for the august character of the Duke of York; and we reprobate with the utmost sincerity all those by whom it has been falsely reviled; but we cannot commend either the wisdom or the virtue of those persons who have advised his Royal Highness to lend his sanction to the present prosecutions.

Ann. 15. — *The Defence of Out Posts; translated from the French.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1808.

THIS elegant little work has been translated from the French with the view of promoting the diffusion of military knowledge throughout Great Britain. We hope that it will experience an extensive circulation.

POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Battle of Maida, an Epic Poem. By Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Scott, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Establishment. Symonds. 1808.*

COLONEL Scott has chosen for the motto of his poem, four lines from Pitt's *Vida*, the first line beginning

'Yet none of all with equal honors shine.'

This is indeed truly exemplified in the above poem; for most certainly the colonel does not shine as an *epic poet*;—the rarest of all the poetic train. We have little doubt but that our poetic soldier, "with more than equal honor shines" in his own professional capacity; and we cannot help lamenting that we too often have to wade through volumes of stupidity and nonsense, proceeding from *very good sort of people, who will mistake their talents*. This seems to be the case with Colonel Richard Scott of the honourable East India company's Bengal establishment.

That we may not be thought to censure without some reason, we will give the following as a specimen of our author's powers as an *epic poet*.

"To Gallia's thunders louder peals reply,
As Lemoine's lightnings pierce the Gallic sky,
Hissing the bolts of death infuriate share
The battle's rage,—and fire the sulphur'd air;
Like to the red'ning gleams of loaded skies,
Which dastards strike with terror and surprise;
With horrid crash the form divine is torn,
To seats celestial martyr'd spirits borne;
Their lives resigning for their country's good,
In faith relying on their Saviour's blood."

Weak and poor as this poem is in imagery, sentiment and diction, yet we must admire Colonel Scott's honest zeal and friendly spirit in endeavouring to panegyrize his gallant brother soldiers, who so nobly distinguished themselves at the battle of Maida. But in singing the praises of these heroes the lieutenant-colonel has not considered how very un-poetic, not to say absurd, such names as *Cole, Johnson, Kempt, O'Callaghans, Porter, &c.* sound in an *epic poem*. In the appendix Colonel Scott gives us an account of a victory gained by the English over the French at Cuddalore in 1783. He also informs us in one of his notes (of which there are a number) that *governor Hastings is descended from an elder branch of the Huntingdon family*; he is also so good as to tell us that Lord Clive fell a victim to wounded sensibility, and says.

"O Clive, too soon that noble spirit fled
Which foe ne'er fear'd,—base envy struck thee dead."

The poem is comprized in 56 pages; the notes and appendix, in 54.

ART. 17.—*The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. The fourth Edition, with considerable Additions. To which are now added, 'Oratio in funus Henrici Principis.' From Ashmole's Museum. Biographical Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 260. Longman. 1807.*

MOST of the poems of Bishop Corbet appear to have been occasional productions. But many of his pieces still please from their mild irradiations of sentiment and sparkling quaintnesses of wit. To this edition Mr. Gilchrist has prefixed a life of the author, in which he has collected every particular that can at this period be learned respecting him, with a patient and highly meritorious vigilance of research.—Bishop Corbet appears to have been a man of very independent spirit, and of very generous and amiable disposition.—The city of Norwich has perhaps been more often graced with prelates of this description than any other see. The present volume is very neatly printed, and is altogether well deserving of a place among the best editions of our earlier English poets.

ART. 18—*La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, illustrata, &c.*

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri illustrated with Notes selected and abbreviated from various Commentators, by Romualdo Zotti. 3 Vols. 12mo. pp. 418. 11 11s. 6d. bds. Dulau. 1808.

WE are acquainted with no gentleman who, from his knowledge of his native language and judgment in matters connected with his native literature, is better qualified than M. Zotti for the task he has undertaken,—nor is it an unimportant service to the public which he has thus rendered, since of all authors who have ever written (the puzzling Lycophron himself not excepted) Dante is perhaps the most inaccessible, without the aid of a commentary, and the most encumbered by the idle and indiscriminating zeal of his commentators. Thus the editions to which we usually have recourse, as the easiest to be procured in this country, are for the most part absolutely unintelligible from the want of explanation; while those who from admiration of the poet are induced to seek out the ponderous illustrations of his Italian annotators, put themselves to a vast expense, and receive in return heaps of lumber, through which it seems a hopeless task to wade for the information which they require.

M. Zotti has with great pains, but it appears to us with ample success also, selected out of this enormous mass, a sufficient number of useful and intelligible remarks to explain every doubtful passage of his author to the comprehension even of a Tyro in Italian literature. These notes are extremely clear and concise, and

so numerous that they amount almost to a running commentary upon the whole poem. Besides those which are explanatory of the historical and metaphysical allusions with which the poem abounds, M. Zotti has added several of his own, which are more immediately useful to a learner, containing critical remarks on style and language and on the construction of difficult passages.

It is obviously impossible to extract from labours such as these any particular instances which may serve as specimens of the whole. We must content ourselves, therefore, with having pointed out the principal objects of the publication, and with expressing our persuasion that it will become a most useful and important addition to the library of every Italian reader in this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*Prison Lucubrations; or Letters from that well-known Citadel, Ellenborough Castle, St. George's Fields, to a Friend in the Country; succinctly describing the Interior of that Fortress, its Rules, Usages, and Comforts, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of its Inhabitants, and serious Reflections on Bankrupt Laws and Insolvent Acts; and on the Humanity, sound Policy, and moral Justice of Imprisonment for Debt under the Law of England, contrasted with the Usage of other Nations. By a Veteran. Dedicated to the Earl of Moira. Craddock and Joy, Ave Maria-lane. 1808.*

THIS work contains a lively and interesting description of the interior of the King's Bench prison, and of the sufferings, follies and amusements of its unfortunate inhabitants. The author appears to have been not only a spectator of, but an associate in, the scenes of woe which he has described.—The perusal of his letters may benefit the thoughtless and extravagant, while it may invite the benevolent to explore that misery which is hid from the public gaze in those walls where the wretched captive is doomed for so many bitter days to be deprived of the genial air of heaven, and to experience pangs, which none but the most wretched feel.

ART. 20.—*The Life of David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians, with an Abridgment of his Diary and Journal from President Edwards. By John Styles, Author of an Essay on the Stage, &c. 12mo. pp. 291. 4s. Williams. 1808.*

MR. David Brainerd appears, from this account, to have deserved a strait waistcoat; and if the same salutary vestment were applied to the body of Mr. John Styles, it might peradventure cure him of that *cacothés scribendi*, with which he seems so unfortunately possessed.

ART. 21.—*Crosby's Merchant and Tradesman's Pocket Dictionary, adapted to Merchants, Manufacturers, and Traders in various Branches of Commercial Interchange; containing the received Maxims and established*

Regulations of Trade.—The Weights, Measures, and Qualities of Articles of Produce, Manufacture, and Merchandize. The Theory and Practice of the Custom and Excise. The Laws of Navigation, Shipping and Shipowners. The Duties of Brokers, Factors, and Agents. The Legal and Commercial Formulas, employed in Trade. The new Legislative Provisions of the Stamp Act. The Commercial Relations of the Colonies, and the Trade in Colonial Produce. The Principles of Commercial Geography and Statistics. The Received Doctrine respecting Bills of Exchange and Paper Currency. The Institutions of our great trading Companies. The Laws of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, Assignments, Arbitration, &c. With a correct Map of England and Wales, and a Commercial List containing the Market Towns with their Market Days, Fairs, Distances, Bankers, London Agents, Rates of Postage and Population. By a London Merchant, assisted by several experienced Tradesmen. Crosby and Co.

THE above work is very well adapted for what it professes, nor do we think that it professes more than it performs. Some inaccuracies may be noticed, but it is a useful little book for tradesmen, bankers, clerks, &c.

ART. 22.—*The Beauties of Tom Brown; consisting of humorous Pieces in Prose and Verse, selected from the Works of that satirical and lively Writer; to which is prefixed, a Life of the Author, by the late Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 8vo. J. and R. Hughes.*

TOM Brown was a fellow of infinite jest, his brain seemed to be in a constant ebullition of wit; but it was commonly coarse and not always chaste. Of these *beauties* as they are called, the first, which is one of the shortest, may serve as a specimen of the rest. It is called

The Quaker's Grace.

'Good God bless, we beseech thee, the churches that are beyond the seas; root out of them all antichristian tyranny of most abominable bishops; let not those silkworms and magpies have dominion over us; but give us our true primitive pastors, lay-elders, reverend tanners, religious basket-makers, upright cobblers, conscientious millers, and more conscientious tailors, reformed weavers, and inspired broom-men. Root out of us, thy church, that rag of superstition, the surplice, and let not a cap be seen among us with an idolatrous tuff upon it. The apostles were men ignorant and simple, and so are we; demolish the universities, for they are nurseries of vain learning: Greek is a heathen speech, and Latin the language of the beast, and all philosophy is vain. Bless, we beseech thee, thy family, and especially our sisters, that there may never be wanting a fruitful generation, springing from the loins of regenerate parents. Lastly, we come unto thee for a blessing on our dinner: bless this *tripe*, and this *loin of veal*, for it was a *molten calf* made Israel to sin; this *capon*, 'twas a *cock*, crowing made Peter repent; this *turkey*, although no *Christian fowl*, yet thou hast commanded us to pray for all *Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.*'

' And although we have *Hebrew roots* enough, yet bless these *potatoes*: and this *custard*, for the land of Canaan flowed with *milk and honey*; these *tarts*, for thy judgments are *tart*, unless allayed with the *sugar* of thy mercy. Water us, *young shrubs*, with the dew of thy blessing, that we may grow up into tall *oaks*, and may live to be sawed out into *deal-boards*, to wainscot thy New Jerusalem.'

ART. 23.—*Mathematical Tables, containing the Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, and a triverse Table; to which are prefixed, Logarithmical, Arithmetic, and Plane Trigonometry; also Examples on the Mensuration of Heights and Distances, for the Use of Schools. By J. Brown, Mathematician. The second Edition, corrected, improved, and enlarged with the following Additions, viz. an Account of the Nature and Calculation of Logarithms, and of Sines, Tangents, and Secants; Answers to the Examples on the Mensuration of Heights and Distances, and Solutions of the most difficult given in Notes; Rules for the Computation of Interest and Annuities, with Tables of Compound Interest, Probabilities of Life, and Annuities for Years, and an Appendix explaining the Application of Logarithms to the Mensuration of Heights by the Barometer. 8vo. Longman. 1803.*

THE title sufficiently indicating the contents, we shall only add, that, as far as we have been able to examine, accuracy is very observable.

ART. 24.—*The Adventures of Ulysses. By Charles Lamb. Juvenile Library, Skinner-street. 1803.*

WE do not think that Mr. Lamb has succeeded so well in this performance as in his Shakespearian tales. In exhibiting the *Odyssey* in prose, he has often rendered it into language of such an awkward construction or such an antiquated cast as deducts very much from the interest of the story.

ART. 25.—*Procédé grammatical, &c.*

A grammatical Process for the Literary Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, by the synthetic and analytic Method. Printed on a Sheet, by William Savage, Bedford Bury. 1s.

THIS is the invention of the ingenious Abbé Sicard, and 'was printed by his pupils on two very large sheets, one containing the method and the other the explanation. It is now republished in England on a single sheet, in hopes that those who are charged with the education of youth, may take the hint, and examine whether our own language first, and every other language after, may not be taught according to the method laid down in these tables. The process is executed in chalk, on a black board, six or eight scholars to a board, one writing while the others repeat.'

ART. 26.—*Mrs. Leicester's School, or History of several young Ladies, related by themselves.* Godwin; Juvenile Library, Skinner-street. 1808.

THE teacher of Mrs. Leicester's school, finding some embarrassment, when the pupils met together after the holidays, in getting the little folks to look and feel cheerful on leaving their parents and friends, suggests that each of the young ladies should give some account of their respective lives. After much encouragement, and many conciliating arts, a circle is made round the fire in the play-room, and the several little histories are told. They are as follow.—The Sailor Uncle—The Farm House—The Changeling—The Father's Wedding Day—The Young Mahometan—Visits to the Cousins—The Witch Aunt—The Merchant's Daughter—First Time of going to Church—The Sea-Voyage.—With much satisfaction do we express our unqualified praise of these elegant and most instructive tales; some of them are delightfully simple and exquisitely told. The 'Sailor-Uncle,' or 'Elizabeth Villiers,' has much feeling and good sense pourtrayed in it; the child or the parent who reads this little history, will, in spite of any resolution to the contrary, be touched to the heart, if not melted into tears. The 'Changeling,' or 'Ann Withers,' is what we next prefer; it is related with great feeling, and a most excellent moral may be drawn by young and old from the perusal. The 'Father's Wedding Day,' or 'Ellinor Forrester,' is a *little love*; whoever wrote it, much honour is due to him or to her for description, feeling, and superiority of thought. The very wrong and careless method, to say no worse of it, of leaving children to wander about and amuse themselves as they like with books, is very well condemned by the stories of the 'Witch Aunt,' or 'Maria Howe,' and the 'Young Mahometan,' or 'Margaret Green.' The last history, the 'Sea-Voyage,' or 'Arabella Hardy,' is most sweetly told, and a most delicious little thing. The perusal was highly gratifying. We were interested by the simplicity of the narrative, and by the judicious and instructive remarks. Morose and crabbed censors, as we are represented to be, we closed the volume, wishing that there had been another, and lamenting that we had got to the last.

ART. 27.—*Learning better than House and Land, as exemplified in the History of a Squire and a Cowherd.* By J. Carey, LL. D. Tabart and Co. 1808.

AS the moral of these juvenile performances is the main object, the more pleasing the story combined with it, the more instruction it is likely to convey. This little work intends to describe the solid advantages which may be derived from learning; and to make this more apparent, the author gives us a little tale in which two families are pourtrayed with some ingenuity. Harry Johnston is heir to a fine property, and a seat in parliament: every expense is lavished on him, and every master procured to make him a good

scholar, but, like many young masters of the present age as well as the last, he does not choose to learn. Some unexpected misfortunes induce his father and mother to embark for America, where, after much suffering from anxiety of mind, &c. they die, leaving the ignorant boy to make his own way. In so doing he feels the *want of learning*. The other family are described as peasants. Thomas Hobson is the cow-herd to Mr. or Squire Johnstone, and has saved a hundred pounds by his great industry and carefulness, but being turned out of his employ, owing to the misfortunes of his master, he also determines to seek his and his son's fortune in America. His son, Dick Hobson, has had a little schooling, and by means of singular assiduity and some assistance which he received from friends, he acquires enough when he gets to New York, to obtain employment as clerk to a merchant's house, whilst the other lad, Harry Johnstone, from neglecting his studies, is obliged to condescend to practice the *art of shaving*. So that the maxim of learning being better than house or land is exemplified in the vicissitudes of Harry Johnstone and Dick Hobson.

ART. 28.—*Crosby's Farmer's, Grazier's, Steward's, Bailiff's, and Cattle-keeper's Pocket Book for 1809; containing a general Account of Live and Dead Stock; a Quarterly Kalendar of Business to be performed in the Farm; a Journal ruled for every Day in the Year, &c. &c. Third Edition, corrected.* Crosby.

THIS is an improved and enlarged edition of a work which we noticed in a former number of the C.R.

ART. 29.—*The Spanish Post Guide, as published at Madrid by Order of the Government. Translated from the Original in order to be prefixed to the new Edition of Mr. Semple's Journey in Spain, &c. and illustrated by a Map.* Baldwin, 1808. Prices. 2s. 6d.

IN this work the different routes from Madrid to all parts of the peninsula are distinctly marked in the map, and printed in the book, with the distances in leagues, and the expence of travelling, &c. Its utility at the present period will procure purchasers without our recommendation.

ART. 30.—*A Series of Mercantile Letters intended to give a Knowledge of Business to those young Persons, whose Views are directed to Commerce, and for the Use of Schools.* By E. Hodgkins. 12mo. Boosey. 1808.

TO give a just idea of the nature of commerce, and some practical knowledge of business to young persons before they enter the counting house, has been the principal object in view in the compilation of these letters.

ART. 31.—*A plain, rational, and patriotic Essay on English Grammar; the main Object of which is to point out a plain, rational, and permanent Standard of Pronunciation; to which is given, a Key or Gamut, still more simple, plain, and easy than that given to Music; pointing out the Quality and Quantity, or the Duration and Sound of every Prosaic English Syllable and Word, whether native or borrowed, according to a just, natural, and cultivated Ear, which coincides with the present Mode of good Speakers in the Metropolis, and of course, with our Standard Accent Laws. By Duncan Mackintosh and his two Daughters. Barba- does, the 12th of April, 1805. 8vo. Faulder. 1808.*

PRONUNCIATION is better taught by practice than by any rules. Indeed, there are delicacies in the variation of sounds which no rules can reach. The author has evidently bestowed much pains in constructing the system which he has here presented to the public: and perhaps foreigners or other persons who are not in the way of hearing the English language correctly pronounced, may be considerably benefited by a careful attention to the rules of Mr. Mackintosh, whose book will, at the same time, serve as a grammar of the language. In the commencement of this work we are informed that the author, 'was a native of Inverness in Scotland, but many years resident in the West Indies, where he once possessed a comfortable independence,' and where 'he lately died, leaving two daughters without any means of support, and for whose benefit this work is intended to be sold.' Such intelligence would disarm the severity of criticism even were we inclined to be severe. We are told that subscriptions are received by Mr. J. Faulder, bookseller, Bond-street. We heartily hope that the extensive sale of Mr. Mackintosh's book may be the means of providing a subsistence for his destitute children.

ART. 32.—*An Essay on the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Booth, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, in Little Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. By William Jones. 8vo. 4s. Button. 1808.*

BUT few particulars of the life of Mr. Booth are related in this work, and the remarks on his writings are an indiscriminate effusion of unqualified praise. Mr. Booth was a strenuous retailer of what is falsely called *evangelical* religion. He is said, when very young, to have manifested 'marks of piety;' to have been 'frequently overheard in private prayer,' and 'to have had a solemn and abiding concern for the salvation of his soul when he was about eleven years of age.' When we find this character given of a boy, we cannot but lament that one so young should so soon have become a hypocrite. We do not profess to be physiognomists, but if we were to attempt to descry moral qualities in the features of the face, we should say that the character of hypocrite was very legibly written in those of Mr. Abraham Booth. His face, according to the engraving of it which is prefixed to this essay, is that of a man whom we should expect to be 'frequently overheard in private prayer.' If Mr. Booth did not intend to be overheard when he

prayed, why did he not pray to himself? but, if he did intend to be heard, why did he pray in private, as if he wished his devotion to be concealed? This trait which Mr. Jones has recorded of his early life was one of pharisaical ostentation, which did not quit him as he grew old; but was one of those early marks of character which remained to the extremity of life. The following sentence may serve as a specimen of Mr. Jones's style, and of the manner in which he preserves unity and consistency of imagery in his diction:

'Here we may take occasion to remark, as one of the peculiar excellencies of the gospel of the grace of God, as what displays its glory and manifests its power, that the more the mind is *filled* with it, humbling the sinner, *emptying* him of all his self-sufficiency, and *reducing* him to an entire dependence on the grace and strength that are in Christ Jesus, the more it *diffuses* into the mind *solid* joy and happiness, and *excites* to the most vigorous exertions, to spend, and be spent for the Saviour's sake.'

In this *elegant* sentence we find Mr. Jones *filling* in order to produce *emptiness*, *consolidating* by means of *fluidity*, and *invigorating* by a *reduction of strength*. Such is the nonsense which is talked by religionists, who, like Mr. Abraham Booth, and his panyrist, Mr. Jones, lose sight not only of grammatical propriety, but of common sense!

ART. 23.—*The Logographic-emblematical French Spelling Book, or French Pronunciation made easy, &c. 3d Edition, corrected, and considerably improved. By M. Lenoir. Tabart, Old Bond-street. 1808.*

MONSIEUR Lenoir *is truly a Frenchman!* We do not condemn his method, though we cannot altogether commend the idea of teaching a child to speak without understanding what it says. But that we may not be too hasty we will subjoin one or more of the many of Monsieur Lenoir's *certificates*, attesting the efficacy of this method;

'This is to certify, that M. Lenoir, four years ago enabled my sister, Maria Cromak, by his logographic-emblematical method, to read French fluently and at first sight, and communicated to her the most exact and accurate pronunciation, in the course of six-and-thirty lessons. And as witness to the fact I have signed the present.

(Signed)

R. H. CROMAK.

'Great Marlborough-street, Feb. 1, 1799.'

"I do hereby certify and attest, that, on the 28th of November last, M. Lenoir began his attendance, as a French master, on my daughter, who is seven years of age; and that, by his logographic-emblematical method he has in the course of *eight and forty lessons*, enabled her to read fluently and without hesitation, at first sight, in any French book, with the utmost propriety and most accurate pronunciation, *even without understanding a syllable of what*

she was reading : and in approbation of the said method, I have signed the present.

(Signed)

SELENE HOPPNER.

Charles-Street, St. James's Square, Feb. 21. 1799.

If any of our readers have heard of Dr. Solomon's certificates specifying his prowess in curing all manner of terrible disorders, the above will not be new in the phraseology and force of attestation ; if they have not, Monsieur Lenoir's certificates will be not only vastly entertaining, but really edifying.

In the Critical Review for next month and in all the succeeding numbers we shall devote one or two pages to an *alphabetical Monthly Catalogue* ; or correct list of all the new publications that appear within the month with the prices annexed. Several correspondents have expressed a desire to see such a catalogue placed at the end of the C. R. ; and we have little doubt but that it will be generally gratifying to our readers.

The Appendix to Volume XV. of the C. R. containing various articles of Foreign Literature, with a Digest of Literature and of Politics for the last four months ; will be published on the first of next month.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Borland has left with the publisher various papers respecting the controversy connected with the 5th Report of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry. One of these is his diploma, by which we find that he received the degree of M.D. from the *University of St. Andrews*, in 1796. The others being written memorials, we have not read, as we think that our duty requires of us the perusal of printed works only.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald's letter has afforded us some merriment ;—we are sorry that he should be angry.

List of Articles, which with many others will appear in the next number of the C. R.

Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.

Philosophical Transactions, part 1, for 1808.

Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kaim.

Appendix to Murray's Life of Bruce.

Fischer's Picture of Valentin.

Amphlet's Ned Bentley.

Reece's Medical Dictionary.

Cottle's Cambria.

Flower versus Clayton, &c.

THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. XV.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Histoire Critique, &c.*

Critical History of English Philosophism, &c. By M. Tabaraud. Continued from p. 197. of Vol. XIV.

IN our last Appendix, we contented ourselves with giving a general view of the design with which this work appears to have been composed, and an outline of the argument pursued in the introductory chapter, promising if we should discover in the subsequent part of the book any thing worthy of particular observation, to make it the subject of a future article. As the author appeared to set out with Leland's well-known work on the deistical writers for his guide, we apprehended that we might probably from its want of originality, have been spared the trouble of examining it any further; but upon perusal, we find sufficient reason to alter that impression. Whether M. Tabaraud be a writer of so much eminence and of such general estimation in his own country, as to afford the conclusion that his sentiments are evidences of the present state of religion, as regenerated by the imperial decree we know not. We would still hope, (though from contemplating the fabric of their civil government we cannot say we expect), that after their late violent oscillations from the extremes of bigotry, to the extremes of licentiousness on philosophical subjects, the French nation would at last have settled their system of faith on a foundation rather more enlarged and reasonable than that of which M. Tabaraud seems to exhibit the sketch. But perhaps it is more consistent with human nature, as well as more analogous to the civil state of the nation, to believe that so violent and blind an impulse as that which directed the late revolution both of religion and politics, could not

but be immediately followed by a rebound equally violent and guideless ; and that we must still wait for the silent and gradual operations of reason, assisted by an all-wise and all-directing providence, to produce light out of darkness, and truth out of error and inconsistency.

It is at least very natural, (or rather it cannot be otherwise) that such of the old French clergy, or of those who were blindly attached to the doctrines of the Gallican church before the revolution, as viewed with horror the gradual advances of false philosophy and religion, unable from the prejudices of their education to separate the progress of truth from that of its concomitant falsehoods and extravagancies, should now look back with added detestation to the fountain (however pure) from which proceeded that turbid and overwhelming torrent. Under this view, we must estimate with candour and many grains of allowance, the principles and motives of a man, who evidently judging from events, and blinded by the early prejudices which those events have tended to root more firmly in his mind, confounds in his writings effects with causes, the prerogatives of reason with the abuses of theoretical vanity, the abstruse researches of Locke's patient and enquiring philosophy with the wild and unfounded speculations of Voltaire's predetermined infidelity.

M. Tabaraud commences his historical examination with Lord Herbert, against whose philosophy he argues principally after Leland ; and wherever he has added observations of his own, they are generally strong and unexceptionable. After representing very fairly Herbert's leading principle that, " God whose providence is universal, must have given to all men the means of salvation, which means exist in natural religion ;" that " God has imprinted on the human mind innate ideas of the first principles of religion and morality, has given to all men a natural understanding of their duties, an intimate and necessary perception of moral obligations," &c. &c. and therefore that " there was no need of an outward revelation to instruct men in the practice of their duties." M. Tabaraud justly remarks that the history of mankind gives the lie to all this hypothesis, and then adds

' Herbert supposes that the common notions, of which he has composed the five fundamental articles of his system,* are so

* Herbert's five principles of natural religion are shortly these: 1. The existence of God. 2. Necessity of worship. 3. That practical virtue is the most acceptable worship. 4. That repentance is necessary to forgiveness. 5. Future retribution. It will hardly be denied that a thinking man may without a divine revelation, persuade himself of the truth of these articles at least

clear, that no reasonable being can deny them, or be ignorant of them; that they are so necessary that no man can dispense with himself from adhering to them. Yet how many people do we see, even among philosophers, who entertain ideas widely different from them? how many, who if they were sincere, would be forced to acknowledge that their strongest prejudices against christianity arise in great measure from this circumstance; that it places those very articles in a point of view too impressive, that it confirms them by too formal a sanction, that it recommends too strictly the belief and the practice of them?' VOL. I. p. 91.

By a species of inconsistency, which as M. Tabaraud frequently remarks is not at all uncommon among philosophers, Herbert elsewhere appears to admit the possibility that a revelation may be requisite, and that God may think proper to grant it; but then, he says, arguing from the goodness and power of God, "such revelation must be universal, else it wants the great stamp of authenticity." To this the answer of Clarke does not seem quite satisfactory, that even natural religion wants the stamp which is contended for. The argument which M. Tabaraud adopts is bolder and more complete. "The Christian revelation is universal." In pulling down the old party-wall between Jew and Gentile, it evinces the great characteristic of universality. If some nations or individuals receive it sooner, others later, some in one shape or degree, some in another, this does not destroy its universality, nor need we cavil at this dispensation of Providence any more than at those which we every day observe in the natural order of things, where his goodness appears (but only appears) to be as unequally distributed.

Blount, the celebrated translator of Philostratus, next comes under review. In mentioning his "Summary of the Deist's Religion," M. Tabaraud takes particular notice of the prefixed letter of Dr. Sydenham, comparing a reluctant admission there made by the philosopher to a well-known anecdote of Melancthon, and attempting to draw from thence an argument in favour of popery, to which neither circumstance gives in fact a fair handle. The first is only a mark of the inconsistency of a bigoted theorist,

to a sufficient degree to influence his practice. Herbert's error seems to be the belief of an innate moral sense sufficiently strong to enforce an universal assent to, and dependance on those principles, not only without evangelical interference, but even without examination. The absurdity of such an hypothesis must, we should imagine, have immediately struck upon a mind the least conversant with the history of man, unless warped by the prejudices of a favourite theory. Rev.

the second an allowance in favour of female weakness, and the exhausted energies of old age, which reflects the highest honour on the sensibility and candour of him who made it, and real disgrace on the blind missionary zeal of many truly catholic churches.

The life of Hobbes presents in many respects a true and ample comment on his writings. His weak and shuffling conduct in politics, his hypocritical behaviour towards the church, his professions, his recantations, his guiding principle, ("that it is allowable to employ ill instruments for the furtherance of good;") his habitual declaration, ("should they cast me into a pit, and the devil present to me his cloven foot, I would catch hold of it to get out again;") his horror of death, and the dreadful words which he uttered with his dying breath, ("how happy should I be, could I hide myself in some hole and creep by stealth out of this world!") All these circumstances would seem to justify the conclusion which our author has borrowed from other writers, that Hobbes had no religion at all; no fixed principle of faith nor of philosophy. His most leading paradoxes have something in them so revolting that there is hardly any modern unbeliever, although far more firmly rooted in infidelity, and more systematic in his opposition to received modes of faith, who does not shrink from the imputation of Hobbesism.

'You may see J. J. Rousseau deliver him up to the execration of the human race, as a detestable blasphemer, for having maintained that the authority of a sovereign can be in opposition to that of God, of honour, and of nature. Diderot his panegyrist, and in some points his disciple, is forced to acknowledge that he was the assailant of humanity, and the apologist of tyranny. Voltaire apostrophizes him in these words; "profound and strange philosopher, thou who hast uttered truths which do not balance thine errors, thou who wast in many things, the precessor of Locke, but also of Spinoza - it is in vain that thou astonishest thy readers by almost proving to them that there are no laws in the world, but those established by contract; that just and unjust are only what each nation agrees to call so. If thou hadst been alone with Cromwell on a desert island, and Cromwell attempted to kill thee for the part thou hadst taken on the side of royalty, would not this design have appeared to thee as unjust in thy new island, as in thy native country? You say that in the law of nature all men having a right to all, every one has a right over the life of his fellow. Do you not confound right and power, canst thou think that in fact power gives right, that a young and robust son ought not to blame himself for having assassinated a sick and decrepit parent? whoever studies morality should begin by refuting thy book in his heart.'" VOL. I. P. 178.

Voltaire delighted to set all his arguments in the most glaring point of view, to prove all his propositions by means of extreme cases, but Hobbes's system is too extravagant to require a laboured refutation, and too revolting to make it necessary to apply extreme cases for the detection of its fallacy. In asserting the horrible doctrine of "universal depravity," the philosopher of Malmsbury may claim a fraternal embrace from some of our *truly orthodox* divines; so closely allied in many important respects, are the pretensions of a *saving faith* to the wanderings of infidelity. But this, the doctrine alike of gloomy atheism and of calvinistic bigotry, our author has well refuted, asserting the cause of insulted humanity with much freedom of spirit, and real eloquence of language.

In one point of contest against Hobbes's system, we cannot help avowing our suspicion that M. Tabaraud, as a catholic, has a decided advantage over a member of our own establishment.

In all civilized states there exist two distinct powers, the civil and the ecclesiastical, the relations between which have been the subject of endless disputes. In this respect the two most widely opposite ends of the question have been maintained by the Presbyterians and by the followers of Hobbes. The former "would regulate the exercise of civil power by ideas purely ecclesiastical;" the latter would implicitly submit "the power of church to reasons of state."

'It ought to be observed, that Hobbes had taken the idea of his ecclesiastical system from that which governs the English church. This church, in giving supremacy to the king, made for itself (says Bossuet) a principle of unity which Jesus Christ and the gospel have not established. It transformed the church into a political body, and gave room to the erection of as many different churches as there are civil societies. "This idea of church government," adds the learned prelate, "had its origin in the minds of Henry VIII. and his flatterers, and had never before been known to Christians." VOL. I. P. 219.

There is in truth, a very plain line of distinction lying equally between the two extremes of Hobbes and the Presbyterians, and it may perhaps be safe to affirm that the more nearly that line is made the rule of ecclesiastical government, the more nearly it will answer the end proposed by the great founder of our religion.

It will be necessary for our readers to summon to their aid every grain of allowance which we have stated to be in our opinion, due to M. Tabaraud; nor even then perhaps will they learn with patience that this "defender of the faith;" has thought fit to insert the name of LOCKE in the

black list of proscribed unbelievers. He thinks it necessary indeed to make some apology for this arbitrary step, acknowledging that Locke had no direct intention of undermining Christianity by his writings, but that Christianity was nevertheless seriously injured by them. He says of Locke's system of faith pretty much what Falstaff said of Sir Walter Blunt's rebellion. "He did not set out with a design to attack religion, but religion came in his way, and he struck her."

As we are decidedly of opinion that this assertion of M. Tabaraud's is calculated to hurt religion a great deal more than the works which he accuses of leading to that effect, it will not be amiss to examine a little closely the species of evidence upon which Locke is here convicted of a crime allowed to be so foreign from his intentions. In the first place we may observe that the opinions which led to this conviction, originated very evidently, in the mind of M. Tabaraud, from prejudice; from a prejudice very natural, we had almost said excusable, in a Frenchman of the old school, but which ought to have been coolly applied to the test of reason before he had suffered it to hurry him to such extremities. Voltaire affected to consider Locke as the guide of his belief, the father of his philosophy. It was by his name that he swore; in his name that he promulgated all his most extravagant doctrines; under his name that he shielded himself from the charges of immorality and irreligion which he so richly merited. Had the French clergy possessed sufficient liberality to make a free use of their reason in matters of religion, as many of them certainly possessed acuteness enough to have improved that use to the utmost, neither could Voltaire any longer have sworn by Locke's name nor shielded himself beneath it, nor could Locke have suffered in any virtuous or reflecting mind from the unworthy purposes for which his name had been so employed.

The first train of argument against Locke gives us no high idea of the candour with which M. Tabaraud entered on his examination. His intimate friends were Shaftesbury, Collins, Toland, Leclerc, and Limborch, all Socinians, Arminians, and unbelievers; (the same thing to a catholic) from which we suppose Mons. T. would have us infer that Locke was a Socinian, Arminian, and unbeliever also. When Toland published his "Christianity without Mystery," Locke did not, because the English bishops excommunicated him, think it necessary to shut his doors against him too. On his death-bed he wrote to Collins, who, as is afterwards confessed, had not then written any one of his books against religion. Nevertheless, this very letter is imputed to the writer as a crime; which bears in fact most honourable tes-

timony to the benevolence of his heart, the warmth and steadiness of his friendship, and even to the firmness of his belief in the fundamental truths of religion. But says Mons. T. "we cannot discover in this letter any of that supernatural faith which alone penetrates the heart of a real Christian." What is this but saying that Locke was free from that most pernicious qualification of methodists and papists, religious enthusiasm, and that his religion was the religion of reason? Again, "all announces that he died as he had lived, impressed with those principles of *socinianism and deism*, which we find in his writings." Do our readers wish to go any farther for evidence of the spirit in which M. Tabaraud has set down Locke as a companion fit for Hobbes and Mandeville?

"The opinion of the university of Oxford against Locke's system greatly outweighs those of Voltaire and La Harpe in its favour." Let it be so; and do the opinions of an university, notorious for high-flown orthodoxy, outweigh those of a sister university, which not only approved the doctrines so condemned, but esteems them still as among the most important articles in its regular course of study? After all, whoever thought before M. Tabaraud of bringing evidence *as to character* on such a question as this? Let us see what more he makes of the internal testimony afforded by the work itself.

The doctrine that ideas are not innate, Mons. T. assumes to be true only "as to abstract ideas," but false "as to simple primitive ideas." He cautions us against confounding ideas with sensations, and cites St. Augustin, "that Adam was created with ideas, and that all the children of Adam are created like him?" So far we do not think that the system is overturned or the author proved to be an atheist. Then follows an argument from Sherlock. "If no innate ideas, then no natural belief in God—and thus the atheists are entrenched in their strong hold." How so? does the proof of God's existence depend in the smallest possible degree upon the question whether we are born with the knowledge of it, or subsequently endowed with powers which enable us to obtain that knowledge? The next objection is that the doctrine of all our ideas being presented by the senses leads necessarily and immediately to materialism. This is very roundly asserted; but nevertheless, since Locke no where confesses his belief in materialism, but leaves the nature of the soul's essence a doubtful point, "unsearchable and past finding out;" and since Locke appears to us to have been at least as close a metaphysician as M. Tabaraud, he must excuse us for doubting if the consequence is so necessary or immediate as he would have it to be. But admitting, for

the sake of argument, that the deduction is plain, how has M. Tabaraud advanced one step farther in his proof? Is not *the resurrection of the body* one of those articles without a firm belief in which an orthodox Christian will tell you you are sure to be damned? If the body, which we know to be material, is immortal, why may not the soul be material and immortal also? But atheists in all ages have preferred the doctrine of materialism as most convenient to them. Be it so; it does not follow from that, that the doctrine is atheistical.

After many successive pages of the most unargumentative protestations against this socinian, arminian, heathenish, atheistical doctrine, we are surprized by a concession a little extraordinary, considering all that has gone before, and which could have proceeded only from the sudden perception of inability to prove the point intended. "We do not reproach Locke with doubting the soul's immortality; (this is very kind indeed in M. Tabaraud), "but" he adds, "we do reproach him with breaking the chain of proofs by which that truth is established." Now, since it can be pretty plainly proved that the immortality of the soul has, in reality, nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of Locke's theory respecting innate ideas, this can mean no more than that the schoolmen of Paris have been in the habit of proving a fundamental truth by certain steps which are unsafe, but if they will take the trouble to turn ever so little to the right or left, they will find a firm wide staircase conducting to the very same end, though wholly unconnected with that which they have been forced to abandon. If they are no longer able to prove the soul's immortality from its innate perceptions, which at best is but an equivocal kind of proof, the great and decisive evidence, from the goodness and moral government of God, from the fervent desires and apparent tendencies of our nature, from the manifest imperfections in the scheme of providence, if considered without reference to a future state, and lastly from the solemn and direct promises communicated to us by revelation, all these and many more convincing arguments remain, nor can we plainly see how a man retaining such strong and positive grounds of faith is to be called an enemy to religion, because he believes that men have no innate ideas.

We wish to disclaim all pretensions of setting up in the present instance as defenders of Locke's system of philosophy, because any such design would lead us to much greater length of argument than we can conveniently enter upon in such a publication as this. Our sole intention at present is, to expose the strange conclusions which M.

Tabaraud attempts to draw from his writings to the prejudice of his religious principles. If therefore we omit every argument in support of his theory, which is unconnected with this particular end, we must be held excused for the intentional neglect.

The next point on which our author conceives Locke's religious system to be vulnerable, is his doctrine on that eternal subject of metaphysical wrangling, the first which, according to Milton, perplexed the minds of the fallen angels :

Foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge, absolute.

It seems that in M. Tabaraud's opinion, Locke is not so explicit on this mysterious topic as befits an orthodox Christian. Perhaps not ; but we may fairly ask is M. Tabaraud with all his orthodoxy, at all more intelligible? Instead of arguing infidelity or atheism from one set of opinions or the other, is it not much more candid to avow, that among all the great men who have espoused either side of the question, not one has brought us nearer to consistency than a mere poet who denies that consistency can be attained on the subject?

Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,
What is this little agile pervious fire,
This fluttering motion which we call the mind ?
How does she act, and where is she confined ?
Have we the power to guide her as we please ?
Whence then those evils that obstruct our ease ?
We happiness pursue—we fly from pain—
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain.
And while poor nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our fickle will,
Dashes our rising hopes with certain ill,
And makes us with reflected trouble see
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.*

In many of these high and unattainable mysteries of our nature, we cannot help fancying the poets more logical in *bitching* the question than the philosophers in pretending to argue it.

Our author admits that Locke still maintains the certainty of the fundamental principles of morality, even while he contends that they are not evident to intuition—that he holds

those principles capable of demonstration even to a degree of mathematical precision—what then is the argument against him? That God would not have suffered his creatures to depend on demonstration for such important truths,—that God is the first of our ideas—that that idea *must* be innate *from its nature*—that it is impossible but God must have implanted the idea of himself in the minds of all his creatures—that he never would have left them to work it out by themselves through the medium of sense, &c. &c. &c. Most worthy is M. Tabaraud to enter the lists, against Locke as a logician! How does he prove his assertions? How can he presume to judge of the motives and designs of the creator? If God has bestowed upon us the gift of reason to aid us in finding him out, have we any reason to complain that he did not alter the whole course of his providence to give us the same discovery without the assistance of reason?

We have already been surprised by an admission of M. Tabaraud's in the face of all his preceding line of argument, just there where we should least have expected it, and have given our reasons for imputing it rather to inability than to any extraordinary degree of candour that he was induced to make it. Just in this place, or very soon afterwards, another admission occurs for which we were not more prepared than for the former, nor can we be at all more charitable in our construction of it. "After all, Locke is *much more guarded* in his Essay on the Human Understanding than in many of his other works." Yet where is the doctrine accompanied with half the fatal consequences that M. Tabaraud has already attributed to that of the non-existence of innate ideas? Or what is this remark but a concession that these consequences do not necessarily proceed from that principle?

A little lower down our author lets us gradually into a more accurate perception of the real grounds on which Locke has become the object of his crusading animosity. "By rendering reason the judge of the sense of scripture and revelation, Locke falls into the system of the *Socinians*." This is, at least in our opinion, a little different from falling into the system of the *Deists*. Mons. T. thinks otherwise, but his prejudices are no excuse for the confusion of his terms. He thus fairly enough, we imagine, expounds the system of religion *so laid down*. Locke, in his "Reasonable Christianity," reduces all necessary faith to the belief, "that Jesus Christ is the Messiah." All other articles of belief are but consequential, and the persuasion of them must depend upon the various impressions which they are calculated to make on various minds. The gospels and acts are

the sole depository of the pure doctrine of Christ. The Epistles are not to be regarded as rules of faith; for the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost taught the Apostles no other doctrines than Christ himself had taught. The sole use of the Epistles is to furnish means of solution to difficult passages, and to develop more largely the object of Christ's mission.

On some of these points many men will say that Locke has gone further than religion warrants—but no candid man will assert that any one of his doctrines proved him to be without religion. If his opinions are many of them Socinian, it must be acknowledged that many Socinians have gone yet further without subjecting themselves to the imputation (in any liberal mind) of Deism.

But, in order to believe that Christ is the Messiah, say his opponents, it is necessary to know what is Christ, and what is the Messiah. The answer to this objection is plain—we do so to all essential purposes. We know that Christ is a being (no matter of what nature) divinely commissioned to reveal to mankind all that is necessary to regulate their conduct on earth, and to fit them for immortality. We know also that this is the description of the Messiah; that there can be but one person to answer that description; and consequently, “that Christ is the Messiah.”

It is certain that Locke imbibed Arminianism during his residence in Holland—that on his return he conceived the scheme of universal toleration into which many worthy men of every persuasion then entered with an ardour worthy of a better result. It was a fundamental principle of these benevolent projectors, that “nothing can be more impertinent nor more ridiculous than the term *orthodoxy* as asserted by any man, or set of men whatever.”

This system as may be supposed, calls for our author's severest reprobation. “It tends to overturn completely *Christianity and all its mysteries*.” M. Tabaraud no doubt proposes to himself some wonderful advantage in argument from this unpardonable confusion of terms. *We also* believe that the extensive scheme of toleration planned by Locke and his associates would have contributed essentially to expose the whole system of false and pernicious *mysteries* by which mankind has been deceived, and religion degraded during so long a lapse of ages; but we are also firmly convinced that by so doing, it would have established pure and *reasonable Christianity*, on the most certain and immutable foundations.

The first publication of Collins, was his “Essay concerning the Use of Reason in Propositions, the Evidence whereof depends on Human Testimony.” This work appeared in

the year 1707, three years after the death of Locke, whom therefore the most rigid saints must absolve from the imputation of living in intimacy with a known and marked infidel. Indeed the doctrines contained in this very work of which we are speaking, which must be considered as the farthest limit to which Collins's speculations had hitherto advanced, can hardly be considered as evincing any thing more than a certain latitude of thinking which afforded too much room for the approaches of infidelity. M. Tabaraud accuses him of *shewing the cloven foot* a little too openly in his discussion of that true cross of metaphysicians, the double doctrine of God's foreknowledge, and man's free will. It were perhaps better that this question, so mortifying to the ideas of the capacity of the human understanding, were laid for ever at rest—that, convinced by the most unanswerable testimony, the evidence of our senses, both that God is omniscient, and that man is free, we would rest satisfied *that it is so*, although we know not, nor can conceive *how it is*. But the curiosity inherent in our nature will not permit us to acquiesce silently in the imperfection of our reason—men will still go on endeavouring to find out that which is unsearchable; and the argument is of such a description that we cannot allow the most orthodox to have any advantage over the most free-thinking in the pursuit of it.

The controversy entered into by Collins with Clarke was meant to establish that the immortality of the soul is not the necessary consequence of its immateriality, and in this point we must say he has the advantage over his antagonist, whose only ground of defence, is that religion would suffer from the non-admission of the proof in question. But really the advantage supposed to be derived from this proof seems to us to be greatly overstrained, and to a degree utterly inconsistent with the tenets of sound orthodoxy.

The most considerable of Collins's works, and the first that can fairly and decidedly be pronounced deistical both in design and tendency is his "Discourse on Free-thinking," published 1713. The principles of this book which evinces much acumen with no small portion of misrepresentation and sophistry, are detected and exposed with a considerable portion of ability. The absurdity and downright Pyrrhonism of his two famous propositions, "nothing is to be received without examination," and "examination gives us no certainty," are clearly pointed out, but they give room to a discussion of the right of examination, in which M. Tabaraud assumes a very triumphant air, for which he has established no manner of claim, and thinks that he carries

it with a very high hand indeed in favour of the necessity of a Catholic church over the grand and immutable principle of reform. His arguments or rather the branches of his declaration, afford nothing at all new, and therefore nothing worthy of a particular answer.

Towards the conclusion of this article, our author notices the strange denunciation of Bentley—"that Collins was a Catholic in disguise." It is well known (or at least it is very confidently asserted, which most men take to mean the same thing) that many papists of those times had an idea that the surest way to make converts was by leading men first into the wildest errors of infidelity by the abuse of the protestant prerogative of reason, after which it was thought no difficult task to clap the fetters of faith upon the wandering outlaw, and bring him safely within the jurisdiction of the holy Catholic church. The process is certainly not so unreasonable as at first sight appears. The history of Dryden, among other converts of the age, affords at least a strong presumption that his mind underwent a similar succession of changes previous to its fixing in the dominions of "the milk-white hind." But the suggestion of a regular system adopted by the Jesuits with this view is too extravagant to be believed but on the most positive evidence, and probably deserves a place among the many romances of the age, the testimony of Oates and Bedloe, and the fiction of the warming-pan.

Voltaire's gross admiration of Collins, M. Tabaraud takes to be founded on the similarity of their minds, which in one respect at least, displayed a striking resemblance. Each of them was the more positive and the more dogmatical, the more he felt himself to be in the wrong. Mons. T. reproaches the English nation with permitting the epitaph inscribed, by Collins's own directions on his tomb-stone—and it must be confessed that words more applicable might have been found. "*Veritatis amicus et indagator sedulus.*"

The confined limits of our work compel us to pass over unnoticed the three succeeding articles of "Tindal," "Toland," and "Woolston;" but we must be allowed a few remarks on that of "Shaftesbury." The first observation which occurs to us affords additional evidence of the bitterness of spirit with which our good author is sometimes actuated; and which betrays him occasionally into a gross want of candour and Christian charity, not to say unpardonable misrepresentations and disguisements of the truth. After informing us that Lord Shaftesbury was educated under the inspection of his grandfather, and that Locke had a great share in the formation of his understanding, he adds the following malicious insinuation: "with such tutors

the young Shaftesbury could not but turn out a free-thinker."

Of all his works, his essay on "Common Sense," in which he first maintained the celebrated paradox, that "ridicule is the test of truth," appears to us to have been the most seriously objectionable. Yet, even there, it is rather the inferences which may be drawn from his position than any positive professions of the author, that have subjected him to the charge of uniting his efforts with those more openly made against the truths of Christianity. The hypothesis itself, certainly untenable in any thing like the extent to which its founder would have it carried, is upon the whole well argued and sufficiently exposed—but Shaftesbury's famous assertion, "that if any thing could have overturned Christianity, during its early progress, it would have been railery, not persecution," though it carries with it an air of too great levity, is pushed perhaps, rather farther than common charity warrants, when it is said that its author meant to infer that Christianity, not having been exposed to this most infallible test, had therefore never been proved at all. The position itself, however, is properly stated to be false, whatever may be the direct inference to which it leads; since sufficient evidence remains from the writings of the Heathens to shew that Christianity was actually exposed to the test required, and that in no very mild or *unsatisfactory* degree.

The system of "Optimism," is next considered; and combated with much more vehemence, but (we think) with much less success, than the former position. "God does what he pleases," argues M. Tabaraud, "and solely according to his own free will and pleasure." This is true, but since he is all good, it is no less true that his "free will and pleasure," can only consist in the happiness of his creatures. "This system is only a dream, a chimera, which under the shew of religion is intimately connected with incredulity." M. Tabaraud certainly asserts this, but we look in vain for the proof of it. If it is a dream it must be confessed to be at least a very pleasant, a very soothing one, and to wear every appearance of reality. Again, "the goodness of God, though infinite, is only dealt out in that measure which pleases him." This is no more than a repetition of the former argument.—That goodness which is infinite, can be pleased with nothing short of an infinite measure. It is true, that even the benevolence of God must be guided by those immutable laws which he has made necessary to the foundation and moral government of the universe. It is the first of those laws that no effect can be produced without an adequate cause; therefore no creature can enjoy per-

fect happiness until he has qualified himself for the perception of it, by that preparatory state of discipline in virtue which is essentially necessary to its existence. It is equally impossible that happiness can be attained without virtue, as that time past can be recalled.

But then "Shaftesbury's system contradicts original sin, and *therefore* saps the fundamental principles of religion." Thus is true religion abused, and confounded with the merely human deductions of canonical orthodoxy.

It is very true that the doctrine of Optimism, unconnected with that of a future state, would be "a direct insult to the miseries of life." But who has ever contended that the one *can* be argued distinctly and separately from the other? Certainly not Shaftesbury, whose arguments are all clear and express as to his firm reliance on the soul's immortality, and its ultimate happiness in a future state of existence. Nor does he contend that the wicked will escape punishment, or that the natural consequences of deviating from that virtue, which can alone ensure and lead to happiness, will not fall upon them. We are only required to believe that *all* God's creatures will be finally happy; but how soon after death, or after how many intermediate states of severe and painful probations we are utterly unable to guess. With respect to the "disinterestedness of virtue," we are much mistaken if Shaftesbury (though like other theorists he may have pushed his doctrine too far) ever meant to deny the great and important influence which hope and fear possess to direct the inclination of men towards the practice of virtue. But few good men, we imagine, will confess that their love of virtue, however it might originally have been fostered by such considerations, is still dependent on interested principles. The heart long practised in virtuous exercises, must surely cease at last to reflect on the motives which first determined it, and come to love and cherish virtue for her own sake. Then, and not till then, may we pretty safely conclude that man is actually in a state to render himself *capable* of that happiness which is the reward of the *truly* virtuous. And, on the same principle, we think it may be securely admitted (however shocking to the prejudices of an orthodox Catholic) that even an atheist from honest persuasion (if any such there be) may love the practice of virtue for her own sake, and thus capacitate himself for receiving that eternal reward, which, so far from its having actuated his hopes or fears in this life, he has even disbelieved altogether.

In asserting the defence of Shaftesbury, on this much calumniated article of belief, we but follow the just and candid interpretation of his creed, with which the unpublished cor-

respondence of a very learned and a very pious man has furnished us.

‘ I cannot but think whatever use there may be, in presenting objects of terror to the minds of men in order to restrain them from enormous crimes, and to give some check to their vicious courses, that they are altogether insufficient for producing a real principle of honesty and virtue in them. A man that is truly honest must be influenced by some nobler motive than the fear of the gallows; and he that is truly good must be so from a love of goodness, and of him who is the great fountain of it, and not merely from a fear of the devil. And surely, it can be no such mighty crime to endeavour to refine and ennoble the minds of men, (especially those which may be supposed most susceptible of refinement), to raise their views above that low and sordid selfishness, in which perhaps the generality of mankind are immersed, and to teach those who are willing to learn, to build their virtue on a more solid basis, and then to elevate it to a sublimer pitch than the grovelling senses of mortals seem to aim at.’

In another place where he is more particularly attacking the doctrines of Calvinists, (concerning whom he says very forcibly, “ it would indeed be injuring them to call them Deists, the title they are so ready to bestow on all other heretics, and I think they should not be called Atheists. Dæmonists is their proper denomination, according to Lord Shaftesbury’s just and accurate distinctions,” &c. &c.) this excellent writer adopts a more prophetic strain (we wish we might say it has been justified by events), and says,

‘ All sympathy between God and his creatures is certainly banished far enough from the calvinistic creed. Yet the psalmist tells us that, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. The merciless scheme is plainly losing ground apace, and Whiston’s prophecy hastening to its accomplishment. It has been the established and almost universal belief of fourteen centuries without producing any very considerable good fruits, at least as far as we can judge. God grant the contrary doctrine may have a better effect, and that those who will not be persuaded by the terrors of the Lord, heightened by human cruelty to forsake their sins, may be allured by the charms of his goodness, and drawn by the cords of love, the surest bands by which the heart of man can be held in captivity.’

We find ourselves now compelled to neglect several points which occur in the same chapter, and which we had marked for observation, from want of room. We more gladly avail ourselves of the same excuse for passing over the article

“Mandeville” and his degrading and abominable system in utter silence; and, with a very cursory survey of the contents of the two last chapters, shall ultimately wind up our long account with M. Tabaraud.

There are a few names of persons high in the established religion of the country, and eminent in the world of theology and literature, which Voltaire has insidiously placed in the black list of proscription, on account of some peculiarity of doctrine, or unusual liberality of opinion, and which M. Tabaraud kindly undertakes to tear out of the offensive page, ascribing the *unfortunate eccentricities* of their owners, rather to the fundamental principles of the reformation than to a decided and premeditated system of unbelief. The first of these is Jeremy Taylor, who wisely, but unorthodoxly, thought that “no man is bound to admit the truths which another thinks he has discovered,” and that “truth is the exclusive privilege of no particular sect or denomination of Christians.” The next is Tillotson, whose latitudinarianism imbibed at Cambridge, whose denial of the eternity of hell fire torments, whose disposition towards a comprehension, and to the admission of certain great and fundamental changes in the established liturgy, are acknowledged to be merely heretical, and not atheistical doctrines. Then follows Swift, whose indiscriminate propensity to satire, exposed him to reflexions with which he has certainly less right to find fault than either of the others. Warburton, whom Voltaire compliments upon being “one of the boldest infidels who have ever written,” and Wollaston, whose sins, like those of Tillotson, may be charged to the account of his *profligate* alma mater. Voltaire’s motive in ranking so many great names under the banners of infidelity may be easily divined; but why the detection of so infamous a trick on his part should not have made M. Tabaraud a little more cautious before he gave into precisely the same imposture with regard to Locke, it is rather more difficult to say.

M. Tabaraud’s design being to bring down the history of English deistical writers, no lower than the times in which Voltaire first examined their *treasures* with a view to import them into France, the more modern champions of infidelity, Hume, Gibbon, &c. &c. of course do not fall within his reach. But why Bolinbroke’s name has been so cautiously spared, that it not only forms no distinct article, but is not (to the best of our knowledge) even once mentioned in the whole course of the work, is to us unaccountable. Leland has devoted almost half his labours to the examination of that nobleman’s writings, and we should therefore, if upon no other account, have supposed that M. Tabaraud

would have bestowed particular attention upon them in some way or other, whether in support of Leland's animadversions or (in a whimsical fit of clemency) with a view to justify the noble author from the imputations so generally cast upon him.

The last chapter is devoted to Voltaire and the introduction of "English philosophism" into France under his auspices. Mons. T. fixes the date of this fatal importation at the year 1726, when Voltaire made his first voyage to our island. With true French vanity, however, which will not bear that any other nation should carry away the honours of original invention even in vice itself, he qualifies this assertion by an opinion adopted from D'Alembert and Frédéric II. that the English themselves first learned to think freely from the example of the French philosophers of the court of Louis the XIVth. On this very unimportant point, we shall only observe that we believe no one nation ever *taught* another the art of thinking; that free inquiry with all its vast and inestimable advantages, and with all its temporary and partial evils also, necessarily advances with the advance of civilization; that its progress is more immediate but also more uniform and safe, where the civil and religious government of the country present no impediments to delay or disturb it, and that if it is checked and curbed, and thwarted in the first instance by inveterate prejudices and the bulwarks of an old hereditary established system, it will at last burst with the more irresistible force over every barrier, and in the undistinguishing violence of its career bear down all the differences of vice and virtue, of truth and falsehood, till time again subdues the rapidity of its course, and reduces it to the regular channel in which it ought to have flowed from the beginning. Let any one read M. Tabaraud's own account of the state of religious opinion in France at the time when Voltaire first set up "preaching the name of Locke," the spirit of bigotry, prejudice, and persecution which kept even pace in the church with the progress of immorality and licentiousness in the state, and which increased in virulence just in proportion to the gradual but uniform approaches of reason and illumination, and let him then ask his own understanding, whether there exists a necessity for ascribing the great revolution which followed to any external causes? If there be any truth in, or any foundation for, the philosophical maxim that "extremes generate their contraries," where else can we find it so amply and satisfactorily elucidated?

ART. II.—*Untersuchungen über Geburtsadel und die Möglichkeit seiner fort dauer im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Von dem Verfasser des neuen Leviathan.* Berlin and Leipzig. 1807.

Inquiry into hereditary Nobility, and the Possibility of its Continuance in the nineteenth Century. By the Author of the New Leviathan. Berlin and Leipsick. 1807.

THE author who acquired considerable celebrity by the *New Leviathan*, commences the present work with some observations on pretension and right. Men living in society have both pretensions and rights. They are indebted for the first to the constitutions of nature, and for the other to those of society. The only foundation of what he terms a pretension or claim (anspruch) is the *general* fitness which men derive from nature for the different acts of social life; the only foundation of a right is the determination of that general fitness, to some of the *particular* acts of social life. Hence a right is nothing else than a pretension or claim, which is realized; and realized agreeably to the laws of nature; and hence it follows that it is essentially a right conceived in the moment of realization. Those who are born blind, deaf, and dumb, &c. are wanting in the general fitness for the different acts of social life; and there is consequently a defect in their pretensions or claims. Thus the pretensions of all organized beings are the same, because their organization is the same. Where, in any particular society, a difference is made in respect to pretensions, it can proceed only from the lawgiver's not having sufficiently studied the law of nature. This is an unpardonable fault, since the goodness of a social law depends upon its subordination to the law of nature. No lawgiver falls into the error of changing a right into a pretension, and why should a pretension be capriciously converted into a right? The science of legislation is indeed still in its infancy, and this will continue to be the case till the natural law, as it is revealed in the nature of man, is elevated above the law which is the product of social institutions.

Since, with a few exceptions in which nature thinks right to deviate from her eternal laws, all are born with the same general fitness for the different acts of social life; or in other words, since our organization is the same, so are the pretensions or claims which are founded on that organization, the same. Hence all pretensions and claims involve the idea of equality. But as different capacities for the different acts of social life, distinguish different individuals, this difference of capacity constitutes a difference of *right*. Hence follows an *inequality of rights*. But, how could nature at the same

time will what was equal and unequal? Nature would have been inconsistent with herself, if she had willed both in reference to pretension, and in reference to right; but her consistency is preserved by her having willed equality only in reference to pretension, and inequality only in reference to right.

It is only the equality of pretension which can be regarded as a work of nature; for the inequality of right is the effect of human contrivance, which begins to operate when nature ceases to interpose. Nature can be accountable for the inequality of right only so far as she wills the existence of human society. But the inequality of right is in itself no object of reproach; for without this inequality there could be no other society than what was composed of independent and disjointed parts.

He who makes the inequality of right the object of unconditional and indiscriminate abuse, only proves that he is ignorant of the very essence of society. Such was the case of J. J. Rousseau, whose reasoning on social inequality, is founded on a confused intermixture of the ideas of pretension and of right. The wrongs against which he so warmly inveighs, do not owe their origin to the inequality of right, but to that of pretension. There are certain functions without which society cannot exist, which must be assigned to particular classes, without regarding the internal goodness of the individuals.

Where all the social functions are laid open to all the members of a society, the highest possible will be the object of general competition, in which will be included every thing which can be called capacity and virtue. But where the general competition is repressed by an impassable line, dejection and imbecility must ensue. He who destroys the equality of pretensions, and substitutes the inequality of privileges in its place, perverts the design of nature; and by such a medley of ignorance neither political health nor strength can be produced. A pine-apple might as well be raised in the condensed air of a cellar. If we wish for a social system full of the energy of life, it can be effected only one way; by equality of pretension, and inequality of right. In other words pay a holy deference to the will of nature in the formation of organic laws. Nature has made no differences in the organization of man; and capacities which are the effect of habit, ought not to be confounded with organization.

Would any inequality of pretension be found among a race of *avroxboves*? What is it then which introduces the inequality of pretensions into social systems? Is it not the subjection, which ensues when a rude people conquers another, annihilates all the rights of man, changes persons into things,

and introduces slavery? We cannot conceive how any people should attempt their own subjugation; this would be as unnatural as for any individual voluntarily to mutilate himself. Thus we cannot see how an inequality of pretensions or claims should take place among a race of *autochthons*. The equality of pretension, and the inequality of right would rather be established among them in the highest perfection. And as both could not exist together without an excellent organization of the government, we should find among such a people the best organic laws.

To the question, why if nature willed the equality of pretensions or claims, did she render the inequality possible, the author gives the following answer:—since nature left to man the creation of the political world, she would not, at least directly, interfere in the formation of political laws. She left it to the sagacity of man to discover an undeviating criterion of the good or evil, the excellences or defects of his political creation. The errors which he committed as a legislator left in their consequences matter for reflection; conquest, and subjection did not prevent the establishment of good social laws; they rather led to them though by a circuitous rout. Conquerors indeed imagined that they could convert those who for a moment submitted to their power into perpetual slaves; but this was so far from being the case, that they only established relations which accelerated the production of more correct principles. Whether the equality of claims which nature willed, was established a century sooner or later, was a matter of indifference, when all her measures was so taken that it could not be ultimately prevented. Indeed depotism is continually producing the means of its own destruction; and that system only can be permanent which accords with the nature of things, and the moral constitution of the world.

The barbarians of the middle ages would have been wary of destroying the equality of pretensions if they had any notion that it formed the true basis for an inequality of rights. But they never reflected on the benefit of social laws. The same may be affirmed of those who think to give a perpetual duration to the privileges which they enjoy. By such privileges an inequality of rights is substituted for an equality of pretensions, and bad laws appropriate to birth what only virtue should possess. Can such a system be perpetual? It has been ascertained by the experience of all places and times, that an inequality of pretensions ends in an equality of rights, and that the misery which is connected with such a revolution can be prevented only by restoring the equality of pretensions. This truth should be impressed on all those states in which the privileged cannot bring themselves to

perceive that an equality of pretensions is the purest source of an inequality of rights.

Privileges, if not useful, are at least harmless where they are circumscribed within the bounds of an inequality of right. But when they pass this barrier, and encroach on the equality of pretensions, they begin to be destructive and to stop up the source of political life.

Society cannot proceed too far in conferring rewards on its benefactors, as long as it does not render those rewards hereditary. The author says that the true reason why offices, dignities, &c. should never be hereditary, is that the father cannot convey any thing more of his essence to his son than a *general fitness for the different functions of social life*. But this general fitness is not the developement, the appropriate culture of the faculty. This is less in the power of the father in proportion as he is more employed in the duties of his office.

We must do mankind the justice to believe that they would never have rendered offices and dignities hereditary if they could have reasoned on the subject. Even in the feudal system nothing was less designed than such hereditary powers. They were established against the will of those whom we are wont to name the authors of this system, and were rather the product of necessity than of choice. The principal cause consisted in the incapacity of the kings to remunerate their servants in any other way than by territorial gifts; the immoveable nature of which was closely connected with the hereditary possession. When this became established, the terrible consequences soon appeared. Even Charlemagne was sensible of them. In order to counteract the want of capacity and talent, which was the immediate effect of hereditary privileges, he established universities for the education of the sons of his principal officers, but these learned institutions were useful only to those who did not enjoy any hereditary privileges. When the emperor was one day present at an examination of the scholars, he commended the diligence of the youths of the middle rank, and then directing his discourse to the sons of the nobles he said, you young nobles, who are born of the first families in the kingdom, are bred up in effeminacy and luxury, and imagine that your birth and your wealth are a compensation for every defect. Thus you despise my laws, and think with impunity to prefer idleness, gaming, singing, and trivial accomplishments to the acquisition of useful knowledge; but your nobility, your frivolity, and conceit will not pass for much with me, and if you do not improve, you shall have good reason to repent of the neglect. The menaces of Charlemagne were of little avail. In order to render them ef-

fectual he should have taken care to establish the inequality of rights, without diminishing the equality of pretensions. But he wanted means for the purpose. The great scarcity of money which prevailed in this time was one of the chief causes of hereditary privilege, as far as it was occasioned by the immutable nature of territorial gifts.

The hereditary tenure of offices and dignities, which became gradually established in the feudal system, would have diffused the essence of feudalism over the whole surface of society, had not the church interposed. The connection between both took place as early as the eighth century ; but from the time of Gregory the VIIth, the church proved of real utility to the feudal system, by employing means for its security which were quite foreign to the genius of feudal tenures. One of these was celibacy, by which the hereditary possession of ecclesiastical offices and dignities was cut up by the roots ; the other was the admission of persons from the lower ranks of life into the ministry of the church. Both these so far counteracted the effect of hereditary right, that they prevented it from degenerating into an absolute nullity of intellect. Thus it was the equality of pretensions that subsisted in the church, which prevented the total dissolution of the whole social system which must otherwise have resulted from the continuance of an inequality of pretensions in the constitution of the state.

In those countries, in which the reformation broke asunder the connection between the church and the feudal system, the hereditary aristocracy fell into such a state of imbecility as to be incapable any longer of making an effectual resistance against the sovereign, against whom their whole power had hitherto been directed. But, where the connection remained untouched, the hereditary nobles still retained some degree of energy. The higher culture of the nobles in Catholic countries may be owing to this circumstance, that the ecclesiastical dignitaries, who exceed them in rank, and enjoy almost the same privileges, serve to promote an intellectual competition which rouses them from their slumber, into which they would otherwise be plunged by the narcotic influence of hereditary rank.

From this sketch we see that the equality of pretensions which can be expelled only by hereditary privilege, is always attempting to restore itself. Society in this respect is like a body, which destined for a great length of existence, is strong enough to bear some disorders in its organic frame. It makes great efforts to remove these disorders. If it succeeds, its health returns ; if it fails, death or the cessation of all action is the unavoidable consequence of loss of strength. Perhaps it will be said that notwithstanding this

diseased organization (of hereditary privilege) as there are political bodies which have lasted a thousand years, why attempt any innovation? But we answer with the author: is not this either the language of that indolence, which will not move a step out of the common track, or of that selfishness which will not part with one of the emoluments which it has hitherto enjoyed? The science of government is not of that miserable species that may every instant be altered or overthrown by fortuitous occurrences; it has its eternal principles from which man cannot deviate without the wanton sacrifice of social happiness; that which is conformable to these principles must come to pass.

In the relations of states there must be some harmony, if they are not wont to treat each other as enemies. But how can this harmony be produced, if they are not placed by a similar organization in a state of equilibrium? Or do we think it possible to preserve this harmony where there is the greatest difference of organic form? For a certain mode of thinking is intimately blended with the political organization, and a perpetual similarity of taste might as well be expected between a healthy person and a sick; as a durable friendship between two states, of which one is founded on bad, and the other on good organic laws. What is the real cause of the political ferment of which we are all either the spectators or the victims? It is only this, that among the European states one has made the equality of pretensions the ground-work of the inequality of rights, while the rest incessantly confound pretension with right, and adhere to their ancient organization. But what is the consequence of this obstinacy or caprice? That one state after another has been overthrown; for where pretension and right are confounded, imbecility itself has established its abode. As long as this was generally the case, states were preserved in a natural equilibrium, but as soon as a particular state proclaimed the equality of pretensions, it acquired the most decided preponderance. The equalization of claims made an essential addition to its offensive power; for every soldier waged war with the passion of a sovereign who fights on his own account.

The nobility of which the author speaks, has little or nothing in common with that which was the product of the feudal system, which he calls the feudal aristocracy. The nobility which he commends, is the personification of ability or virtue under some of its modifications. This seems the purest idea of nobility which we can form. If ability or virtue be not made the principal constituent of nobility, it will be difficult to define in what its essence consists. But the author asks this question, can the personification of ability or virtue be rendered hereditary? Do we not immediately

see that this is impossible? Could man effect this without the omnipotence of the Deity? He who endeavours to render nobility hereditary, has never considered its essence. For, if there be no nobility but what is personal, a hereditary noble is an absurdity.

The author tells us, that what is here said is in strict conformity with the theory of duties and of rights, as it is unfolded in every moral system. The origin of our rights is the same as that of our duties. But when those rights, which are founded on the performance of duty, are connected with something which has no relation to duty, a total subversion of all that is just and rational must ensue. Is birth and ability the same? how then can nobility be a birth-right? Is there not something proportional between ability and right? he whose rights do not spring out of his duties, is but too much inclined to set duty at defiance. This must be the character of those who are brought up under a system where there is no equality of pretension, but an inequality of right. The author thinks that the proper nobility is that which is the personal identity of ability and virtue, which is not compatible with hereditary descent, and which deviates from the parity of pretension, only so far as is requisite to manifest its essence in the disparity of right. But it is very different with that nobility which owes its origin to the feudal system.

If we compare the beginning and the end of the feudal system, we find that the whole object was to render territorial possession the base of political consideration. A nobility which is founded on property, may indeed be rendered hereditary; since property is an heritable thing; but is this nobility noble? Is there not as much difference as between a person and a thing? The nobility, accordingly, which was created by the feudal system, was a compound of incongruities. The great error was in the attempt to make ability proportionate to right, instead of proportioning right to ability. The feudal aristocracy valued their territorial domain more than any thing else, which was the cause of their decline.

If nobility be the personification of ability and virtue, it must be regarded as having a relation to all the different duties of social life. Thus it cannot form a particular rank, for according to this supposition, it is common to all ranks, and though it admits of distinction, it excludes all hereditary privilege. But it is quite different with that nobility, which owes its origin to the feudal system, and which the author terms the feudal aristocracy. This aristocracy is neither the personification of ability nor of virtue.

The true nobility, says the author, which is founded on intellectual and moral excellence, can neither be given, nor

taken away ; for like strength and genius, it establishes itself, and subsists of itself. It may be acknowledged, it is true ; but to acknowledge and to impart are different things. It is what the greatest power cannot impart ; and it will cause itself to be acknowledged by its promotion to the highest offices, and by such distinctions as where they are sparingly bestowed, are objects of general competition. But, if we go beyond this boundary, instead of establishing what is good, we run the risk of introducing nothing but evil. When a monarch on ascending the throne, or on any other solemn occasion, scatters hereditary privileges with a lavish hand, he is not aware that he diminishes his own power in proportion as these privileges impair the resources of his people. If he were conscious of this, he would be more parsimonious in the distribution, if he did not omit it altogether.

If nobility be diffused over the whole society, and if, as far as it represents talents, it is established by consent rather than by creation, there will, on one side, be no reason to lament its enormities ; and, on the other, it will create the feeling of admiration rather than of disgust. The author passes high commendation on the French Legion of Honour. The decay of all the orders of the feudal aristocracy is not to be sought merely in the frivolous spirit of the times, which scorns all grandeur of design, but in the peculiar disposition of those in whom hereditary rank has paralysed all the strong motives to action, and left nothing but idleness in their stead.

Where there is a standing nobility, the way will be opened for money to purchase the possession. This constitutes its shame. But this is closely connected with its other defects : and who can deny that there can be a greater prostitution of merit than to adjust it by the standard of gold ? Money is easily acquired ; and the example of the Jews proves with how much effrontery men will scoff at every thing, which is called morality, in order to become rich in a short time. It is not so with merit, which can be acquired only by exertion and by courage, amid dangers and toils. But shall we set the same value on both ? Shall money and merit be the same in moral estimation ? Shall we justify our complaisance for money, by alleging that wealth soon finds its own rank in society ? We may answer that then nobility should not constitute the first rank in a nation ; for when we speak of nobility, it is the *merit* which is the first consideration, and the money is the last.

As all things in the world have their appointed limits, within which they preserve their proper consistency and identity of character—the following question suggests itself to the author : What are the limits within which the equality of pretension should be confined, in order to be useful to the whole ?—In order to discover these limits, the author supposes two cases ;

in the first, the essential character of a government, or its unity is legally destroyed, while equality of pretension is the fundamental law of the state; in the second, equality of pretension is established by the fundamental laws, and the first essential character of a government, unity, is not legally annihilated; but is still so modified that the office of the chief magistrate is not made hereditary. In these two cases how will the equality of pretension show itself? In the first case we will instance an Athenian republic, in which every individual is a competitor for the supreme power; where the universal spirit of ambition produces such violent effects, that no public tranquillity can be experienced till a Pericles arises who makes every faction submit to his lofty genius. The second case we will exemplify in the Polish monarchy, in which the country was a prey to a periodic anarchy, where in the interval between the death of one king and the choice of another, all the passions were let loose, and the volitions of individuals passing their present bounds, endeavoured to secure their object at the public cost. In both cases the equality of pretensions must prove destructive to the state, though it may be clearly foretold that its end will not be produced by the languor of weakness, but by the convulsions of strength.

Hence we may infer within what limit the equality of pretension should be circumscribed. This should be no other than the hereditary succession of the supreme power, sufficiently fortified by the laws of the state, and maintained by the force of such institutions as will render even the thought of any pretensions to it chimerical. With this limitation the author says, that the equality of pretension in every other instance cannot be dangerous. Even the most violent ambition will prove useful to the state; for it will be like a stream, which is confined by such lofty banks that it can neither diverge to the right nor to the left; and may consequently fertilize, but cannot destroy. The author would introduce hereditary rank in a state only in the family of the sovereign; but he would banish it from every department subordinate to the throne. Hereditary succession is accordingly no privilege. For a privilege carries with it the idea of some peculiar advantage with which one is invested, to the injury of the right of another; but in the hereditary succession of the throne, the public good is the sole consideration; for, if it were not hereditary, all the passions would be put in motion, and a really boundless ambition be inflamed. Where the throne is hereditary, the possessor cannot, on that account, act as he pleases; he must rather follow that direction which is chalked out for him by the laws: and his principal business is so to act as not to be deprived of those advantages which are connected with the sovereignty. What particularly deserves consideration is, that the hereditary nature of the supreme power

does not, like that of other offices, lead to the organic weakness of the state. In the organization of the government, of which the depositary of unity or of the personal identity of the state is only a part, though the principal part, care may be taken to controul the way-ward will of the sovereign; while this is hardly possible, in reference to the possessors of the principal offices of state, if they are rendered hereditary in a greater or less number of privileged families. We may organize a government but not a family.

It may be said, are the great offices of state any where hereditary, if they are not open to the competition of all?—The author replies, that if it be not the son who inherits the office, it is at least a near or distant relation; and that the circle in which the possession of the office revolves, is of such a nature, that the same maxims are fixed in it for centuries; so that the man never ennobles the office, but incessantly wants the office to ennoble him.

The feudal aristocracy was appointed as a means of protecting the throne from the violence which might result from the equality of pretension. But it would never have been created, if at that time they had had any idea of the means by which the hereditary succession of the sovereignty might be secured. Ignorant of what constituted the goodness of an organic law, they supposed that it might be found in hereditary succession. They thus rendered it impossible to unite a disparity of right with a parity of pretension.—They wished to form companions for the sovereign. To this no objection could be made. But when they rendered them hereditary, they did not consider that all social incorporation must, as far as they are corporations, enjoy an hereditary preeminence; for their existence is not compatible with the solution of continuity. The individuals may perish, but the corporation remains.

Where a government is perfectly organized—where it unites the essential characters of unity and society, so that the existence of one is supported by that of the other, there no intervening power is wanted for the security of the throne. This middle power presses then very unnecessarily on those for whom it is designed as a barrier of separation; for, when we have discovered the right way to render the passions not only harmless but even useful, we no longer want to keep them down. It is true that there could no longer be either any individual, nor any public freedom, if all had an equal right to do what they pleased. But we do not speak of any such right when we defend equality of pretension. The space which this permits us to pass over, constitutes our individual freedom; that, which it prohibits, constitutes the public liberty. But to secure these two objects, good laws only are wanting.—But how are good laws to be obtained?

He is a man of noble birth, of rank, or family, &c. are expressions which a great number of persons use, in order to shew that an individual is qualified to undertake the government of the state. But why do we so seldom mention the talents or particular fitness of the individual? They are never lost sight of where an individual of rank and family becomes a candidate for a public situation.—If the post, which is to be filled, should be of such a nature that it can be adequately filled only by him who possesses more than ordinary knowledge and sagacity, who is acquainted with the causes which have occasioned the rise and fall of states; who possesses sufficient stability of character not to be confounded, though half the world should be combined against him—who unites suppleness with strength—who is never rendered supine by indolence—who never misses nor omits an opportunity—who acts only when he is certain of the event—who, in one word, unites wisdom with bravery,—where should we find such a character? Should we meet with him in the privileged classes of rank and birth? Were our choice confined to these, we should be objects of compassion.—We must look for him in the eternal laboratory of nature, without paying any deference to the laws of extraction and convenience. It is possible that he may belong to the first class of society; but to which ever he may belong, to him and him only pre-eminence is due.

In the government of Athens, the pride of pedigree had no influence in the administration of offices. Cleon, the tanner, might appear at the head of an army as well as the noble Alcibiades. The question was not, who administers the office? but how is the office administered?—The organic laws of Athens were defective so far as there was a want of amity in the sovereign power; but they favoured the pretensions of genius and worth.

In modern Europe, where it is even yet little considered that families, which coexist at the same time, must be equally old, it is for the most part necessary, in order to be of what is called a good family, to be the descendant of some celebrated warrior. But can it be proved that the descendant of a chief or a general is made of better stuff than the son of a scholar, of a merchant, or anyone else? Or is the merit of a chieftain or a general so rare that gratitude must exhaust its stores to reward him to the extent of his desert? As the capacity of a warrior is seen only in the defence of his country, is it not possible that the capacity of a lawgiver, or of him who discovers some new truth or some useful art, may contribute as much to the glory of his country, and may merit equal or higher regard? We are still so far barbarians, that we prize the merit of that which is easy, while we hardly speak of that which is difficult. We speak with regret of the hardships of a general, whose

marches, toils, and privations, are conducive to his health; while we heed not the painful exertions and silent night-watchings of the artist, the philosopher, &c. Those are honoured, while these are invested with a celebrity to which their contemporaries and fellow citizens make the smallest contribution. Our criterion of merit seems to be the fear of the sword.

The author says that it behoves us to inquire into the causes of the general weakness, at a time when the son of a Corsican advocate is placed by the force of genius on the throne of France, and is prescribing laws to the whole European world.—Can we discover any more comprehensive or efficacious cause of the general debility, than the neglect of genius? It was not enough that places of honour were open only to the members of the first rank, but while real merit was neglected, even the very refuse of society were elevated to posts of dignity and pre-eminence. Coachmen, jockeys, lackeys, animals of every description, were converted into counsellors of war and ministers of peace. This followed from the law of attraction, which is as operative in the moral as in the physical world; for where talents and sagacity are proscribed, and the rights of birth and of rank are alone regarded, baseness associates itself with ignorance, and by this amalgam the ruin of society is accomplished. There is no more unfortunate omen than where the noble minister, president, &c. is delighted with having subordinates with whom he can compare himself without losing by the comparison.

In the four first chapters of the second book, the author shews how a nobility, which is founded on territorial domain, is injurious to agriculture—how it impedes the progress of manufactures—prevents the more sublime developement of the arts and sciences, and is an hereditary enemy to all the other citizens, with the exception of the monied aristocracy, which serves as a reservoir for its exhausted means.—In the four last chapters the author has explained how little service this nobility, as the primary constituent of the social hierarchy, renders in a military or political capacity, and how, divested of all principle and throughout incapable of a scientific formation, it incessantly shakes the throne, whose main support it affects to be. This cannot be disproved without showing that the feudal nobility is in possession of all sagacity and virtue, which is not possible; because this nobility, as soon as it is conscious of the want of intellectual or moral excellence, is obliged to have recourse to the third estate, or the people, for the necessary supplies; and thus evinces its practical conviction that the source of ability and virtue is not in it, but flows in a subordinate channel, of which it cannot, with all its efforts, alter the course. The author concludes that the feudal nobility, or that which is founded on certain territorial possessions, or on

the forcible relation between a master and his slave, is not the true ; for the essence of the true consists not in having riches, but in being rich ; not in money nor in land, but in talents and in virtues ; not in external appendages, but in personal endowments.

This conclusion must be so much more correct, as nature has imprinted the seal of her sovereignty on men, by the power displayed in the creation ; and it is only those who possess this power in an eminent degree, who deserve any superiority of distinction.—The power of enjoyment is common not only to all men without exception, but even to the beasts, so that man can found no preference on this without exalting the animal above the man. As far as the feudal nobility think themselves preeminently destined for sensual indulgences, and incessantly behold in themselves nothing but beings ordained to consume the fruits of the earth, they are removed such a distance from the true nobility, that hardly any thing can be more remote.

In the following book the author proceeds to inquire how that **NEW NOBILITY** should be constituted, of which society is in so much need, in order to recover from the state of imbecility and decay in which it has hitherto been depressed, to attain the vigour of youth ; and to show how necessary it is to abolish the old feudal aristocracy, with all its hereditary privileges.

Were we to annihilate every thing which is called hereditary privilege—were we to open the limits of pretension not only to a certain number of families, but to all the citizens without exception—were we to permit no other distinction but that of intelligence and virtue—were we to place no other barrier to the general competition than that of an hereditary throne, it would soon be proved whether that aristocracy, which we have hitherto seen, be the only and the best.

The true aristocracy, or the supremacy of intellect and of virtue, is necessarily annihilated, if we let birth and family constitute a right which should belong only to ability and worth ; but it is roused into life when we establish the equality of pretension, and consequently leave to moral and intellectual endowments the creation of right. Athens and France will prove the truth of this assertion. Athens was indebted for the splendid figure which she made in the ancient world, to no other circumstance than this, that the equality of the citizens was the fundamental law of the constitution.—Had the Athenians had wisdom enough to circumscribe the equality of pretension among the citizens, by rendering the chief magistrate hereditary, their government could hardly have been destroyed by any political convulsions. The French who have ruled over the collective nations of Europe since the revolution, established the equality of pretension ; and their rule will be the more firm and durable the more this equality of pretension is moderated

by the hereditary nature of the chief magistracy, and the later other states are in this respect assimilated to France. Could accident or good fortune have established the present preponderance of France? It is a deplorable blindness which prevents the world from seeing the real cause of this preponderance! And, as long as it remains a secret, the nations will remain in a state of vassalage to France; but, as soon as it ceases to be a secret, intelligence will be opposed by intelligence, and political freedom may be the consequence. To say this publicly, says the author, is to deserve well of one's country, though it may be disagreeable to those who incessantly confound their private emolument with the general good.

Society subsists first, by the independence of the members on one another, secondly, by the different capacity of these members to discharge the various duties which society requires; the first may be regarded as the basis, the last as the medium of the association. However various the duties or exertions may be which society requires, and how great soever the number of those may be who devote themselves to the performance of any particular duty, he only is worthy of marked consideration who brings new ideas into that circle which belongs to his particular occupation; such a person becomes an object of admiration, even though some prejudice may make us despise his employment. But what is it which renders men able to improve their particular vocation by new ideas? Is it any thing but the *creative power of genius*? In this consists the true aristocracy of a country; the aristocracy of ability and worth. To the objection that this *creative power of genius* is a property of the mind and has nothing to do with the affections, the author replies that this *creative power* and *love* were formerly one and the same thing.

Those persons in whom we find this creative power, constitute, according to the author, the real aristocracy, the true nobility, so that every one in whom there is a defect of this property is on that sole account excluded from the rank of noble. — The employment, in which this creative power is displayed, makes, according to the author, no difference, because as society can be carried on only by a great multiplicity of vocations, it is interested in the continuance of every one, of which it acknowledges the utility. Whether a man be a tailor, or a general, or a philosopher, if he be a man of genius and talents, he is on that account a noble in the best sense of the word. In fact, how can the production of a particular product so alter the nature of the thing as to oblige us to bestow on it a more particular consideration? However deserving of regard agriculture may be, yet it is not at all more respectable than any other employment which is acknowledged to be useful to society. The possession of a certain territorial property which has been

connected with privileges, with which it ought never to have been united, should no more induce us to confer the rank of noble on the possessor, than the circumstance of his deriving his birth from the Lord knows whom; and the effrontery of considering his family as more ancient than that of all his contemporaries whose families are as old as his. If the employment rather than the mode of performing it, constitute nobility, we cannot conceive why the most spiritual should not have been selected as the constituent of nobility. But the truth is, that abstractedly considered one employment is equal to another; and consequently there is not so much superiority of distinction between one employment and another as between the mode of conducting the same employment.

If we establish a nobility, which, separated from any particular employment, has its basis only in the creative genius, the ability and worth of the individual who exercises it, it is remarkable that society is acquainted with all its members who are distinguished by this genius, this ability and worth, so that they cannot well be mistaken. Here there is a double advantage, first, the acknowledgment is no favour; secondly, that as an attestation of honour, it is not a fictitious nor imaginary assumption, but the substantial reality of the thing. It is no favour, because it was anticipated by the judgment of the public; it is a real demonstration of honour, because it is confirmed by the sentence of the whole society, which, in questions of merit, seldom errs. But what need it, it may be said, of a formal acknowledgment, when an external decoration may be employed? This question is of a considerable interest. It is of the highest importance to be acquainted with all those persons who are distinguished by their genius, not only to gratify an idle curiosity, nor even in order to testify a regard for virtue, but because the faculty of genius is of such a nature that it soon masters every object that is placed before it, and that consequently we may not be at a loss in extraordinary emergencies to find persons of extraordinary talents. Farther, it is of consequence not only that society, in the gross, but that every individual should be able to discern the man of merit by some particular decoration, should learn to respect the public opinion, of which it is only the expression, and should be incited to strive for a similar distinction. In short, we should consider that all decorations which are awarded to merit *in general* diminish pride, while they awaken esteem, that on the contrary, decorations which are adjudged *only* to merit of *some particular class* infuse unnatural antipathies into society and diminish its unity and force.

The author allows that this plan would produce a nobility similar to that of the French legion of honour; but he asks whether this be not the most perfect form of nobility which can be established? For when we have once gotten rid of the

prejudices which favour the distinction of ranks, we perceive that the creation of a legion of honour is sufficient for all the purposes of an institution by which a true nobility is to be called into life. As merit is always something personal, the acknowledgment and the reward of it have always a reference to the person in whom the merit resides. If virtue be not exclusively connected with a particular employment, and consequently with a particular class of citizens, but if it be common to all the occupations and all the classes of the community, virtue should be acknowledged, honoured and rewarded in every condition of life, and in every department of the state, in order to hallow every mode of employment and to animate to the most perfect execution. But since honour is always one and the same thing, so is its symbol one and the same. But, if we be morally upright, what can we want more than that parity of pretension, without which it is impossible to render a state powerful, by the perfect union of the energies, the abilities, and virtues of all the individuals?

The history of the times has sufficiently proved that hereditary privileges are the destruction of states. With respect to officers and dignities, states should admit the same competition that is found in other things. How far the power of man extends, can be known only by putting it to the proof; but this cannot be done without laying open the path to liberty of exertion. Experience shows that the favourable opinion of the public is acquired by very different means from those by which that of the monarch is obtained. But is not that which we are wont to call grace or favour in the last, by far more the effect than the cause of that general imbecility of character which we find in all feudal governments? Where equality of pretension is made a fundamental law, we may be certain that ability and virtue will be the only objects of public favour; but where an inequality of pretension paralyses all the energies of the state, they will be the objects of favour who are known for some qualities which have no necessary connection with public duty.

We pass over what the author says about the pernicious effects of female sway in the region of politics, which he ascribes principally to the inequality of pretension and the vitiated aristocracy to which it gave rise; and we shall mention, what he considers as the characteristic marks of a genuine nobility contrasted with the spurious product of feudal times. Such a nobility will have more morality than egoism; more grandeur than meanness of conception; more abhorrence of vice than defect of philanthropy; more dignity than presumption; more magnanimity than baseness; more thirst for fame than lust of pelf; more merit than intrigue; more genius than frivolity; more sublimity of sentiment than servility of complaisance; more sense of duty than respect for any prejudice.

Where such a species of nobility prevails, every other must sink into contempt.

The feudal aristocracy, according to the author, is totally incapable of giving to any dynasty that strength which is requisite for its permanence. He says that it wants that degree of intelligence, which the spirit of the times demands, and that a new aristocracy is necessary which may owe all its power and splendour to its own intellectual and moral preeminence. Such an aristocracy, which is for ever young, and which must owe its origin to an equality of pretensions, would, as he thinks, not only preserve states from the imbecility, abasement, and servitude, in which they have hitherto been sunk, but give them a degree of strength, by which, after having so long fluctuated between the most opposite directions, they may become capable of a durable independence. In such a system no one would attempt to aggrandize himself by the depression of his fellow citizens; for this would be such a climax of folly as can only be found among those, who from abhorring all equality of pretensions are morally diseased. No other honour would be desired than that which is conducive to the common good. In such a system alone there can be any deliverance from oppression, any security of freedom, any real improvement in the organic or social laws of states.

In the idea which the author seems to have formed of a perfect government, he proposes to give to the sovereign the *initiation of the laws*, as well as the promulgation. These he calls the natural attributes of the depositary of the personal identity of the state, or the supreme functionary; and he says that the maturation of a thought, which has first been conceived by a sovereign, into a good law, is the natural attribute of the depositary of the social energies, the corporate capacity or representative wisdom of the state. In this reciprocal limitation, harmony is given to both the essential characters of the government; for where the representative body concerns itself only with that which is proposed for its consideration, its will never counteract the will of him who sets it in motion, and on the other hand his will is digested and perfected in theirs. The author says that such a government forms a spiritual marriage which must be productive of good, for in it there is neither a division of the legislative and executive powers, nor is there any equilibrium of powers. It constitutes the highest degree of political unity; it contains a force of impulsion (*vis impulsionis*) and a force of rest (*vis inertię*), by the union of which all the phenomena in the physical and moral world are produced. Despotism, according to its internal quality, is nothing more than the operation of a government, which is destitute of intelligence; and the author tells us that it

may most happily be avoided by a government which identifies the characters of unity and society. The author does not determine what name could best accord with such a government. It is not a monarchy; for that rejects the character of association; and is on that account only half a government. It is not a republic or polyarchy, for that rejects the character of unity, and is on that account only half a government. The name of republican monarchy seems to the author that which best suits it, till a better can be found. The author bestows a much higher panegyric on the government of Bonaparte than it appears to deserve; and he contrasts it with that of England, which he seems to consider as a mixture of political incongruities. But when we consider the terror of Bonaparte which prevails in Germany, and how much authors even of the strongest minds are likely to be influenced in their opinions by the fate of Palm, &c. we are not at all surprised at the panegyric which the author of the *New Leviathan* has conferred on the French, nor at the censure which he has bestowed on the English government.

We have given the substance of this work, and have expressed the ideas of the author, which are often very abstract, with as much clearness as we were able. We have not hazarded any opinions of our own on the system which he has proposed to establish, but may perhaps resume the subject on a future opportunity.

ART. III.—*Les Souvenirs de Felicie L***.*

The Reminiscences of Felicia L***. By Mad. de Genlis. 2 Toms. 12mo. Colburn.*

WE hope it is no indication of a failure in the stores of her invention, which we have long deemed inexhaustible, that Madame de Genlis now appears before us in the light of a mere collector of bon mots and anecdotes. At least she is not yet able to cast away the forms of romance; and we would willingly consider it as a proof that her imagination which has supplied us with so quick a succession of pleasant objects, is not yet at rest; since, even in pouring forth the contents of a common-place book, she adopts the style and title of a novel-heroine.

* *Reminiscences*, to adopt a quaint term of Lord Orford's. The French word, however, *souvenirs*, deserves to be imported without alteration into the storehouse of our language.

Of two distinct works under a similar title, which have obtained a considerable share of celebrity, among the French literati, and which probably inspired her with the design of the present publication, Mad. G. speaks thus—

‘ The first (in all respects) is the charming volume entitled *les Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus*. Every thing is perfect in this little work, the sentiments, the style of narration, the elegance, the simplicity; besides it must be acknowledged, that the *Souvenirs of Louis-le-grand* and his court, are more interesting than those of the reign of Louis the XV. As for the *Souvenirs of Madam Necker* the public has passed a judgment upon them which may seem severe to the partizans of the author, but which is only equitable; I will even venture to say that without the high and deserved reputation of that celebrated woman, without the purity of her life and conduct, this sad publication would have done much wrong to her character in the opinion of all sensible people; it would have been impossible to excuse her who allows herself to criticise and ridicule her friend on the bed of death, a friend on whom she had poured forth so many praises, and the assurances of so lively and so tender an affection. We should have been disgusted at the contemptuous air with which the author frequently speaks of her companions, and even of her friends; we should have discovered as little virtue as elegance or taste in such a multitude of insipid and malignant anecdotes, for the most part false, with which she has filled her collection. There is nothing in this work that can have wounded me personally; I am quoted in it only in the most agreeable and flattering manner; but the author speaks with extreme injustice of a person whom I tenderly love, and the insignificant anecdote which she retails on the subject is a lie. I confess, therefore, that feelingly offended, I was at the same time encouraged to publish part of my own journals under the name of Felicia L***; for with a simple and natural style of composition, one might fairly hope to offer to the public a work of this description less tiresome than that of Madam Necker.’ Pref. p. vi.

We are not acquainted with the work so severely stigmatized by Madame Genlis, and are perhaps sufficiently prejudiced to give willing credit to all she can say against any branch of the family of the cowardly and self-important Necker. Yet we have some hesitation in believing that the *souvenirs* of the lady of finance can be much more dull or more conceited than those which Felicie L*** has taken such pains to select from the contents of her common place-book for the purpose of superseding them in the good opinion of the public. We have never yet, however, met with any new collection of anecdotes, especially French, so barren as to afford no entertainment at all; and, without saying any more about the present than that we hope Ma-

dame de Genlis will lay by her port-folios of *fact*, and resort again to fiction with all the speed she may, shall now proceed to pick out from the budget a few fragments which may give pleasure to some of our readers.

The following trait of the "ruling passion," is, perhaps, a better one than any preserved by Pope, although not strictly in "*articulo mortis*."

'M. de C. very rich and fallen blind of a cataract which formed itself on his eyes, came from the farthest part of Languedoc to Paris, in order to consult Granjean, who told him that his disease demanded an immediate operation, and he would be answerable for its success. M. de C. asked how much the operation would cost him? Fifty louis, replied Granjean. M. de C. exclaimed against the charge, and began to bargain about it. Granjean was inflexible, and he was compelled to yield. Some days after, Granjean went to M. de C.'s and began the operation; when he had removed the cataract from the right eye, M. de G. transported, cried out that he saw perfectly. He was really able to distinguish objects and colours. "Allons," said M. Granjean, "now for the other eye." "Wait a minute," replied M. de C. "you ask fifty louis for the whole operation; that is, twenty-five for each eye; I can see as well as I have any occasion for already; one eye is quite enough for me; to have the operation performed on the other would be only an useless luxury. There are your five and twenty louis"—*Je veux bien rester borgne.* VOL. I. p. 26.

'M. de Buffon related to me one day the following anecdote. A young foreign prince, having come to see the cabinet of natural history, M. de Buffon offered him his "History of Birds," to which the prince answered very politely, "Sir, you are very good; but I cannot think of depriving you of them:" M. de Buffon, charmed at seeing a prince so well brought up, did not insist, and kept back his work.' VOL. I. p. 35.

'I was once witness to a trait in M. Tronchin, (the famous physician) which proved his passion for his art at the same time that it made me shudder; it was at the death of M. de Puy-sieulx. M. Tronchin was his physician, his intimate friend, and owed him the highest obligations. M. de Puy-sieulx was in the last agony, he had lost all recollection; at three in the morning, M. Tronchin who had not quitted his bed-side for 24 hours, said to Madam de Puy-sieulx that nothing more could be done, and that he should now seek some repose. We forced Mad. de Puy-sieulx into her chamber; M. de G. remained in that of the dying man. I followed Mad. de Puy-sieulx whom we put into bed. At the end of three quarters of an hour, I sent to ask news of the patient, and was informed that M. Tronchin had returned and was again seated at the head of his bed; from this I gathered en-

couragement, and returned into the sick room; I entered it, and was seized with horror at seeing the state in which he was at these last moments of his life; he was in a fit of convulsive laughter, not loud, but such as might be heard distinctly, and without interruption, a frightful laughter which, contrasted with the marks of death upon the distorted countenance, formed the most ghastly spectacle of which one can form any idea. Mons. Tronchin seated immediately opposite the dying man, looked at him all the while with a fixed attention. I called to him, and asked if he had any hopes since he remained by the side of M. de Puysieulx. "Oh, my God, no—" answered he, "but I never before saw the Sardonian laugh; and am particularly glad of this opportunity to contemplate it." VOL. I. P. 67.

We omit Madame de G's wise reflexion—as well as the ominous appearances which marked the departure of poor M. de Puysieulx. The story itself is a striking one, though there are probably few medical men in existence, who cannot afford a parallel to it from their own feelings on particular occasions.

At p. 180, we meet with a retailed witticism which proves that the author of "My Pocket-book," is not original.

"The Marquis de * * * is returned from Italy, which has given his conversation a few more common-places, and a greater share of pedantry than before his travels. I asked him if he had made a journal, he told me he had brought back all the materials, and was now composing the plan. The Chevalier de * * * who supped with us that evening came to visit me the next morning, and presenting me with a little pocket-book full of his writing; "there," says he, "is M. le Marquis's *Voyage d' Italie* which he has lent me." p. 181.

This little jeu d' esprit pleased Madame de G. uncommonly, and she preserved it in her port-folio for one of her souvenirs. It is really very lively, and if M. le Marquis ever heard of it, we have no doubt that he was equally enraged with Sir John Carr on a similar occasion, though probably he was not quite fool enough to adopt a similar mode of vengeance.

We believe the following anecdote to be new, and think it far from a bad one:

"The late king," (Louis the XVth), "was in such a state of corruption, that the surgeons declared it was impossible to open the body; M. le duc * * * who is far advanced in years, set up an outcry—it was an unheard of thing that a king should not be embalmed. "Eh bien! Monsieur le duc," said la Martiniere, "as first surgeon to the late king, it is my duty to make the incision; but you as first gentleman of the chamber, must be present

at the operation, and receive in a golden box the king's heart which I am to give you, and I have the honour to inform you that neither you, nor I, nor any one of those who assist at the ceremony, will survive it eight days." M. le duc did not persist.' p. 195.

'M. de Redonchel is violently *Anglomane*. Yesterday he was on horseback at the door of the king's carriage going to Choisi. There had been a good deal of rain; and M. de Redonchel trotting on in the mud bespattered the king, who looking out at the window, said, "*M. de Redonchel, vous me crottez.*" "*Oui sire, a l'Anglaise,*" answered he with an air of high self-satisfaction—having mistaken the king's "*vous me crottez.*" for "*vous trottez.*" The king not perceiving the mistake, only put up the glass, saying very good naturedly, *Voila un trait d'Anglomanie qui est un peu fort.*" p. 196.

We recommend the following story to the consideration of such ladies as wish to be modest, but are not quite certain in what true modesty consists.

'Elegance of style and manner is undoubtedly very desirable—but affectation is just as far different from it as coarseness. It seems natural enough that a woman should scruple to use certain expressions; but then she must take care to hide her delicacy, for in making a display of it, she abandons spirit and taste at the same time. Madame de * * * made a vow never to utter the word *culotte*, which one day placed her in a singular embarrassment. The Baron de Besenval, said to M. le duc de * * * who was just returned after an absence of six months to Versailles, "I must put you in the way of the fashion. Wear a puce-coloured coat, a puce waistcoat, and a puce *culotte*, and present yourself with confidence—nothing more is necessary to be successful at court." This pleasantry was soon put into circulation. Madame de * * * took it in her head yesterday to retail it, and stupidly rushed headlong into the recital; but all at once perceiving that she was on the brink of the fatal word, stopped suddenly short after having uttered the first syllable. This silence appeared much more laughable than the story itself. Madame de * * * blushed, stammered, and looked silly; and M. d'Osmond, with his usual good-nature and thoughtlessness said, looking at her with surprise. "It seems that Madame attaches some particular signification to this word." "Not at all," answered somebody else, "on the contrary Madame is enable to *detach* from it a very natural idea." Would it not have been a thousand times better, especially at the age of forty-five, to have told the story through without the least hesitation.' p. 154. vol. ii.

What a pity that some such elegant and *modest* substitution as "*inexpressibles,*" "*third articles,*" &c. &c. was not at that time invented. It would have saved Madame

de * * * a blush, M. d' Osmond a blunder, and somebody else a blackguard allusion, and Madame de Genlis the repetition of it.

It is evident from the accounts given us in numberless publications of the French court, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. that gallantry has no where else been so coarsely tinctured with the extremes of *grossièreté*; and the occasional traits of fantastical refinement which occur are by no means contradictions to this general remark. Some of the latter are however very amusing, for instance the following of the Prince de Conti.

'Mad. de B.— in her youth said one day in the presence of this prince, that she wished to have the miniature portrait of her canary bird in a ring. The prince de Conti offered to have the portrait and ring made for her. Mad. de B.—accepted the offer on condition that the ring should be set in the simplest manner and without any ornament. In fine the ring was only a small circle of gold, but instead of a crystal to cover the picture, they made use of a large diamond, which was made as thin as glass.—Mad. de B.—perceived this magnificence, she had the ring unset, and sent back the diamond. The Prince then had it ground and reduced to a powder, and made use of it for sand to dry the ink of the note he wrote on the subject to Mad. de B.' Vol. i. p. 179.

Madame de Genlis gives us a long account of a visit paid by her at Ferney, and her first introduction to Voltaire, which is so entirely filled up with her own fine feelings, sensibilities, and awkwardnesses, that we got very little insight into the manners of the *Philosophe*. In the pages which she devotes to Jean Jacques Rousseau there is something rather more entertaining.

'Rousseau came almost every day to dine with us, and I had not remarked in him, for nearly five months, either susceptibility or caprice, when we once almost quarrelled, on a very out of the way subject; he was very fond of a particular sort of Lillery wine; Mr. de—— asked permission to send him some, adding that he had himself received it as a present from his uncle. Rousseau replied that he would oblige him very much by sending two bottles. The next morning Mr. de—— sent him a hamper containing two dozen, which offended Rousseau so much that he immediately sent it all back with a strange note of three lines, which appeared to me quite foolish, for it was full of expressions of the most violent disdain, anger, and even implacable resentment. Monsieur de Sauvigny put the finishing stroke to our astonishment and consternation, by telling us that Rousseau was really furious, and protested he would never see us again. Mr. de—— confounded,

that such a simple attention, should have been taken up as so heinous a crime, told me that since I had not been an accomplice in his impertinence, Rousseau would perhaps in behalf of my innocence consent to return. We loved him, and our sorrow was sincere, I wrote him a tolerably long letter, which I sent with two bottles presented from myself. Rousseau permitted himself to be moved and came back again—he was very kind to me but he was freezing to Mr. de— with whom he had till then tasted the charms of wit and conversation; and Mr. de— has never been able entirely to regain his good graces.

Two months after, Monsieur de Sauvigny presented to the French stage, a piece intitled *Le Persifleur*. Rousseau had told us that he never went to any plays, and that he carefully avoided shewing himself in public, but as he appeared to be very fond of Monsieur de Sauvigny I pressed him to come with us to the first representation of this piece: and he consented, because I had a grated box lent me, near the stage, with a private staircase and lobby; it was agreed that I should take him to the theatre, and that if the play succeeded, we should return home before the after-piece, and sup all together at my house; this scheme a little deranged the usual habits of Rousseau, but he entered into it with all the good nature imaginable.

The day of the representation, Rousseau came to me, a little before five o'clock, and we set out in company with him;—when we were in the carriage Rousseau laughingly said to me, that I was very finely dressed for a grated box. I replied in the same tone, that I had dressed myself for him. This fine attire consisted only in having my head ornamented like a young person. I wore flowers in my hair; but was in other respects very plainly dressed. I remark particularly on this little circumstance, to which the remainder of my story will give importance.

We arrived at the theatre more than half an hour before the beginning of the play; on entering the box, my first care was to let down the grate. Rousseau immediately opposed me strongly, telling me he was sure I should dislike having the grate down. I protested the contrary; adding besides that it was a thing agreed upon; he replied that if he placed himself behind, I should conceal him perfectly, and that was all he wished for—I insisted on the contrary very earnestly, but Rousseau held the grate by force, and prevented my lowering it.—During all this debate, we were standing: our box was in the first row, near the orchestra, looked over the pit—so that fearing to attract the eyes of the house towards us, I gave up the point, to put an end to the discussion; and sat down. Rousseau placed himself behind me—In a moment's time I observed that he moved his head forward between Monsieur de—and me, in such a manner as to be seen. I told him of it, with great simplicity—an instant after he twice repeated the same motion, was perceived, and known—I heard several people say, looking at our box—it is Rousseau. Good God, cried I, they have seen you!—that is impossible, replied he drily. Nevertheless it was whispered in the pit from one

to another, but very softly, 'it is Rousseau'—'it is Rousseau'—and all eyes were fixed on our box—but there it ended—this little murmur died away, without any plaudit. The orchestra began the overture, Rousseau was forgotten, and the play only attended to. I again proposed lowering the grate, he replied very eagerly, that it was no longer of any use, "that was not my fault," replied I, "no, certainly," said he, with an ironical and forced smile. This reply hurt me very much, it was so very unjust. I was greatly vexed, and in spite of my inexperience, saw very clearly into the truth. I however flattered myself that this singular ill-humour would be quickly dissipated, and felt that I had better not appear to remark it—the curtain drew up, the play began—I was entirely taken up by the piece, which succeeded completely—the author was frequently called for; so that his success no longer remained doubtful, we left our box, Rousseau gave me his hand, his figure was even fearfully gloomy. I said the author ought to be very happy, and that we had passed a delightful evening, he answered not a word. I entered my carriage, Mr. de ——— got behind Rousseau to let him set next me, but turning back he told him he should not return with us, we both called out to him, Rousseau without replying, made his bow, and walked away.

The next day Mr. de Sauvigny having been charged by us to question him on this misunderstanding, was strangely surprised when Rousseau said to him, (his eyes sparkling with anger), that he never would see me again, because I had only taken him to the play, to shew him off to the public, as they do *wild beasts at a fair*. Mr. de Sauvigny replied, from what I had told him the night before, that it was my wish to have lowered the grate—Rousseau maintained that I had offered it but very feebly, and that besides my splendid dress, and the box I had chosen, proved clearly enough, that I never had the intention of concealing myself; it was in vain to repeat to him that my dress was nothing singular; and that a box *lent* to me, was not of my own choice—nothing would soften him, this recital provoked me so much, that I would not take the least step on my part to bring back a man who had been so unjust to me; besides I was convinced there was not the least sincerity in his complaints; the fact is, that in the hope of exciting a lively sensation he wished to be seen, and that his ill-humour was only caused by anger, at not having produced that effect. I have never seen him since. Two or three years since, having learned from Mademoiselle Thonin of the king's gardens, whose brother he often saw, that he was vexed that tickets were necessary to get into the garden de Monceaux which he was particularly fond of, I obtained for him the key of this garden, with permission to walk there every day, and at all hours of the day. I sent him this key by Madame Thomin—he thanked me and there I stopped, delighted at having done a thing which was agreeable to him, but never desiring to renew my intercourse with him.' VOL. II. P. 136.

After all, the greater part of these *souvenirs* are vastly insipid, and we are rather surprized that Madame de Genlis has been unable to store her memory with things better worth its retention. Besides they are sadly encumbered with her reflections with which we could very readily have dispensed, though we do not disapprove all of them equally. We have often yawned over the prosing *sentimentality* of her novels—but when the same species of tediousness is bestowed on the elucidation of matters of fact, it becomes quite insupportable. We could hardly force a smile through the languor which oppressed us, while travelling with her to the *amorous* town of Bury, the vale of sickly friendship at Llangollen, and the sentimental *Rosieres de Salency*. We do not, however, include in this censure, either the truly affecting anecdote of young *De Sercy*, or the pretty story of *Darmance and Herminie*. We have had occasion before now to mark the fantastical notions of virtue and religion, which we often meet in the sermons of this amiable lady; but have seldom witnessed a more ludicrous instance of this species of refinement, than in the story of M^{lle}. de L *** who (sweet pious creature) always carried the New Testament about with her to her *coteries*, quarrelled with her mother because she would not learn dancing, that she may not be asked to balls, and in order to make an *equal* division of her mother's effects with a sister who had been unjustly disinherited in her favour, broke in two a spoon of silver gilt. How extraordinary that a Frenchman can neither be virtuous, nor religious, nor learned, but *à tout outrance*!

We must not omit to add that full half the stories in this collection have been in general circulation for at least half a century, and that some which we have heard with pleasure in their original state are completely spoiled in their passage through Madame de Genlis's work-shop.

ART. IV.—*Seleno-topographische Fragmenten und Beobachtungen.*

Seleno-topographical Fragments and Observations with a View to an exact Description of the Surface of the Moon, the Changes to which she is liable, and the Nature of her Atmosphere; to which are subjoined Maps and Drawings. By Jerome Schroeter, formerly Grand Bailiff to the Elector of Hanover at Lilienthal, F.R.S. London, and Member of the Academy of Gottingen. Gottingen. 1806. 1 Vol. 4to. with 32 Engravings.

THE scientific world is already indebted to M. Schroeter

for an astronomical work of great value under the title of *Selenographia*, or a Description of the Moon, also accompanied with plates, and he has attracted considerable notice in this country by his recent account of the planet Vesta published in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The work now ushered into notice under the modest title of *Fragments* is a continuation of the *Selenographia*, and contains the result of eleven years observations made subsequently to the publication of that work. The engravings in both volumes are executed by Tischbein a German artist of great celebrity, from original drawings by M. Schroeter. Among these embellishments of the present volume there are some views or rather *landscapes*, of particular districts in the moon, in which the most prominent objects are represented with such fidelity that they may perhaps serve as landmarks to future astronomers. M. Schroeter's former observations were made with two Herschel telescopes, the one four feet and the other seven; in the investigations, however, which form the subject of the present *Fragments* he had the advantage of instruments of greater power. His apparatus on the occasion of his last observations consisted of two reflecting telescopes made by Schrader a German optician, the one 7 feet and the other 12; a ten feet telescope by Dolland, and other reflectors of ten, thirteen, and even twenty-seven feet; this last was remarkable for a great distinctness in the vision and considerable magnifying power. The whole of these instruments were presented by his Britannic majesty to the university of Gottingen and M. Schroeter has evinced his gratitude for this mark of royal munificence by dedicating his present volume to his sovereign.

He divides his *Fragments* into four sections; in the first he presents his readers with some new observations and topographical descriptions of some remarkable plains in the southern hemisphere of the moon. In the second we find observations upon other plains situated in the northern hemisphere. The third section contains new details upon several places already partially described. The fourth section contains general remarks and conjectures upon the construction of the moon and upon its atmosphere.

Throughout the whole of the work, however fanciful the theory may appear to some readers, we may trace the hand of genius in the novelty of M. Schroeter's remarks, while his lunar topography is delineated with care and precision. In the outset of his work he observes that the life of man is not of sufficient duration to enable him to examine the whole visible lunar hemisphere, and he modestly acknowledges that he has left much to future investigators. He has aimed at giving his own observations with such clearness and accuracy that they may be verified by less skilful astronomers than himself, he has

set down the exact time and epoch of each observation, and minutely described every accessory circumstance of the moment, such as the libration of the moon, the precise limits of her luminous rays, and her diameter, together with the magnifying power of the astronomical instrument employed.

It must be confessed that the means within his reach were of the most ample kind: his thirteen and twenty-seven feet reflectors magnified two and three thousand times and even more; but finding that he gained in point of clearness in the image in most of his observations when he used eye-glasses of less power, he preferred an eye-glass which magnified 130 times for his thirteen feet telescope, and an eye-glass of 180 for his seven and twenty feet instrument.

In order to give an idea of the first three sections, which contain in 28 chapters a very precise description of some particular regions of the moon, we shall present our readers with the following analysis.

The author informs us that in order to examine the surface of the moon with advantage, he confined his inquiries to very small portions of the planet at a time which were illuminated under a very small angle of light. In this way he frequently discovered incomparably more with glasses of small power than with the most powerful instruments when taking observations under much larger angles of illumination, i. e. when the rays of the sun arrive under a greater altitude at any given point in the moon.

It may sometimes happen that one astronomer does not see objects in the same light as another, although their instruments and the other circumstances were precisely similar: this does not always arise from the effects of the different angles of illumination under which the object is discovered, and the very different reflexions which frequently result: but may also be ascribed to the accidental variations of the atmosphere of the moon, which are very frequent, or to other causes which must be investigated by actual observations of the planet itself. It has also more than once happened that M. Schroeter himself saw objects quite differently at one time and at another, and sometimes even he lost sight of them altogether, although he employed instruments of the greatest magnifying power. He cites as an example of this anomaly, an observation upon the spot of *Gassendi* which he has represented by two drawings of different dates. He remarks a great number of these accidental variations observed at various points in the moon's disk, and takes occasion to offer some conjectures which are perhaps worthy of being repeated.

On the 1st Nov. 1791, for instance, he saw the crater which forms the centre of *Possidonius* under the appearance of a tolerably uniform circular plain of a greyish colour, without

any darker shade, while the seven craters surrounding it were very deeply shaded. Next day in the evening the same object, seen with the same telescope, shewed itself as a profound crater, with obscure shades, although if it could have been judged by the direction of the solar rays upon this part of the moon, the shadows ought to have appeared longer and stronger that evening than the day before. Nothing but an accidental cause could have altered the apparent form of the crater in twenty-four hours, whether we attribute this accident to a change in the atmosphere of the moon or to a fermentation in its interior, or to the actions of some animated beings who inhabit it.

In this same region of Possidonius, M. Schroeter saw with the greatest precision on the 4th of June 1794, in a clear and calm day five new objects: whether these were new craters, or chains of mountains which he had not seen before, he never observed them since.

On the other hand, he could not recognize with the twenty-seven feet telescope the crater which he had previously and repeatedly observed with the seven feet telescope; this he attributes to a variation in the atmosphere of the moon. He also observed with a thirteen feet reflector a new production which unexpectedly appeared in a very distinct manner, in a crater on the 6th of February 1797, although in the course of nine years of anterior observations made with the best instruments, he had never discovered the least trace of such a phenomenon. This new production had in all probability made its appearance between the 12th of October 1796 and the 6th of February 1797. Subsequent to this last period, it had generally been visible under very different and sometimes unfavourable angles of illumination; and yet other variable appearances were exhibited, particularly subsequent to the 4th of July 1797, at which period this new crater was confounded in a mass of atmospheric fermentation and perhaps new eruptions ensued.

In order to render more sensible the different forms under which the various objects in the moon may present themselves to the astronomical observer, and according to the accidental variations of the atmosphere of this planet, the author represents the landscape around Lilienthal the place of his residence as seen from the moon, in the month of July, when the inhabitants of these environs burn the wrack off their fields and when a thick smoke is spread over the ground. An observer placed in the moon at this period would see a gray envelop extended over that part of the north of Germany, an appearance which would not take place under any other circumstances. M. Schroeter is of opinion that the crater of Possidonius as already mentioned having appeared gray on the 1st of November, and of an obscure black next day may be ascribed to similar circumstances. In this former volume he had spoken of a great

number of luminous points in the obscure hemisphere of the moon, subject to variations which had not for their only cause the differences in the reflection of the light of the earth. All these facts have now been confirmed by the help of great reflectors, and particularly in the luminous spots *Aristarchus*, *Manilius*, and *Menelaus*, in which the author has found at certain times distinct objects and at others has not been able to discover even the objects themselves. The following luminous appearances appear to be somewhat remarkable: on the 2nd April 1794 at eight o'clock in the evening the obscure part of the disk being very distinctly visible, M. Schroeter discovered near the western boundaries of the sea of vapours (*mare vaporum*) in opposition to the dull light of the other parts, a luminous point extremely brilliant, which equalled a fixed star in lustre, and which the author had never perceived at that particular spot. It was evident at the first glance that this light could not have been reflected from the earth, and in fact in half an hour or less this brilliant point vanished so completely that it could no longer be recognized, and the author frequently afterwards conjectured that it no longer existed in the same place, but a similar point shewed itself towards the west. The kind of meteor which thus vanished is an appendage to the phenomenon observed long before in the spot of Plato in the Alps of the moon, when upon the 26th of Sept. 1788, M. Schroeter feebly discerned a similar luminous point, and found that it began to be less and less discernible until it disappeared, nor did he see it again for twelve years. This former phenomenon in the Alps of the moon may have been the effect of a very active effort of nature, and the new phenomenon which happened in the milder temperature of the sea of vapours may rather be considered as the effect of a voluntary or involuntary action of the inhabitants of the moon. An illumination at London; a city on fire; the flashes of gunpowder from a besieged fortress, seen from the moon with M. Schroeter's reflectors would present a spectacle similar to these luminous evanescent appearances seen from the earth upon the surface of its satellite. The *Sea of the Crisis*, in particular, which is one of the most remarkable places upon the surface of the moon is thickly strewed with luminous points which seem to belong to a plain abounding in asperities natural or artificial.

Besides several high mountains, the exact measurements of which are here given, the author has discovered in several places of the moon, for instance in *Possidonius*, small elevations which are nearly fifty feet in height and even less; an innumerable quantity of similar asperities is also to be found at a small distance from *Marius*. These eminences are not constantly visible and their form is variable. Here M. Schroeter in our humble opinion has exhibited more boldness in his conjectures than is consistent with sound philosophy or warranted

even by his own astronomical experience. These eminences, he tells us, are not always natural productions; they are perhaps the effect of *Selenitic* industry.

‘A city or a forest upon the surface of our globe viewed at rising or setting sun, through an atmosphere equally transparent with that of the moon, with long shadows projected from different salient points, would present to a distant observer, a miniature similar to what is seen in the moon, and would assume the appearance of an eminence; a similar projection of a human residence may appear equally changeable with other lunar appearances, according to the time of the year or hour of the day when they were observed. Thus from my own residence, which is three miles and a half distant from Hamburg, I can observe with my glass the moment at which the fires are lighted in that city, in order to boil their tea-kettles; the shadow then produced in the atmosphere resembling in its projection a real mountain.’

There is something peculiarly fanciful in the attempt of M. Schroeter to ascertain by implication, the hour at which the inhabitants of the moon make use of their tea kettles; and there are readers who would pronounce our German astronomer to have been planet-stricken when he committed some of his lucubrations to paper: the good sense, however, which reigns throughout the work in general, and the high reputation of M. Schroeter as an astronomer, are ample pledges that his design is to instruct and not to amuse.

In the *sea of vapours* near Plato, and in other places, M. Schroeter discovered deep furrows or a kind of long narrow valley resembling a canal. This phenomenon extends for 70 geographic miles into the *sea of vapours*. We are acquainted with no sublunary valley of so great a length. It is somewhat singular that this valley stretches over inequalities of mountains and craters in such a manner that the upper ridge of these eminences is intersected by the furrow or valley in question. Can this be a production of nature or of the free agency of animated beings? Such is the question put by M. Schroeter to his readers, and his observations seem to place it beyond a doubt that the moon has not at its surface any fluid so dense as the water of our earth; and he has also apparently demonstrated that his favourite planet has no considerable rivers nor natural basins which serve to contain water, as in this sublunary world; but it does not follow from all this that the moon is a chalky body entirely dry; these long vallies or canals may perhaps contain rivers which have the same relative density to the subile atmosphere of the moon, that is observed between water and our terrestrial atmosphere. Thus in a certain sense we may say that the moon has its rivers Plata and Amazon. Throughout these

lunar Alps, (a chain of mountains equally continuous with those of Europe) we find the valley or furrow above mentioned stretching like a narrow pass as if a violent convulsion of nature had cleft the mountains in a straight line.

In the fourth section, which contains observations upon the structure of the moon, the first chapter treats of the eminences and depression of that planet, and of its craters and vallies in general. The highest mountains, as the author had formerly estimated, are five times higher than the mountains of our globe, keeping in view the relative diameters of the two planets. The highest mountains of Venus and Mercury are with respect to the mountains in the moon, nearly in the proportion of the relative diameters of these planets. The greatest height, according to the former observations of M. Schroeter, was to be met with in some peaks of the chains of mountains known by the name of *Leibnitz* and *Dorfelsh* towards the south pole of the moon, and in the eastern parts of the southern hemisphere in the mountains *D'Alembert* and *De Rook*. The height of the latter is from 24 to 25,000 feet, and none so high have been as yet observed in the northern hemisphere. The eclipses of the sun, afford opportunities of observing directly the vertical altitudes of the mountains of the moon which are exhibited upon its obscure edge. An observation in these circumstances succeeded with the author at the time of the great eclipse of the sun, Sept. 1793. Immediately after its commencement he observed some summits of mountains projecting from the edge of the moon's disk, which, in their vertical height alone and in the extent to which they were seen (for the lower extremities were lost in obscurity) must have been 3,000 geographical miles high. During this remarkable eclipse, Herschel also discovered two summits of mountains which were projected upon the edge of the sun. The spherical form of the moon projected upon this edge was remarked by M. Schroeter and by all his pupils with the utmost precision; at the distance of one minute from the limb what was observable of this spherical form gradually disappeared: a phenomenon which M. Schroeter endeavours to account for in another place by remarking that the light of the earth was considerably increased by the solar penumbra and by the crepusculum.

The depth of some craters of certain hollows which are not circular, extends, according to the author, to the depth of three quarters of a mile. A short distance from the high mountain *Rook*, we find a hollow called *Christopher Milius*, the vertical depth of which is at least 15 or 16,000 feet. The Chimborazo, of our globe might be wholly swallowed up in this cavity. Craters in general are formed by eruptions from the interior; they are empty basins, from which the mass that surrounds them in the form of a ring has been vomited; but in the moon

there are cavities of another kind, such as those of *Milius* and others already named, presenting irregularities of a circular form in the edges of the moon, between the interstices of which we can see the clear sky; there are some parts in the moon which are sunk by some powers of nature, vallies hollowed out not merely upon the surface of that planet but dug as it were into its mass; i. e. greatly below its mean surface. The fixed stars we perceive in the vicinity of these hollows of the moon, may for this reason appear sooner or later by a few seconds in their emersions or immersions, than when they exist opposite those portions of the edge which are not irregular. The author by referring to these sinuosities, ingeniously accounts for the pretended hole, which in the total eclipse of the sun on the 14th of June 1778 was observed by admiral Ulloa. There could not possibly have been a volcano in the moon at that period, for it would have thrown out so glaring a light that the luminous point must necessarily have been perceived in the black glass of the telescope upon the moon's disk. But the sun, when seen through a similar fissure, must have appeared as if seen through a hole, in the event of the direction of the fissure being oblique to that of the luminous ray. M. Schroeter. therefore, upon remarking that this fissure exists in the lunar region where the observation of Ulloa was made, and that it exists in that place alone, gave it the name of the above admiral. M. Schroeter proceeds to draw the following inferences.

'The greatest eminences of 25,000 feet and upwards, and the deepest hollows of three quarters of a geographical mile in depth, are situated in the southern part of the moon; hence we may conclude from actual observations that in the moon, as upon the earth and in the planets Venus and Mercury, the southern hemisphere is generally the most unequal and irregular.

'As the gravitation at the surface of the moon is only, according to theory, about one fifth of that which takes place on the earth, we may say that, with regard to the relative diameters of the two planets, the mountains of the moon are five times higher than those of the earth, as has been already remarked.

'In our globe earthquakes are extremely rare, and still more rarely do they produce complete eruptions, such as islands or new mountains: the solid mass of the earth opposing too much resistance to these formations. It is otherwise with the moon, where the gravity is five times less and where explosive effects always meet with less opposition; thence it follows that the whole surface of the moon is almost always in a state of revolution; explosions, earthquakes and other convulsions follow each other in dreadful successions. New objects appear and vanish almost while the astronomer has his eye at his telescope. Hence proceeds that innumerable heap of craters, the second formation encroaching upon the first,

the third effacing the two former, while at each eruption the preceding one is overwhelmed even before it has attained its destination.'

Our readers will at once perceive the total discrepancy between this terrific description of the revolutions of the lunar world, and the fantastic idea attempted to be inculcated by M. Schroeter that there are animated beings, with houses, palaces, cathedrals and tea-kettles in the moon, as well as upon our planet. All these creatures of our astronomer's imagination must indeed be *sui generis*.

The fourth chapter of the second section, is filled with inquiries into the atmosphere of the moon, its morning and evening crepusculum, the height and density of the air in that planet, &c. The author in his former volume had placed beyond a doubt the existence of an atmosphere which had been denied to that planet, he had mentioned a number of appearances in which some objects, in other respects identical, had appeared sometimes under one form and at other times under another; while sometimes they were not visible at all: he had proved that this atmosphere of the moon, although much more subtle and transparent than ours, had the power of weakening in a remarkable manner, the light of the sun descending under the lunar horizon; at which period the summits of some mountains, being in this light on the obscure side of the moon, visibly threw out a lustre so much the more brilliant, as they were more distant from the edge of illumination, i. e. projected farther forward into the obscure part of the disk. All this however only gave rise to a conjecture as to a real refraction of the rays of light, whence there resulted a crepusculum upon the moon; but M. Schroeter has now converted this conjecture into a certainty by the observations contained in the present work. He has demonstrated not only that there is a crepusculum in the moon, but that we may measure the extent of it, as well as the thickness and density of the layers of the fluid which occasion it. The first complete observations were made by M. Schroeter upon this subject on the 24th February 1792 in the twilight of that night; the moon being then two days and a half old. With a Herschel telescope of seven feet, and magnifying 74 times only, he discovered in the obscure part of the moon some places illuminated with a dull greyish light, very near to other obscure parts which did not become visible until some time afterwards; a heavy and evidently crepuscular lustre enlightened the confines of the obscure edge of the planet, stretching into the points of its two horns, and this lustre spread out in the form of a pyramid, the summit of which was insensibly confounded with the light sent from the earth into the obscure part of the moon. The projection of this shining part was then 1' 10" in length and 2" in breadth.

He then concludes that this crepusculum of the moon can be better observed two or three days before and after the new moon, and in spring and autumn during the short crepuscula of the earth, and the greatest height of the moon in the horizon. Our author therefore fixed upon the moment of the smallest elongations of the moon, 28 hours and a half after its being renewed with a twenty-seven feet reflector. Hevelius had not been able to observe the moon until at least 40 hours after the conjunction. By a geometrical process M. Schroeter estimated the extent of the lunar crepusculum, according to the distance comprehended between the limits of this crepusculum and the point of the horns, and he found by several observations that it extends over an arc of $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the moon's circumference. Or rather taking the medium of twenty-two observations made during eight years, he estimates this extent more exactly at $2^{\circ} 38' 56''$ but it sometimes amounted to $3^{\circ} 6' 44''$. Several favourable circumstances must combine in order to observe this appearance. The author has sometimes perceived it merely in the prolongation of one of the two horns; at other times it was invisible, because apparently there were mountains which intercepted the light.

There remained a doubt whether this crepuscular light was or was not a consequence of the penumbra, or perhaps the effect of the immediate reflection of the solar rays, by means of some greyish plains in the moon. The author endeavours to resolve this doubt in a manner which sets at defiance the possibility of any illusion. Upon the whole it is proper to say of this chapter upon the lunar atmosphere, that it contains the result of many years fatiguing observations, which will hand down the name of M. Schroeter as an honour to the age in which he lived.

If we adopt, in the calculation of these observations, the same principles by which La Hire has determined the height of our terrestrial atmosphere, by extending to 38,000 feet the height at which the atmosphere ceases to reflect the light in a sensible manner, or to 34,500, if the limit of refraction is in question, we find that the analogous limit in the atmosphere of the moon rises only 1,404 feet, according to the maximum of extent observed by M. Schroeter, namely, $3^{\circ} 6' 44''$. But this height is solely that of the lunar crepusculum visible to us. The author estimates at 78 feet, the height of the strata of the lunar air which may occasion a crepusculum upon the same planet. From these data the author has theoretically enquired what ought to be the relative density of the atmosphere of the earth and of the moon, and he has found that the atmosphere of the latter ought to be 29 times less dense than ours, and at the moment when the work was put to press, Dr. Melanderhielm of Stockholm, wrote to M. Schroeter

that he had ascertained that the density of the atmosphere of two planets, should in general be as the square of the power of gravitation at their surface; now according to Newton, the gravity at the surface of the moon is to the same power upon the earth as 2,83 : 15, 10, or as 1 to 5,33. according to this theorem, the density of the air of the moon should therefore be as the square of 5,33, or 28,40 times less than that of the air of the earth; this differs very little from the result incontestably found by M. Schroeter after a most fatiguing and intricate train of experiments.

According to the same principles we ought to find the refraction at the surface of the moon to be 28 or 29 times less than at the surface of the earth.

M. Schroeter applies his discoveries upon the lunar atmosphere to the occultations of stars by this satellite. As the height of the inferior strata of the air, which can still break the rays of light in a manner sensible to us, does not exceed 648 yards, a quantity which viewed from the earth, only passes from the edge of the moon $0''\ 36$ of a second, the weakening of the light of a fixed star entering into this atmosphere could not, if it were sensible, be perceived except during a quarter of a second, the time which the moon takes to travel $\frac{36}{1000}$ of a second of a degree in her orbit. Now the lustre of stars of the first, second, and third magnitude, is too strong to admit of our observing any diminution for so short a period. If it be a planet which undergoes the occultation, its diminution of light on arriving at the disk, may proceed from the graduated occultation of its apparent diameter. This system agrees with twenty occultations described in detail by the author.

The most brilliant fixed stars, and the planets exhibit no diminution of light in this case; it is only remarked from time to time in the minute stars, not visible to the naked eye, and these last only undergo this obscuring of their light, when by chance they come out or enter opposite to the summit of a mountain of mean altitude, when the air of the moon, less dense, cannot any longer cause any sensible refraction of the rays coming from the star. There may be exceptions when the star which enters, corresponds to the declivity of a very high mountain; and entering also obliquely, it seems to lose its light gradually; a diminution which, according to the author's observations, in a certain case (the only one of the kind), may be remarked during seven or eight seconds. On this occasion which furnishes a kind of micro metrical measurement applicable to the fixed stars, the author found their diameter very small. The diameter of Aldebaran, according to the time employed in its immersion upon the edge of the moon, appeared to him to be

between $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second, the diameter of the star 30, and the Pisces 33, appeared to be more than $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a second. The other fixed stars suddenly disappeared, without the phenomenon having any sensible duration.

In the third chapter of the fourth section, M. Schroeter gives a kind of recapitulation. To this chapter an engraving is attached, which exhibits in a distinct manner the relation of the vertical height of the densest atmosphere of the moon, with the height of the mountains of that planet, which have been measured, and with the depth of the craters, and other cavities or hollows. In the first figure of this plate, are represented the lowest chains of mountains, 16 or 18 yards high; on the second, the mountains with circular edges containing a plain or a crater; in the third, the higher mountains placed above some mountains with circular edges; in the fourth, the central mountains or those which are seen in the midst of craters of mountains, with circular edges; in the fifth, the other isolated mountains from 50 to 25,000 feet of vertical height, the craters and other cavities of the moon, from 602 to 50,80 yards in depth. All these particulars are represented upon the same scale on which 200 yards correspond to a decimal line. The same table contains comparisons between the highest mountains of the moon, and those of the earth, Venus, and Mercury; with the references between the altitudes of the crepuscular strata of the moon, the earth and Venus. We see at a single glance, according to this table that the craters and the fissures of the edges, are for the most part proportionally deeper, according as the atmosphere is higher, and that consequently the air of the moon must attain a certain maximum of density in their interior; moreover that the accidental variations of the atmosphere cannot take place, except in the region of the lower mountains of the moon, and not at the summits of the high chains; these last being far above the densest strata. In fact, the author has most frequently observed these accidental variations in the lower regions; as, for instance, in the sea of the Crises, in Cleomedes Possidonius, Gassendi, &c. In this atmospherical constitution of trifling density, we ought not to be astonished if there be continually developed so many fermentable matters from the interior of the moon, and if we see no atmospherical productions like our clouds, and none of those regular easterly or westerly winds which we find upon our own earth, and upon Venus, Mars, and perhaps Saturn. The atmosphere of the moon seems in general to be too subtle for the existence of any winds which can be properly so called. Slight atmospherical vapours alone always cover some low and contracted plains,

and in all cases those which constitute the inferior level of the moon.

The number of new objects perceived by the author on the moon's disk, rendered it necessary for him to make considerable additions to the nomenclature of the spots in that planet. He has retained the whole of the ancient names, and to the newly discovered eminences he has applied names of celebrity in modern science. Among these we find the names of Kæstner, and Lichtenberg, applied to two new mountains in the moon, an honour conferred upon their memory which is literally

‘Ære perennius.’

ART.V.—*Versuch über eine allgemeineanwendbare Mimisk, &c.*

Inquiry respecting a universally practicable System of Symbols for the Use and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.
By J. M. Weinberger. 1 Vol. 4to. Vienna. 1807.

THE progress made in the instruction of the deaf and dumb throughout Europe, has been from time to time laid before the public, by persons who have distinguished themselves as teachers of those unfortunate members of the community in their respective countries.

M. Weinberger, however, is the first German of modern days who has attained celebrity in this novel department of education; and, coming forward as he does with the sanction of fifteen years experience in watching and directing the progress of the human mind in persons born deaf and dumb, we consider his observations as entitled to be perused with favourable impressions. “Whatever may be your ultimate opinion of me and my work,” says Montesquieu, “I beseech you, do not condemn after the perusal of a single day, what to me has been the labour of twenty years.”

M. Weinberger, the author of the present treatise, is chief director of the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb at Vienna, under the patronage of the emperor and his family. It has been customary for many years to examine in public the pupils, at the anniversary of the institution, and it was upon this occasion in October, 1807, that M. Weinberger delivered in an introductory discourse, the outlines of the improvements now laid before the public in a more authentic and regular form.

In every department of science, there are professors who

are the founders, a method of instruction peculiar to themselves ; and it must be admitted that whether from the excellence of their favourite system, or from the zeal with which they pursue it, their pupils sometimes come into public life, with more appearances of proficiency, than those who have been hunted into the toils of learning *secundum artem*.

In every branch of education, however, it has been in the power of eminent teachers to bequeath to posterity something like a glimpse of the *formula* by which they obtained celebrity for themselves, by sending into the world better scholars, and better members of society, than their contemporaries. But the instruction now imparted to the deaf and dumb cannot boast of having derived any advantages from traditionary systems. Several causes may be suggested as having combined to occasion this want of information. We have melancholy proofs in the history of the world, that the unfortunate beings who seemed as if "*fruges consumere nati*," were generally left to perish in the deserts at an early stage of their infancy, or if they grew into manhood, they were allowed to be drifted down the stream of life, like a branch untimely withered from its parent tree. Until the introduction of Christianity, there were no asylums for suffering humanity, and even then, those who were afflicted with deficiencies in the organs of hearing or of sight, were consigned to an hospital for incurables, where no intellectual or manual exertion was expected, and where the unfortunate inhabitants descended to the grave unpitied and unknown. This is not the only cause, however, of the scantiness of our materials, upon which to found a system of instruction for the deaf and dumb. There is a difficulty attending their education, which personal experience and industry only can surmount. There are peculiarities in the structure of the organs of individuals in these unfortunate circumstances, to which no general rules can apply, and above all there must be a fitness in the habits and dispositions of the teacher himself, to place him beyond the reach of discomfiture.

After doing homage to the names of Sicard, de l'Épée and others who have signalized themselves as instructors of the deaf and dumb. M. Weinberger proceeds to speak of his own system. The greater part of his introductory matter consists of a recapitulation of what has been advanced by various authors upon the origin of language, and the author seems to have studied the theory of Monboddo with advantage.

Before saying a word more on the subject of M. Weinberger's work, it may be necessary to premise a few observations on the blunders committed by even the most intelligent teachers of the deaf and dumb.

The science is of course still in its infancy, nor has its character of novelty been yet sufficiently worn off to admit of its real and solid advantages being taken into the estimate by the bulk of mankind. Until within these very few years the deaf and dumb children of the opulent alone were the objects of this kind of culture; their teachers were necessarily compelled, perhaps to aim at producing a pupil, who could excite astonishment in his parents, by an unmeaning garrulity, while his mind was neglected; a block was given them, out of which they might have hewed a man, and they returned a talking-bird in his stead.

Sicard, de l' Epee, and even our scientific countryman Braidwood, have all fallen into the same error; if they taught their pupils to utter a monotonous jargon, resembling the human speech, they thought their task executed; if the objects of their care exhibited any symptoms of ratiocination, they were indebted for them to the secret workings of nature, and not to the skill of their teachers. Abbé de l' Epee, even went so far as to exhibit his pupils in a musical orchestra, where each had his instrument assigned him! A philosopher when he witnesses an exhibition of dancing dogs, learned pigs, or wonderful ponies, may perhaps admire the art of their master, or smile at their docility, but a public exhibition of our unfortunate fellow creatures, performing the parts of mere automata is a *spectacle* which we hope will never be transferred from the meridian of Paris to that of London.

In extenuation of this buffoonery it may be stated that something like "caviare to the multitude," was necessary in the infancy of an institution, which promised to do so much for the destitute part of the community, and that unless some palpable and striking novelty was exhibited, the popular feelings could not be brought to bear in its behalf. Whatever weight this argument is entitled to, the basis of it now ceases to exist; but the absurdity of teaching the deaf to emit sounds totally destitute of the melody or intonation of the most uncouth speaker who enjoys his organs of hearing in perfection, has not yet been apparent.

Forcibly impressed with similar considerations, M. Weinberger has boldly denounced the folly and inutility of instructing the deaf and dumb to express themselves by the articulation of the mouth, and has reverted to the language of symbols, as the only practicable method of instructing his pupils. In his practice of this system, he describes his success as having been unbounded, and his pupils have become useful members of the community, in a much shorter time than those of any other teacher of the same art.

He introduces the account of his own improvements, by

modestly ascribing them to the analogy suggested by the Chinese language. The following extract will shew the manner in which the subject has been taken up by M. Weinberger.

‘ The characters used by the Chinese, which have so frequently occupied the attention of the learned, and on which the recent English embassy to China has thrown so much light, are entirely original, and exhibit the extraordinary ingenuity of that singular people.

When we compare the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian priesthood, the writing of the Mexicans who informed Montezuma of the arrival of the Spaniards by means of a piece of cloth, and the conventional signs of the Peruvians with each other, it must still be admitted that the Chinese characters are far superior in every respect. What can be a more welcome benefit to the deaf and dumb, than a copious language which, like the Chinese, is completely independent of every thing connected with sound, and merely founded upon the visible and tangible objects of nature ?

‘ Barrow, in his account of the Chinese embassy, gives us an idea of the copiousness of the language of China, when he informs us that “ every new article brought from Europe since the Europeans visited China, receives a Chinese name, and loses the name it bears among those who originally brought it to that country. Even the names of countries, nations, and single persons, are altered and translated into the Chinese language.”

‘ The Chinese write and speak in a different manner, and the deaf and dumb generally make use of signs entirely different from those used in writing. According to Kempelen there are only twenty sounds throughout the whole of the European languages, which with variations are capable of making forty-four. The Chinese, however, have 212 radical signs, each of which expresses a distinct idea. The Chinese characters are wholly composed of straight and crooked lines and points, from which 80,000 different words may be written, and some of these consist of 60 and 70 strokes or points.

‘ These 212 keys or radicals of the Chinese may be compared with cyphers, which have not the slightest connection with the sounds attached to them, they may either be used singly or united with other parts of speech. The mode of this union, points out the meaning of the character, and this art of composing or decomposing the various signs is as unalterable as the conventional terms used in algebra. The character, for example, which stands for *night*, consists of radicals, the first means *darkness*, the second *to hide*, and the third *mankind*, and implies that *darkness hides mankind*. In the same way the symbol for the *hand* is a radical ; in the Chinese vocabulary we find placed opposite to this word, the names of all the various trades and manufactures in which the

labour of the hands is required ; under the word *heart* also, we find all the feelings, passions and sentiments of the mind.

Every distinct character, therefore, is not only a word, but a definition which conveys the whole of its meaning in visible signs, but which may always be expressed in a single syllable. Of this precise description are the symbols, used by the deaf and dumb in their efforts to render themselves intelligible, and they proceed exactly in the same way as the Chinese. The metaphor is a favourite figure with both. When a deaf and dumb person wishes to be clearly understood, he makes a kind of drawing or picture of the idea he wishes to convey. He endeavours to characterize the occurrence by the form, colour, and motion in which it appeared to him. There are of course many concomitant circumstances which he will overlook in his description, from their not appearing to him of sufficient moment. The picture he attempts to draw of his thoughts cannot be expected to boast of so much universality as our oral language ; but how often do we deceive ourselves by not communicating our ideas in language sufficiently copious, and believing that a few signs are sufficient to convey the most complex proposition ?

When a deaf and dumb person speaks of an individual, we hear him detail the circumstances, and the occasion on which he met with this individual with the utmost precision of which he is capable.

A teacher of the deaf and dumb must therefore turn his attention to the best method of impressing upon his pupils, the method of describing their ideas by signs. He must continually place before their eyes, and rivet in their memories, the symbols by which they are to relate the occurrences which befall them, or to communicate their ideas, and he must accustom them to use their symbols with logical precision. Upon the entrance of a new deaf and dumb pupil into the institution, the rest of the pupils should be assembled around him, and they ought to be directed to shew him all the signs and pictures exhibited in the room. After this, the oldest among the scholars must be desired to suggest a name by which the new pupil is to be known in future. Each scholar will then bring a sign or symbol by which the new comer is to be known, and his name will be fixed according to the majority of votes. A teacher ought never to allow an opportunity of this kind to pass without exercising the faculties of his pupils in this way, and he will be surprized at the acuteness displayed by them individually in inventing names or symbols.

We have before intimated that M. Weinberger has invented a system of symbols of his own ; these he has illustrated by an engraving, which he calls a *hand alphabet*. In this the chief novelty seems to be that instead of expressing letters only by a certain position of the fingers, M. Weinberger has aimed at communicating words, and even sentences.

ART. VI.—*Meine Reise durch England, &c.*

Travels in England, by Daniel Collenbach. 1 Vol. 8vo. Gotha. 1807.

THE author of these Travels is the editor of one of the philosophical journals of Germany, and visited this country a few years ago, for the purpose of carrying back with him some of our improvements in the arts and manufactures.

The work has but slender claims to the perusal of the readers of travels in general, from the author having confined his observations to the dry detail of subjects interesting to his countrymen only.

The following description of English porter, however, will perhaps amuse, if not instruct some of our readers.

‘ Those who are in the habit of drinking English beer, never fail to experience a certain degree of exaltation in the blood. An honest German who knows no better, will tell us that this effect is owing to the good quality of the malt and hops made use of by the English.

‘ Persons who drink English porter at night generally complain next morning of a heaviness in the head, and sometimes of the whole body; they have no relish for their ordinary or even favourite occupations; but these evils are tolerated because an idea is entertained that they have been drinking some strengthening liquor. Beer is drunk in the morning with an idea of forcing the stomach to perform its functions: the appetite is perhaps cloyed with it and head-ache supervenes. Several persons cannot drink a glass of English beer without becoming intoxicated or experiencing some other inconveniences: all this, however, is disregarded. The taste for this beverage is so prevalent that numerous breweries have been established in Germany for producing a similar liquor.

‘ I do not intend to discuss here which is the best beverage for moistening the mouth and throat, or for giving the necessary humidity to the animal economy: there would be little difficulty in proving that strong beer excites instead of allaying thirst, and consequently increases the necessity for moisture: but I intend to present my readers with an observation of a different description.

‘ Having paid particular attention to the breweries when in England, I have uniformly found, after a chemical analysis, that the English porter most agreeable to all palates is that which contains most opium.

‘ Upon my return to Germany, I also examined the beer made by our brewers by the name of English porter, and I found it contained the same dangerous substance.

‘ The Germans from their manner of life must suffer considerably from the effects of opium. The English, accustomed to eat great quantities of meat, few vegetables, and to drink abundance of spiritu-

ous liquors will always be able to drink more, and for a longer continuance, than their German neighbours. Notwithstanding this, however, I think I could easily prove that the quantity of opium thus swallowed is the cause of the melancholy of the English, and of their disposition to commit suicide.'

There is so much patriotism, good sense, and even tolerably lively description in the following comparative view of the present state of agriculture in Great Britain and in Germany, that we trust it will be equally acceptable to our readers with the above extract.

'It is not,' says this honest German, 'from a servile love of imitation that I wish to convince my countrymen that their agriculture has not yet been brought to perfection, and that there are many ameliorations still wanting in their rural and domestic œconomy.'

'I am well aware that the soil and climate of England, considered generally, differs much from ours. It is certain, however, that many of the English discoveries, and their methods of cultivation, are unknown or at least not imitated among us, although quite prevalent with them. Nevertheless, we are not exempt from the mania of imitation in frivolous matters.'

'Although it is my object to render myself useful to the German œconomists by making them acquainted with the rural œconomy of England, I am far from asserting that the English have attained the highest perfection in cultivation. I know on the contrary that impartial English farmers complain of the ignorance of agriculture, which prevails throughout some of their own districts, and I know also that there are corners in Germany where their rural œconomy is not behind the English, nay even surpasses it in many respects. For instance, the feeding of cattle within doors is an important improvement of German origin.'

'It must be admitted that in England there exists a certain rural œconomy carried to a high degree of perfection, and which surpasses every thing we know on the subject. In that country the cultivation is modified and practised according to the quality and exposure of the soil. The principles upon which rural œconomy is founded are no where so well appreciated, and so well connected together as in England. In fact, agriculture is reduced to a regular system, composed of all the other sciences. No other science can give rise to more observations respecting all nations and all periods, no science excites more interest, and recompences activity and talents more quickly: it reciprocally gives and receives advantages from natural history, chemistry, botany, and the veterinary art. A well educated economist should scrupulously examine into local customs, raise himself above vulgar prejudices and decide for himself upon what is most likely to attain the object he has in view.'

'The large estates in England generally belong to the noblemen, the clergy, and a few to the crown. Some rich families, however, have acquired considerable estates: these last are

freeholders, when they possess their lands without paying any ground rent, but if the proprietors of lands are vassals of the crown, of the clergy, or of a nobleman, and consequently obliged to pay ground rent, however trifling, they are called copyholders. He who has but a small property which he cultivates himself, is a yeoman. If the estate be somewhat extensive and the proprietor in easy circumstances, he is then a country gentleman or squire. The proprietor of a house and garden, or a day labourer, is called a cottager. The rural economy is principally directed by farmers and every estate is divided into farms.

The following character of the English farmers is perhaps overstrained, and the conclusion of the passage betrays something like the *sentimentality* of a German novel-writer.

‘The country life affords a great variety of enjoyments and conveniences, and men easily conform to it because it is the life pointed out to them by nature. The man of learning, the peer, and the rich merchant, all become farmers; but never is a rich farmer seen to quit his ground to mingle in gay society, or to open a warehouse for merehandize.

‘I never leave the house of a person where I see that his whole style of living is founded upon appearances, but I weep for human frailty, which purchases at so high a rate the appearance of happiness and repose. Such considerations seem to justify the opinion that education and the culture of the sciences expand the mind only to render us unhappy.’

There is perhaps more truth in the following remark of M. Collenbach.

‘It is doubtless the prodigality of the rich proprietors which has most contributed to the amelioration of agriculture. After having perhaps squandered their revenues by anticipation for several years, they find themselves haunted by their creditors, and go down to their estates accompanied by an experienced surveyor and increase the rents as much as possible. If the farmers cannot or will not pay what is demanded there are plenty of more active or more speculative persons at hand, who know how to double and even treble the produce of the farms.

‘The gentlemen farmers are generally rich and enlightened men. They apply themselves to rural economy from choice, and they take a pride in being the first to make new experiments and to propagate their results. The richest landholders find their interest in affording every facility to the adoption of the improvements thus suggested; and in this manner the rural economy has been carried to the highest degree of perfection in some provinces of England. Every endeavour is made by repeated trials, and by periodical works, to the communication of ideas and of experiments, which are finally examined and recommended by societies of agriculture.

‘In these societies the lower class of farmers and the rich proprie-

tors associate indiscriminately with the peer and the prince, and their conversation is entirely occupied for the time with the prosperity of their pigs and oxen.' -

Not a word is to be found in the whole volume on the subject of English literature, but M. Collenbach attempts to enlighten his countrymen with a dissertation on English eating-houses, a subject on which he seems to be *at home*. He makes one or two awkward blunders, however, when speaking of this branch of our domestic economy. The sign of the lamb, for instance, he mistakes for an intimation that lamb is only to be had in perfection at the house to which it is appended. According to this logic, Saracen's heads, Green Men, and Red Lions must occasionally grace the *tables de hôte* of the lower classes of Englishmen.

ART. VII.—*Retratos e bustos dos Varoes e Donas, que illustraram a nação Portugueza, &c.*

Lives and Portraits of Heroes and Heroines, who have done Honour to the Portuguese Nation, by their Virtues, Learning, or Talents. Inscribed to the Portuguese People, by a Society of Patriots. No. I. to X. Lisbon. 1807 and 1808.

THIS work bears some resemblance to one which was lately translated from the Danish, entitled 'Great and good Deeds of illustrious Danes;' but there is rather more vivacity in the composition, and it will perhaps contribute more to the stock of amusement and information. The portraits accompanying each article are well executed, and we were about to pass a compliment upon the state of engraving in Portugal, when we discovered that they are indebted to Parisian artists for their merit. The drawings, however, are Portuguese, and mostly copied from originals by Cunha a painter of some eminence at Lisbon.

As a specimen of the manner in which the literary department of the work is executed, we shall select a few notices of eminent persons whose names are not familiar to an English reader.

'The infant Don Henry, fifth son of King John I. born 1394. This pious and gallant prince made war upon the Moors, with great success in 1415, and was made a chevalier of the order of Christ in the same year. This success inspired him with a fresh desire to attack the infidels. Some Moors or Jews from Ceuta having given him information respecting some distant and

hitherto unexplored countries on the shores of Africa, and having a passion for the mathematics, Don Henry formed the idea of visiting these regions with a view to the extension of his father's dominions, and to the propagation of the Catholic faith. He proceeded to Algarva, now the province of Porto, and there founded the city of Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, thinking this to be a proper harbour from which to set sail. His first discovery was the island of Porto Santo, hence he proceeded to Madeira, the command of which he divided between John Gonzalez, Zarco, and Tristran Vas, who had previously discovered it. He signalized himself at the battle of Tangiers by fresh acts of valour, and gave a proof of the generosity of his heart, in offering to exchange places with his brother Don Ferdinand who was a prisoner in Africa. He devoted forty years of his subsequent life to navigation, during which he discovered several islands in the Atlantic, and Ethiopian seas. The zeal he manifested for learning, procured him from the university of Lisbon in 1460, the title of protector of learning in Portugal. He died on the 13th November of the same year. His statue is erected at the entrance of the church of Belem; his life has been written by Candidus Lusitanus.

‘Nuno Alvarez Pereira, surnamed the Portuguese Mars, and an illustrious branch of the house of Braganza, was born near Ceuta in 1360. In his early life he studied the belles lettres, but afterwards followed the profession of arms, in which he obtained the most brilliant success. He afterwards renounced his titles and command, and after dividing his property among his relations and the poor, he retired to the monastery of the Carmelites of Lisbon which he had founded. Here he gave himself up to penitence and prayer for a few years, when the king sent him once more upon an enterprize against the Moors, when he again signalized himself. He died in 1631 at the age of 71.’

‘Don Pedro de Menezes, Count Viana. He accompanied John I. and his sons in 1415, to the conquest of Ceuta, on which occasion like the ancient heroes of Greece, he commanded five vessels armed at his own expence. The king held him in such esteem that he nominated him governor and Captain-general of Ceuta. After successfully repelling the attacks of the Moors for twenty-two years, he died in 1437 at Ceuta, and his body was brought to Santarem.

‘The infant Don Pedro fourth son of John I. was born at Lisbon in 1392, and distinguished himself at the conquest of Ceuta; he visited Jerusalem, and the holy land, was sumptuously entertained by the Grand sultan, and by the Soldan of Persia; and when at Rome, Pope Martin V. granted as a privilege that on the days of their coronation the kings of Portugal should be anointed, like those of France and England, and that the infants of the former kingdom should wear a royal crown. Don Pedro then proceeded to Germany, where he served under the emperor Sigismund against the Turks, and in Italy against the Venetians

displaying great military skill on both occasions. Having afterwards visited England, Henry VI. conferred upon him the order of the garter. After having been four years absent he returned to Portugal by the way of Spain, and was elected regent of the kingdom during the minority of Alphonso V. On this occasion he conducted himself with great prudence, and refused to allow the Portuguese to erect a statue to him which they had decreed. His services and virtues, however, could not protect him from the calumny of his enemies, who were determined on his ruin. Don Alphonso Count Barcellos, his cousin, placed himself at their head, and succeeded in making the king treat him as a conspirator; he was accordingly banished from court, and ordered to retire to Coimbra. Don Pedro took up arms to defend himself against further injuries, and the king having sent troops against him, he was killed in battle 20th May, 1449, at the age of 56.

‘Don Edward Menezes, the third count of Viana, and natural son of Don Pedro Menezes, the first governor* of Ceuta mentioned before. Don Edward distinguished himself by his valour against the Moors of Granada and of Africa. He was appointed governor of a fortress in the kingdom of Fez, where with 1500 men he defended himself against an immense Moorish army, and overthrew them in several engagements. He was killed in the act of saving the life of king Alphonso V. on the 20th of January, 1464, when 50 years of age. His body was cut in pieces by the Moors.’

Our readers will perceive that a mere biographical outline is given in each article. Indeed the work may rather be called a gallery of portraits, than an historical work. We have before observed that the engravings are well executed; whether they are faithful copies or not of the busts and statues from which they are said to be taken, we have no means of ascertaining; but we shrewdly suspect, from a kind of sameness about the costume, &c. that the twelve Cæsars have greatly assisted M. Cunha in his labours.

ART. VIII.—*Bragur, Vol. I.—VIII.* 8vo. Leipzig.

OF the earlier numbers of this periodical work, which we lament to hear has for some time been discontinued, an account was inserted in our Review for 1804 (vol. ii. p. 407); but the fifth and sixth parts were unfortunately wanting in the set transmitted to us. Having since received these deficient portions of the collection, we shall make some further extracts from the work, which deserves to be better known to the students of northern archæology. It is a valuable and a various repository both of original re-

searches, of glossologic explanations, of bibliographic notices, and of agreeable poems and tales.

Among these gothic romances, several of which throw much light on the early manners and superstitions of our own ancestors, the history of the sword Tyrting, is the most extensive, the most peculiar, and the most interesting. It seems to have been based on a series of Scandinavian sagas, but to have been expanded and adorned by the plastic fancy and antiquarian knowledge of the editor, Frederic David Grater, to whom the public is indebted for the best and liveliest contributions to Bragur.

The Swedish Macpherson, Biorner, in his *Nordiska Kampedater*, had already set examples of this method of refashioning scanty antique ballads into romantic tales; and of celebrating the *northern champions* in a manner consistent with the costume of the antient, and the amusement of the modern world. Grater excels his predecessor Biorner in the picturesque character of his descriptions, and the mythological erudition of his allusions.

That our readers may themselves judge of the nature, spirit, and character of Scandinavian fiction, we will freely transplant into our conservatory, the first part, at least, of the history of the sword Tyrting. We are persuaded it will amuse them not uninstructionally.

‘ In days of yore reigned in the north king Swafurlam. The land over which he bore sway was called Gardareich, and had been given to his grandfather Sigurlam, the fair-haired, for an inheritance by Odin himself. Gardareich is often praised in the sagas, as one of the noblest boons which the father of the gods distributed among the braver of his companions; fir-trees covered its mountains, sheep fed in its vallies; and dwarves dwelt in its havens, who forged weapons, and built ships for the seakings.

‘ Swafurlam had not degenerated: he was a great and a brave warrior, bold alike in battle or in duel. Whoever strove with him was sure to lose his life, or to owe it to Swafurlam’s bounty. Even the dreaded Thias, who slew the father, found in the son an avenging overcomer. Swafurlam challenged him to single combat, and the giant fell beneath the might of this hero’s sword.

‘ Swafurlam having made himself formidable to the neighbours of his kingdom, lived in long repose; and took to his bed Frida, the daughter of the giant, whom he had slain, and who in consequence had become his captive. By her he had an only female child the beautiful Eyfura, the blueness of whose eyes, the splendour of whose complexion, and the flaxen paleness of whose hair, were noised abroad by these skalds, who feasted alternately at the halls of the earls, and enlivened the hour of ale with songs in praise of beauty and of courage.

‘Luck, like death, has its appointed hour. In Swafurlam’s time, a mighty *kamper*, or champion, cruised about in the north seas, who was called Arngrim. He was grandson to Starkader, surnamed the eight-handed, and to the fair Althillda. This warrior sea-king despised helmets and coats of mail, and, in opposition to common prudence, as well as to the usage of the time, undertook every battle and every duel, without hauberk, or harness. By this practice he acquired the surname Baresark, which means *bare-shirt*, and which became the family name of his descendants.

‘What he might lose in point of safety by the want of armour, was replaced to him by the extraordinary fury which seized him when he was about to fight. In this state, he resembled a madman to whom every thing gives way because he is mad; equal efforts of strength, of daring, of rapidity, of resource, would in his sober senses be quite impossible. The most courageous, the best [armed] champions had opposed Arngrim, but, when his rage came on, he overpowered and cut in pieces every one, and seemed to feel at the time neither blow nor wound. As if he had a charmed body made to deal death but not to feel it, he howled with a sort of exultation, while he struck in pieces his human prey.

‘Arngrim, after roving about from kingdom to kingdom, came at last in to the peaceful Gardareich; and a rumor was soon spread that he desired to fight with the master of the country. Swafurlam, who had never been accustomed to shun a challenge, grew grave, when his messengers told him of the strength and of the character of Arngrim. The queen feared for the life for her husband, and Eyfura, though else heroic, wept with various alarms.

‘Swafurlam however determined to put his fate into the hands of the gods; he ordered the lads to saddle his horse, and bring his hunting spear; the chase he thought would divert his spirits and restore his activity. There is in hunting an all absorbing whirl of idea, produced by the rapid changes of sensation, which has rendered it in all ages a willing refuge of the uneasy; it leaves no leisure for other cares than its own.

‘Into the forest near his dwelling the dogs were turned loose; and he and his people had beaten the bushes for many hours, before any marks were discovered of the wished-for game. At length a beautiful and bold white stag looked out of a bush and then retired behind the fir-trees. Swafurlam uttered the halloo of pursuit, and spurred his horse after the fleet creature, which seemed to be making a joke of the royal hunter. It was now on the right, now on the left; then it doubled back, then it darted forwards; but whenever the hunter seemed to approach, and was lifting his arm to hurl the spear, the animal gave a prodigious bound on one side, and was afar in the twinkling of an eye. When at a distance, it would stop, and look round, as if disposed to wait for the pursuers, and so keep within ken: and this it did at least a dozen times.

The king grew impatient, but the more eager; he drove on with unrelenting perseverance over bush and brake, over hedge and ditch, over hill and dale. Night came on, but it was bright moonlight,

and the fleet white stag was easily to be discerned. The king still chose to pursue. Midnight came on, and the stag was still running before the hunters, as much at its ease as ever; and stopping to look round for them, when they seemed at a loss, or disposed to halt from weariness.

At length they came to a monstrous rock, which appeared to wall in the forest, to overlook its highest trees, and to form by its steepness an impassable barrier. The stag ran directly up to it; and after bounding round in a circle, until the king should draw near, it sprang at a crevice of the rock, struck its antlers against it, and totally disappeared.

It had opened by the effort a pair of folding-doors, behind which gleamed subterraneous fires. Two well-shaped dwarves presently came forth. The king disappointed at missing his prey, and supposing them to have played him a trick and rendered the stag invisible, grinned with anger, uttered oaths of ill omen, drew his sword, and threatened to strike off their heads, unless they restored to him his game. The dwarves on their knees begged for their lives. 'What are your names,' asked the king, 'Dwaln is my name; and Dyrin is my brother's name.'

This answer startled Swafurlam. He recollected to have heard from his youth that two dwarves of this name were the mightiest of their race, and the most consummate masters of the art of making weapons of all kinds, to which they attached a magic virtue. Perhaps, thought he to himself, the stag I have been pursuing was no common beast; but the elf, who is my guardian spirit, may have assumed this form to guide me to the dwelling of the dwarves. No doubt they could make me a magic sword, which would cut my way through my perils, and rid me of Arngrim Baresark.

Swafurlam now determined to profit by his opportunity, and softening the harshness of his tone, he said to the dwarves with an assumed graciousness, that he would let them off harmless, if in three days they would make him a sword, which would neither miss its blow, nor rust, which would cut through iron as through a garment, and always bring victory to its grasper in duel, or in battle.

All this we will do, said the dwarves; come hither in three days and take the sword. Then they showed the king into the bowels of the mountain; where he saw wells of fire, whence issued streams of liquid iron and gold radiant as the sunshine. Dwarves unnumbered walked above the burning soil, and, wherever they stopped, flames came roaring out of the earth with a noise as of a stormy sea. They were black as Moors, and showed to the king many magic weapons, which were to destroy the enemies of his race.

It was day-break when the king returned to the upper world. He found his attendants stretched in a deep sleep, at the threshold of the cavernous palace. No sooner were the folding-doors closed behind him, than the spell ceased; the dogs started up and began to howl; the steeds sported, rose and pawed the ground; and the whole retinue returned home at leisure and in safety.

After three days, the king accompanied by a single follower

went again to the palace of the dwarves. Dwalin stood before the folding gates, and gave to the king a new sword, which he held already in his hand. 'Swafurlam, here is the sword; strong and good as thou hast commanded. Tyrfin, that is, *death of men*, is its name; let its first owner first beware.'

'These last words were pronounced in an oracular tone, which chilled Swafurlam to the back-bone. The sword, which remained in his hand, felt to him as cold as ice and heavy as lead. But the dwarves had disappeared; and when the doors of their dwelling flapped together in the king's face, a long clap as of thunder, seemed to echo their threat throughout all the hollows of the place. Swafurlam admired his sword and its splendid accoutrements, the curious richness of the workmanship, the yellow gloss of the gold, the blue amel of the steel, the straps of scarlet leather, and the buckle studded with precious stones. He began to draw it, and perceived this motto on the blade:

Niggard, know that whom I slay,
I avenge another day.

'And on the other side:

Draw me not, unless in fray;
Drawn I pierce, and piercing slay.

'Swafurlam now began to surmise that his insolent demeanour to the dwarves had undone all the good which his guardian elf, or hamingia, whom he supposed to have assumed the form of the white stag, had intended for him by conducting his course to the magical smithy. Still however he hoped that the graven curses were not to fall on the first owner, and that the term niggard, which among the northern nations passed for the bitterest reproaches, was addressed to any other than himself. So much however of attention he lent to the motto as to sheathe the sword without wholly drawing it, and to proceed thoughtfully and slowly back to his residence.

'Arngrim, the unconquerable as he was called, had already arrived. The customs of Scandinavia did not forbid, on the contrary they required, the kind reception of a man whose desial was accepted. This implied sufficient equality of rank to entitle either party to the other's hospitality. Those would drink against each other over night, who were to fight against each other in the morning. It was a maxim of Odin, 'To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees give the warmth of your fire; and offer water to him who sits down at your table that he may cleanse his hands; he who has travelled over the mountains is in need of food, fire, and dry garments; his praise shall spread abroad who is kind to the stranger; the thankful guest brings help in trouble.'

'The queen Irida, and her daughter, performed their part of the reception with seemliness. They slaked in water the largest hams and threw them into the caldron to boil; they plucked fowls and eider-ducks for the spit, which an idiot-boy, a changeling of the elves, was employed to turn. They seethed parsnips, cabbages,

and yellow turnips: they cut into smooth slices a vast loaf of rye-bread; and tapped a cask of the strongest ale brewed years ago the month after harvest. Eyfura herself went into the cellar, and brought to Arngrim the first tankard hissing in its foam.

‘It was impossible for the queen to gaze without shuddering on her guest. He appeared about fifteen years younger than her husband; and still possessed that sinewy fulness of strength, which in Swafurlam was beginning to give way. Nor could she avoid recollecting, without some inklings of an impending retribution, that she had originally been herself the prize of a very similar visit of desolation, and had been torn by Swafurlam from the grasp of a slaughtered father.

‘After the repast Swafurlam, as was usual, proposed drinking a cupful to the immortal memory of Odin; then his guest named Niord and Frea, as the divinities to whom he thought himself indebted for a propitious voyage into Gardareich; the third bumper was to be emptied in honour of Braga, but a skald was first called upon to sing a song in praise of some champion of old. He chose the death song of Hacon.

‘Skogul and Gondula,
The God Tyr sent
To choose a king
Of the race of Ingra,
To dwell with Odin,
In roomy Valhalla.

‘The brother of Biorn,
They found unmail’d;
Arrows were sailing;
Foes were falling,
Hoisted was the banner,
The hider of heaven.

‘The wicked sea-king
Had summoned Haleyg;
The slayer of earls
With a gang of horsemen
Against the islanders
Was come in his helmet.

‘The father of the people,
Bare of his armour,
Sported in the field;
And was hurling coits
With the sons of the nobles.

‘Glad was he to hear
A shouting for battle:
And soon he stood
In his helmet of gold,
Soon was the sword
A sickle in his hand.

'The blades glitter'd,
The hauberks were cleft;
Blows of weapons
Dinn'd on the skulls.
Trodden were the shields
Of the death-doom'd of Tyr,
Their rings and their crests
By the hard-footed horsemen.
The kings broke through
The hedges of shields
And stained them with blood
Red and reeking,
As if on fire,
The hot swords leapt
From bleeding wounds.
Curdling gore
Trickled along the spears
Unto the shores of Storda;
Into the waves fell
Corses of the slain.
The care of plunder
Was busy in the fight;
For rings they strove
Amid the storm of Odin,
And strove the fiercer:
Men of marrow bent
Before the stream of blades
And lay bleeding
Behind their shields,
Their swords blunted
Their actions pierced,
The chieftains sat down
And the host no more,
Struggled to reach
The halls of the dead.

'When lo! Gondula
Pointing with her spear
Said to her sister,
'Soon shall increase,
The band of the gods:
To Odin's feast
Hacon is bidden.'

'The king beheld
The beautiful maids,
Sitting on their horses
In shining armour;
Their shields before them,
Solemnly thoughtful.

' The king heard
The words of their lips,
Saw them beckon
With pale hands,
And thus bespake them :
' Mighty goddesses
Were we not worthy
You should choose us
A better doom ?'

' Scogul answered :
' Thy foes have fallen,
Thy land is free,
Thy fame is pure ;
Now we must ride
To greener worlds
To tell Odin
That Hacon comes.'

' The father of battles
Heard the tidings
And said to his sons,
' Hermode and Braga,
Greet the chieftain,
Who comes to our hall.'

They rose from their seats,
They led Hacon,
Bright in his arms,
Red in his blood,
To Odin's board.

' Stern are the gods,'
Hacon said,
' Not on my soul
Doth Odin smile.'

Braga replied ;
Here thou shalt find,
Peace with the heroes,
Eight of thy brothers,
Quaff already,
The ale of gods.'

' Like them I will wear
The arms I loved ;'
Answered the king.
'Tis well to keep
One's armour on ;
'Tis well to keep
One's sword at hand.'

Now it was seen
How duly Hacon
Had paid his offerings ;

For the lesser gods
 All came to welcome
 The guest of Valhalla.
 'Hallowed be the day,
 Praised the year
 When a king is born
 Whom the gods love;
 By him his time
 And his land shall be known.

'The wolf Feurir
 Freed from his chain,
 Shall range the earth;
 Ere on this shore
 His like shall rule.

'Wealth is wasted,
 Kinsmen are mortal,
 Kingdoms are parted;
 But Hacon remains
 High among the gods
 Till the trumpet shall sound.

'The kings and their guests admired the makers of the song, and asked the name of this son of Braga. Eywind Scaldaspiller,' answered the harper, 'he was the friend of the king, and was playing with him at coits when the pirates surprized the island, and wounded Hacon with a random shaft. Eywind himself in his old age, taught me the song.

'And who was the sea-king, asked Swafurlam, who came to plunder Haleyg. That Eywind always refused to say, 'unlamented and unnamed,' exclaimed he, 'let them fall, who harbour not the hallowed voice of the skald.' I can tell you who it was, said Arngrim, my father.—Swafurlam proposed to couple the names of Hacon and Eywind, and drink to their deathless memory with three shouts, as Braga the god of praise ordained.

'Hereupon the queen and her daughter withdrew, aware that the cup of love would be called for, and handed round next, and that it commonly gives rise to jokes, and sayings which a woman may not be seen to hear. Frida and Eyfura, while going, were requested by Swafurlam to prepare the cup; they accordingly toasted, or rather burnt some bread, and quenched its flame in the ale; into which they grated some aromatic nuts, which had the property of causing love, and which were the gift of a wandering magician, who had presented them to the queen with other talismans. He had prophesied that Eyfura would wed a sea-king, and had been honoured for his visit with the present of a spiral bracelet of golden wire.

'From cheerfulness to noise, from noise to drunkenness, from drunkenness to sleep, the principal guests passed, or affected to

pass, and Arngrim was carried last but one, and Swafurlam last to his bed-room, by lads whose office it was to bring food and drink to the guests, but to observe sobriety themselves. They had also in charge to pile blocks of wood on the fire, and to feed and rub the horses of the heroes. These lads were sons of eminent chieftains in the neighbourhood, who in the capacity of attendants, had the opportunity of learning the military and field exercises, and observing the manners of men of rank.

At dawn Swafurlam was already arming himself for the fight, and by break of day both combatants were met on the appointed spot. The queen and her daughter could see the conflict from their apartment. Frida shuddered for her husband; Eyfura seemed to feel a double anxiety to which perhaps the unusually heroic figure of young Arngrim somewhat contributed. The duel began, Swafurlam was in complete armor, with his enchanted Týrfing by his side. Arngrim had nothing to protect him, but a large firm shield covered with plates of tin, and a common stout sword. The king struck first and clave the shield of Baresark into two nearly equal parts at the first blow, but it was so violent a one, that he overreached himself, and stuck his sword into the ground. Arngrim quickly seized his advantage, cut off the right arm of his adversary, stooped down, extricated Týrfing from the lifeless hand, and swinging the fatal sword in the air, gave to the monarch's head a gash, which brought him to the earth.

'Mighty dwarves was your vengeance to be so speedy? Exclaimed the queen, and sank into her daughter's arms: my husband, my husband is no more! In fact he had fallen under a mortal wound. The queen saw with a sort of stupid grief, the corse of her husband brought into the great hall; pale and bowed down she thought of the desertion, which too probably awaited her declining years.

Eyfura did what was possible to console her, and with sympathy replied to her bursts of anguish: Oh my father, Oh my mother! Oh forsaken orphan that I am! These words were heard by Baresark, who was assisting the followers of Swafurlam to lay the corse in state. Princess, said he, you shall not be forsaken, reach me your hand, and become my wife. Though by the laws of war you are now my booty, you shall be as content with me, as had I been a long acquainted wooer. Let us together quit this place, your father is in Valhalla, your mother, Freya will protect.

Eyfura, though a tender daughter, was like all princesses of yore, too much accustomed to scenes of danger, slaughter and adversity, to be wholly overcome by her grief, or unaware of her situation. Brought up amid wars and battles, educated to hear the deeds of the gods, and the adventures of the heroes, and the enterprizes of the giants related daily, she had acquired a general idea of the rights of conquest, and of the usage of the age. The proposal of Baresark therefore did not surprize her. She herself was sprung from these burly marriages, for her mother Frida had become the prize of a like successful aggression. It is not

to her reproach that she gave to Baresark an answer, which had more of welcome than repulsion.

‘Whether Eyfura stayed with her mother until after the father’s funeral, and whether the body was burnt, or buried in armour under a barrow, is not mentioned by the history; but it appears that Arngrim, after stripping the residence of Gardareich of what he most coveted, invited many of the dependants to assist in removing his booty, and to follow his future fortunes; and that he thus carried off with his bride, a considerable addition both of wealth and strength. Nor did he omit to gird round his waist, the celebrated Tyrfig, the dangerous present of the dwarves. He reached in safety his own home of Bolmey, an island included in Halogaland, a northerly part of the Norwegian coast, where his nuptials with Eyfura were announced with all the pomp of hospitality which the times and the region allowed; skalds were invited from Iceland to celebrate the event.’

ART. IX.—*Memoires et Correspondence Litteraires, Dramatiques et Anecdotiques de C. S. Favart, &c.*

Memoirs, &c. of C. S. Favart, drawn up from authentic and original Documents, by H. S. Dumolard. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1808.

FAVART was confessedly the most popular literary character of the century in which he lived; his versatility of talent and the variety of his acquirements, eminently qualified him for excelling in the department of the French drama, to which his genius was directed as much from necessity as choice. His native country is indebted to him for most of the standard pieces of the French stage; among these, *l'Anglais à Bordeaux*, and *les Trois Sultanes*, have established his reputation as a second Moliere. In the exercise of his talents as a dramatist, his seem to have been the efforts of a cultivated mind, while the unaffected simplicity which every where adorns his dialogue, is nature herself in her gayest mood. But we are not called upon to notice his dramatic career at present. The present volumes contain the biography only of a character remarkable for those reverses of fortune so common with the sons of genius from ‘Ormus to the Ind.’ During his life-time poor Favart was haunted by jealousy and pursued by envy; plundered by specious adventurers, and frequently a prey to penury and disease.

One half of the volumes before us is filled with the correspondence between Favart and Count Durazzo at Vienna; and although it has the merit of occasionally exhibiting some fine writing, it is fatiguing and monotonous. Durazzo, it seems,

was manager of the court theatricals at Vienna, although by birth a Genoese nobleman. It was necessary for him to be acquainted with the daily chit-chat of the Parisian circles, the anecdotes of the green-room, and the merits of performers likely to please on the boards at Vienna; Favart was fixed upon to furnish Durazzo with these details, to stipulate with the performers, and to see them sent off to Vienna. Such of our readers, therefore, as are fond of theatrical anecdote, will find abundance of amusement in this correspondence, and we must confess there is a sprightliness and gaiety in these letters which admirably qualifies them for the library of a literary lounge.

Durazzo seems to have been one of those needy noblemen, who think they have a right, in return for what they call condescension, to lay genius under an unmerciful contribution. Poor Favart received abundance of compliments in return for his services, but nothing further; nay, the conduct of the courtier towards him was marked by downright dishonesty. One of the letters now published informs us that Durazzo annually received a large pecuniary recompence from the Empress Maria Theresa, to be transmitted to the French poet. The Austrian master of the revels, however, had so great an esteem for his factotum, that he never mentions the vile subject of money during their whole intercourse. Durazzo kept the gold himself, and transmitted to the poet the purer, and perhaps more grateful homage to his muse, of glory and adulation. Notwithstanding this new way of sharing the profits, their partnership lasted ten long years, and there existed between the grandee and the poet, what perhaps might be mistaken by a superficial reader, for the extreme of intimacy and friendship. 'You are unalterably my friend,' says Durazzo, in one of his letters, 'let there be an end of compliments then between us, suppress all titles and ceremonials. After such an invitation it may be supposed that Favart addressed his patron as my dear count, or my dear friend; but in this we are mistaken. His subsequent letters seem more studiously decked out than usual with *Monseigneur* and *your Excellency*. From this we may infer that Favart had discovered the true character of Durazzo, or perhaps thought that a fool only is to be deceived by appearances of familiarity, while etiquette is seldom lost sight of with impunity even in epistolary correspondence.

When we have waded through the tedious correspondence with Count Durazzo, we meet with lively and entertaining anecdotes at every page.

The bon-mots scattered through these volumes are generally so much indebted to the genius of the French language, that a translation would convey but a feeble idea of their me-

rit. There are a few, however, distinguished by their originality and genuine humour, which may serve to fill up a corner in our future Joe Millers :

‘ Moncrif, the French naturalist, gave an unmerciful beating to a poet, who had ventured upon a few epigrams at his expence. The wit while suffering under the chastisement of the natural historian, exclaimed, ‘ Ah ! Moncrif ! Moncrif ! since thou hast written the history of the cats, why hast thou not a velvet paw ?’

‘ Father Chrysostom, an eminent Jesuit, once preached when the crowd was so great that the church could not contain the whole of his auditors. A religious countryman, who was in the church-yard on his ass, thought he could understand the sermon better if he could get a peep at the preacher. For this purpose, he mounted upon the panniers of Dapple, and both alternately stretched forth their ears. The reverend father had scarcely finished a pathetic period, when the good countryman smote his breast, and began to weep, when his ass set up a formidable bray. “ *Make that ass hold his tongue,*” cried a man with the voice of the Arcadian Stentor. “ *Turn out that insolent rascal,*” said the holy father, thinking the complaint was levelled at his declamation.’

‘ M. Thierri, a celebrated physician, was called in to a gentleman who had been attacked with a violent vomiting. After hearing every thing the patient had to say, the doctor meditated a few minutes in silence, and then suddenly exclaimed, “ Ah ! my dear Sir, I am the happiest man alive ! I have found it ! I have found it ! It is the black vomit, a disease which has been missing for two centuries, and I have had the good fortune to restore it to the faculty !” “ Ah, doctor,” said the sick man, “ your joy has made me happy also. You have found then that my disease is —” “ Mortal, Sir !” rejoined the doctor : “ You are in the last extremity, make your will ; but you ought to die overjoyed that the black vomit has again made its appearance !” At these words Sangrado left the apartment, exclaiming, “ the black vomit ! the black vomit for ever !”

There are some pleasantries in one of the volumes upon the magistrates of Paris for prohibiting the *Athalie* and *Merope*, from being played during the Passion Week, while they permitted the actors of the Boulevard to perform the elegant pantomime of *Harlequin transformed into a pig for love* !

Among the anecdotes respecting poets, players, and musicians, with which these Memoirs abound, it may appear somewhat incredible that out of six hundred ephemeral dramas, represented during Favart’s literary life, only six now remain as stock pieces on the French boards.

Among one of the revolutions so common in the taste for the fine arts, it may be remarked that Gluck, the celebrated

composer, and the idol of the connoisseurs of the last century, could only sell six copies of his first and best composition within the space of two years. Gluck owed his subsequent celebrity, like other great men, to adventitious circumstances.

The greater part of the third volume is filled with letters to and from Abbé Voisenon. This gentleman was called the harlequin of the French academy, but it is proper to acknowledge that his productions are full of genius and repartee. They seem to have electrified Favart's pen, and added an unusual vivacity to the style of his answers, while they occasion a sensible regret in his readers that they were not sufficiently numerous to have filled the two former volumes instead of the vapid effusions of Durazzo.

Some fugitive pieces by Favart wind up the volume; in most of them a discriminating reader will discover that easy and graceful elegance of thought and expression which has placed Favart in the highest rank among the minor French poets. There are some, however, which ought not to have been brought back from that oblivion to which we know from his letters that Favart was anxious to consign them. His diffidence of his own merit was not the only amiable trait in his character; his modesty was that which ever accompanies true genius. He accused himself of having corrupted the public taste in writing comic operas, and he reproached himself for the success they obtained.

'They tell me,' he says, in a letter to his friend, 'that I shall have a pension for being the leader of this bad taste in France, but between ourselves I rather deserve the bastinado for my pains.'

It is not likely that any of his readers will judge so harshly, although his executors would have done well if they had published such pieces only as confessedly contradict the bad opinion entertained by the author of himself. To their avarice, or perhaps to the cupidity of the French booksellers, we are indebted for the quantity of literary rubbish these volumes contain. In some places we meet with repetitions of entire letters, *verbatim et literalim*: an effrontery which our jobbing English booksellers have not yet been guilty of.

ART. X.—*Voyage religieux et sentimentale aux Cimetieres de Paris, &c.*

Religious and sentimental Excursions to the Church-yards of Paris, containing a great Variety of Inscriptions followed by religious and moral Reflexions. By Anthony Caillot. 1 Vol. 8vo. pp. 380. Paris, chez Haussman. 1808.

WE feel a peculiar pleasure in noticing a work of this description, as appearing in a nation which the rest of Europe has long regarded as beyond the pale of religion, and loosened from the trammels of morality.

Those who expect to find the atrabilious effusions of the Night Thoughts, or the flippant jargon of Hervey in M. Caillot's work will be disappointed. His reflexions, however, are not altogether free from that whining sentimentality, which eternally pervades the compositions of a Frenchman while either philosophising or addressing a roundelay to his mistress.

The singular mission on which our author was engaged, suggested a practical remark which he makes when describing the cemetery of *Mont Louis* or *Maison du pere La Chaise*. "What was my astonishment to find the greater number of these sad inscriptions inform me that they marked the graves of fathers of families dead at an advanced age, or after having passed the prime of life! How striking the contrast from the graves in the church-yard of Montmartre, a greater part of which contain husbands and wives, and young girls cut off in the vigour of youth. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for, and why does the enemy of mankind strike more young people than old in one place, and more old than young in another?"

M. Caillot endeavours to explain this phenomenon; he does not ascribe it to the difference between the air respired in the fauxbourg Saint Antoine, and that of the Palais Royal; but to the intemperance so prevalent in the latter of these districts, and to a mad passion for public exhibitions and nocturnal festivities, in which the youth of both sexes violate the laws of nature and disobey the dictates of prudence.

In the Charais, and in the fauxbourg St. Antoine, on the contrary, industrious habits, regular hours, and more moderate and simple pleasures, instead of committing an outrage against nature, produce better health, and ensure old age and exemption from bodily infirmities.

The scene which the author delights to contemplate, naturally elevates his mind to religious ideas. On this subject

he is frequently so fervent that his opinions in matters connected with worship border on intolerance; although he more than once restores himself to our good graces by the liberality of his sentiments.

It gives us satisfaction to observe the mild impartiality with which he summarily retraces the influence retained by father La Chaise over the mind of his august penitent, and the dire effects of the religious wars which lighted up the torch of persecution, and peopled the tombs in France.

"O vicissitude of human affairs!" exclaims M. Caillot, when speaking of Mont Louis, "how great the fragility of that grandeur which makes so many martyrs, or chains so many slaves; this edifice over which time is rapidly extending the sad architecture of ruin, was built by a monarch all powerful and victorious.

"It was inhabited by that father La Chaise, who to the politics of an artful courtier, united the spirit of intrigue and ambition so characteristic of the celebrated society of which he was a member; this building, so often visited by Madame de Maintenon, and which the greatest lords thought themselves happy to be for once permitted to enter, like that Versailles, where their master held his court, has now become uninhabitable, and soon will it give up to sepulchral monuments the ground, which it now burdens with its weight!"

Upon reflecting that in the last receptacle, not only are all ranks confounded, but in these days all religious sects deposit their bones within the same inclosure, M. Caillot exclaims, "Ah! who now will dare to tell me that if I do not adopt such and such opinions, I shall be condemned to eternal punishment? What barbarian dares now say, out of my communion there is no salvation? incomprehensible and all merciful Being, hast thou empowered any individual to avenge thee? Does it belong to a vile creature to say to his fellow-mortals, subscribe to my creed or be for ever miserable? what limits, great God! can we finite beings fix to thy clemency and justice? What right have I, to say to thee, here shalt thou punish, and there shalt thou reward? Answer, O ye dead, who moulder into dust; was it possible for you all to follow the same creed?"

"Praised be that wise government which destroyed the disgraceful and sacrilegious wall of separation reared by intolerance between the dead and the dead, between the grave and the grave!"

Those short extracts will give a slight idea of the style of the author, which is often harmonious and elegant, and at times not deficient in energy.

DIGEST OF LITERATURE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

HISTORY.

'THE history of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade,' by Mr. Clarkson, exhibits a circumstantial detail of the various cruelties which were practised in this abominable traffic, of the various difficulties which the advocates for the abolition had to encounter, and of the means by which they finally consummated a measure so long and so loudly demanded by reason and humanity. Mr. Clarkson has interwoven a particular account of his own journeys to procure evidence, with the more general history of the abolition. Some persons will, perhaps, think this the most interesting part of the performance. There are some tedious and common-place details, which Mr. C. might have omitted, with advantage to the work, which would also have been more attractive if there had been more elegance and animation in the style. Mr. Banks's 'Dormant and extinct Baronage of England,' may not perhaps be properly classed under the head of history; but, if it be not a history, it furnishes numerous materials, which may be usefully employed by the historian, in order to throw light on the manners and characters of the times. This work of Mr. Banks evinces considerable research; but the perusal is rendered less gratifying than it would otherwise have been, if the writer had adopted a more elegant style of composition.

BIOGRAPHY.

The 'Life of Sir Philip Sidney,' by Dr. Zouch, is drawn from the most authentic sources of information, and is compiled with considerable care. Though the picture wants that glow of chivalry which characterized the original, yet it is an impartial and correct representation. If we occasionally meet with flat passages, and common-place remarks, yet these are more than compensated by the labour of research, the love of truth, and the vein of piety which pervade the work. The moral and religious reflections, which are not ostentatiously displayed, but introduced with feeling and effect, evince the amiable mind of the biographer, while they are in unison with the habits of the illustrious subject of his pen.—Mr. Smith's 'Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major Andrè,' appears to exhibit a correct, but not

very perspicuous, nor well arranged narrative of the circumstances which led to the fatal catastrophe of that accomplished and interesting young man. Mr. Smith has incorporated some account of his own history with that of Major André, which renders the narrative intricate and confused.—Cecil's 'Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton,' are rather highly seasoned with the cant, and abundantly mingled with the absurdities, of methodism. Mr. Cecil appears to have designed the work as a specimen of *light reading*, in which the *godly* might innocently indulge; but it is a very heavy, tasteless, and dull performance.—The 'Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce,' the Abyssinian traveller, by Alexander Murray, was prefixed to the edition of his travels, which appeared in 1805, but is now reprinted in a splendid quarto, with considerable additions and emendations. Besides the life, more than half the volume is occupied with an appendix, which contains a great variety of valuable and interesting matter, relative to Mr. Bruce, his travels, &c. &c.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

M. Fauche Borel's 'Accounts relative to Pichegru and Moreau,' will gratify the curiosity of those who delight in examining the mode in which counter-revolutionary plots have been conducted by the emigrants and others, under the auspices of the English government, against the new political system of France. M. Fauche Borel was a very sedulous agent of the Bourbons; and, if they are not at present seated on the throne of France, it certainly is not his fault, for he seems to have done all which the audacity or the art of an individual could do to bring about that now improbable, and we think, impossible, event. We do not place implicit confidence in all the details of M. Borel; but some of them throw considerable light on the principles and characters of several of the great actors on the stage of the revolution.—In Mr. Ferris's 'Standard of the English Constitution,' we meet with some spirited remarks, but without any depth or copiousness of political information.—Much important matter is contained in Mr. Miles's 'Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,' which throws considerable light on the circumstances and causes of the war with revolutionary France. It discloses some of the secret springs, of which the elastic force was powerfully operative in the administration of Mr. Pitt; and, though there are rather too many sarcasms, and too much bitterness against particular individuals, there is, at the same time, a great variety of important and instructive political information.—The anonymous author of 'a plain Statement of the Conduct of the Ministry and the Opposi-

tion towards his Royal Highness the Duke of York,' seems to understand the art of damning, not with faint praise, but with invidious and vilifying representations, which the writer, in his ignorance, no doubt, intended for rich and odorous panegyric.—The six pamphlets, which were mentioned in our Review for October, relative to the fifth report of the commissioners of military inquiry, though they may seem not to belong to the head of politics, yet relate to a subject which is intimately connected with the public interest, as far as the health and strength of the army are subservient to the welfare of the state. The commissioners recommended to the legislature, the exclusion of the regular physicians from the service of the army. This would have thrown the whole practice of the military department into the hands of the army-surgeons, a race of men who have rarely experienced the advantages of a regular and scientific education. The whole body of physicians are under great obligations to Dr. Bancroft, for the able, temperate, and dispassionate manner in which he has discussed the subject, in his 'Letter to the Commissioners of Military Inquiry'.—Mr. Ingram's 'Disquisitions on Population,' contain a very satisfactory refutation of the delusive anti-connubial system which has been recommended by the argumentative ingenuity of Mr. Malthus. Much strength of reasoning, much solidity of judgment, and much moral, as well as political information, are displayed in these disquisitions of Mr. Ingram.—The 'Inquiries, Historical and Moral, respecting the Character of Nations, and the Progress of Society,' by Hugh Murray, are a performance of more than ordinary merit. It is clear, luminous, and profound. It places the progressive nature of man in that point of view, in which it is warranted by experience; and all the deductions of Mr. Murray are amply supported by facts. It is a work which will be perused with pleasure by the philanthropist, whose prospective views of the future improvement and felicity of his species, have been clouded by the gloomy speculations of Mr. Malthus. Mr. Murray shows how man will gradually attain to a higher degree of civilization than any at which he has yet ever arrived; and it teaches us not to be dispirited by the appearance of a retrograde course in human affairs, as it displays, with all the splendour of philosophical light, the mode in which even the progressive principles, on which the amelioration of human society so entirely depends, often vitiate before they improve; and it shows how this vitiation itself often prepares the way for the greatest and most permanent improvement.

RELIGION.

In his Bampton lectures, 'preached before the university of Oxford, in the year 1808,' Mr. Penrose has attempted to establish a criterion, by which to prove the truth of christianity, 'without entering into the question of miracles.' But he failed in an attempt, in which it was hardly possible that he should succeed. His failure is, however, by no means to be ascribed to the defect of erudition or ability; for Mr. Penrose has furnished ample proof that he possesses no common share of both. Though the truth of christianity, as a *moral system*, may be proved without the aid of miracles, yet miracles are wanting to prove it a *divine communication*. By a long and serious reflection on the constitution of man, on the circumstances in which he is placed, and on the conduct of God in the government of the world, a person may become a profound moralist; but the actual exertion of supernatural power, is requisite to confirm the pretensions of a teacher, who professes to be the messenger of God.—The discourse which Mr. Falconer preached before the university of Oxford, on the 5th of November, though evidently levelled against Catholic emancipation, contains many liberal and enlightened sentiments.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

Captain Williamson's 'Mathematics, simplified and practically illustrated by the Adaptation of the principal Problems to the ordinary Purposes of Life,' &c. is one of those works in which the performance does not correspond with the promise in the title. Captain Williamson has not elucidated the way that was obscure, nor smoothed that which was abrupt and difficult. The novice in mathematics will not be benefited by his book, and it will certainly not be consulted by the proficient.—Dr. Jarrold's 'Anthropologia,' contains a good deal of information on the physical and moral nature of man, mingled with a pleasing hue of devotional reflection. The doctor very vigorously asserts the claim of the African to a superior, rather than to a subordinate rank, in the scale of human existence. There appears, however, to be something fanciful in the physical superiority, which he assigns to the skin of the black man, over that of the white. The doctor attaches more importance to the liberal use of salt, than we think that experience justifies.—'A new System of Chemical Philosophy,' by John Dalton, evinces the usual patience, industry, and research, of the enlightened author. On his system, we shall offer no opinion, till the whole is before us.

MEDICINE.

Dr. Farrel has rendered some service to the public, by translating 'the Lectures of Boyer, upon the Diseases of the Bones, arranged into a Systematic Treatise, by M. Richerand, Professor of Anatomy and Philosophy, and principal Surgeon to the Northern Hospital, at Paris.' These lectures explain the *diseases* of bones, as arising from local or constitutional causes, or the effects of accidents and injuries, with the proper methods of treatment. They include, therefore, a very important branch of the art of surgery; their utility constitutes their great recommendation.—The pamphlet which colonel Riddell has had the *modesty* to entitle the '*Riddellian System, or new Medical Improvements,*' is such a farrago of quackery, of ignorance, and presumption, as we have not often perused. The colonel, it seems, has some how or other become acquainted with a good antimonial purge, which he has taken himself, and administered largely to his friends. The colonel would willingly induce us to believe that this purgative will cure any fever in a few hours, and that it possesses other miraculous powers, of which the colonel's patients, like those of Drs. Brodum, Solomon, &c. will, no doubt, attest the truth.—Mr. Wardrop's '*Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye,*' are part of a great and difficult design, which the author has formed of delineating all the diseases of the eye. This volume is a very favourable specimen of the work. The engravings have not often been equalled in accuracy, distinctness, and expression.—In his '*Exposition of the Practice of affusing cold Water on the Surface of the Body,*' as a remedy for fever, Dr. Jackson has endeavoured to establish the priority of his claim to the practice of the cold affusion. Dr. J. greatly overrates the powers of this external agent on the human system. It certainly alleviates febrile irritation, but it does not appear to possess any direct anti-febrile efficacy. The reasoning of Dr. Jackson, is often only a mere jargon of words, and his speculations, which are neither distinctly conceived, nor clearly expressed, are not likely to make any accession to our knowledge of fever, or its cure.—The observations, which Mr. Freer, of the general hospital near Birmingham, has published on aneurism, and some diseases of the arterial system, reflect great credit on his professional skill. Mr. Freer has the merit of having first performed, with complete success, the operation for femoral aneurism, by tying the external iliac artery. This case gave rise to the present work; but, besides this, it contains a succinct and scientific account of some of the diseases of arteries, which must be highly valuable to the medical practitioner.

POETRY.

In this department of the literary vineyard, the labourers, as usual, are many, but the fruit is small. The translation of the *Satires* of Boileau, which was noticed in our number for September, abounds with instances of careless and slovenly versification. The translator has, in some parts, done justice to his original, and discovered a power of rhyme, which may be well employed on a theme which is susceptible of being rendered more generally interesting.—Mr. Tighe has evinced considerable poetical talents in his poem of ‘the Plants.’—The *Exodiad*, which is a product of the poetical partnership of Mr. Cumberland and Sir J. Bland Burgess, betrays in many places, the difference of its parentage. These brother-poets seem to have been rather unfortunate in the subject which they have chosen for their joint labours. In the fable there is a defect of unity; in the characters, though there is no violation of consistency, there is not, with the exception of that of Korah, one which is delineated with any peculiar boldness or force; the machinery does not, in general, exhibit much power of imagination, nor correctness of judgment; the diction, though it is, in some instances, energetic and spirited, is more often languid and inanimate; it is, besides, sometimes deformed by colloquial vulgarisms, which ought to have no place in an epic poem.—Mr. Noble’s ‘*Blackheath*,’ contains some passages which are well conceived, and poetically expressed; but these are hardly sufficient to atone for the many instances which occur of false taste, turgidity, and affectation.—In Mr. Westall’s ‘*Day in Spring, and other Poems*,’ there is much pleasing and natural description, and Mr. W. who has often charmed by his talents as a painter, seems to possess that degree of sensibility to the beautiful forms and combinations of nature, which have qualified him to cultivate the sister art of poetry with no inconsiderable success.—The translation of select sonnets of Petrarch, by the translator of *Catullus*, evinces no mean powers of easy and elegant versification.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The ‘*Account of Jamaica and its Inhabitants*, by a Gentleman, long resident in the West Indies,’ contains a great deal of useful and interesting information, respecting that valuable island. The materials of which it is composed, appear not to have been copied from books, but derived from personal observation and research. The ‘*Travels in Turkey*,’ &c. by Thomas Macgill, are full of hasty and inaccurate statements, and very destitute of real information.—Fischer’s ‘*Picture of*

Madrid,' is a very lively description of the locality, buildings, trade, manners, customs, amusements, and occupations of that interesting capital. There is an air of *naïvète* and sprightliness in the work, which add much to the pleasure of the perusal.—The 'Picture of Lisbon, taken on the Spot by a Gentleman, many years resident in that Place,' is also an instructive and amusing work.—Gass's *Journal of a 'Corps of Discovery,'* contains much geographical information relative to the interior of North America, bordering on the Pacific ocean.

NOVELS.

The novel entitled 'Sketches of Character,' is a very pleasing and natural performance. It is not a work which interests by any ingenious construction of plot, so much as by the ease and the animation with which the characters and the conversations are pourtrayed.—The 'Claire d'Albe,' of Madam Cottin, displays the characteristic powers of that ingenious and impassioned writer. The tale is simple, the characters few, and the interest well preserved. Many of her observations evince a considerable insight into the human heart. But some passages are rather too voluptuous, and have a tendency to merge the sense of duty in the grossness of passion. The catastrophe was, however, evidently designed to impress the sacred obligation of conjugal fidelity.—The 'Romantic Tales' of M. G. Lewis, are not deficient in amusement, and some of them are even instructive, but they have no claim to the praise of inventive genius. Mr. Lewis has constructed these volumes of tales, of materials which other writers had furnished to his hands, though he has often varied the forms, altered the combination, and improved the appearance of the whole. But some of his tales are rendered monstrous by the extravagances, incongruities, and absurdities which were disgraceful to him to write, and which are disgraceful to those who can peruse them without disgust.—Miss Hamilton has made no small accession to her fame, by her 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' The end, at which Miss Hamilton aims in this work, is as honourable to her, as the execution. Her object is to improve the manners, and to correct the filth, the negligence, and sloth of the Scottish peasantry. In her simple and artless tale, the opposite effects of neatness and slovenliness, of cleanliness and nastiness, of good and bad management, are pourtrayed with so much vivacity and discrimination, that no one can contemplate the picture, without feeling the important truths, which it is intended to inculcate. The peculiar manners, habitudes, and temperament of the Scottish peasantry, have been so faithfully and happily de-

scribed by Miss H. that nothing can exceed the fidelity and distinctness of the resemblance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Illustrations of the Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, contains few, and but a few, particulars relative to the author of that pleasing pastoral. Some of the local descriptions are well executed, and deserve considerable praise.—Mr. Park has re-published the first volume of that celebrated collection of pamphlets and tracts which is known by the name of the Harleian Miscellany. The new editor has retained the old arrangement, or rather confusion of the original work, as well as preserved the old matter, more than one half of which might have been rejected without any injury to the publication. The extreme scarcity of the original work, appears to have prompted this republication.—Mr. Mangin's Essay on Light Reading, contains many sensible and judicious observations on that species of reading, which impoverishes the head, while it vitiates the heart.

DIGEST OF POLITICS,

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

SINCE the publication of our last Appendix, the war in the north of Europe, which was for some time carried on with doubtful success between the Russians and the Swedes, seems at last to have taken a decisive turn in favour of the former, who have made themselves masters of Finland. This province which borders on the capital of Russia, has long excited the ambitious rapacity of that power, and the present cession, which has been acquired by the superiority of her arms, is not likely to be soon relinquished. The king of Sweden, however, instead of crouching to the conqueror, appears to be still determined to maintain his independence; and while Bonaparte continues to be employed in the south, we do not think that the power, nor the menaces of the emperor of Russia will be able to reduce him to submission, or to compel him to engage in hostilities against this country. In the spring it is probable that an English army will be sent to assist him either to recover Finland, or to conquer Norway: and to keep the fleets of Russia skulking in her ports. This at least is due to the fidelity of his alliance, and in the present temper of the court of Petersburg,

it seems not revenge, but policy to make the autocrat of the north feel that he is likely to derive but a small portion either of profit or of honour from his alliance with Napoleon.

The counsels of Russia, or at least those of the emperor and his mistresses remain at present decidedly French; either the most ignominious pusillanimity, the most detestable turpitude, or the most erroneous calculations of policy, and of interest have made Alexander who was once foolishly called the magnanimous, sink into the mere tool, the abject puppet of Napoleon. Much may perhaps be ascribed to his fears, for Bonaparte certainly possesses the art of frightening his adversaries; but much will still remain to be laid to the account of his vices, which Napoleon also knows how to employ to his advantage. The lusts of princes have often sapped the very foundation of their throne; this is particularly the case with the present emperor of Russia, whose favourite confidants, those who see him in his most unreserved hours, are in the pay of Napoleon. Bonaparte, who can stoop to be little, in order to rise to be great, and who is as transcendent in arts as in arms, would no doubt not hesitate to officiate as *procurer* to the remaining princes of Europe, who are willing to gratify the sensuality at any cost. The Corsican would gladly supply their courts of Europe with a stock of female emissaries, whose blandishments might operate as effectually for the downfall of states as the battles of Jena, or of Austerlitz.

The ascendant, which Bonaparte acquired over the mind of Alexander when they met at Tilsit, while the ears of the autocrat were still vibrating with the thunder of Friedland, seems to have been still farther established by the interview at Erfurth, which was rendered doubly potent by the dancing-girls of Paris. O sage Napoleon! What an adept art thou in accommodating thy manners, and thy complaisance, to the temper and constitution of thy guests! The present humiliating state of Russia, in which she is acting as a sort of upper menial in the train of Napoleon, must be generally disgusting to two classes of her inhabitants, her nobles and her merchants. It must be in the highest degree offensive to the pride of the one, and to the avarice of the other. French valets, French tutors, and French *gouvernantes*, are indeed reported to have acted as powerful propagandists of French policy in many noble families; but still the majority of the nobles, who are not infected with the venality, nor paralyzed by the sorceries of the court, must behold with surprize and indignation the vast empire of Peter the Great converted into a province of France; and made a mere tool in her projects of domination.

Austria is, and has long been, in a state of inquietude and suspense. She resembles a man, who is placed in an uneasy posture, and yet is afraid of moving into another, for fear of exciting the attention of a thief who has crept into the room. Austria has evidently been extending her military preparations; but fearful of arousing the jealousy of France, she has endeavoured to conceal them under the guise of measures of internal arrangement and domestic policy. If Austria, whose existence as an independant state is secretly threatened by Bonaparte, and who is certainly only left to be destroyed, when other obstacles to his ambition are removed, really design to frustrate the blow by measures of vigorous hostility, the present seems the favourable, the critical moment for the desperate but necessary attempt. While Bonaparte is occupied beyond the Pyrenees, in the subjugation of Spain, in which he has employed all the strength of his legions, and all the talent of his generals, the cabinet of Vienna might send her forces into the field with some chance of success, and were her success comparatively small, it would still be sufficient to make a strong sensation in Germany, the larger part of which would embrace any favourable opportunity of throwing off the yoke of France. But a certain vertiginous dizziness seems to have seized the old and surviving potentates of Europe, which renders them incapable of clear-sighted views, and energetic action. They hardly discern the objects which are placed before their eyes; they are too dull to perceive immediate effects, and much less have they sagacity to foresee more remote consequences; their political hebetude, their blindness to the present, and their indifference to the future are more gross than can be described. Thus they make no adequate efforts to provide against impending ills, to avert approaching danger, or to surmount the difficulties which they cannot evade. Prussia suffered Austria to be overrun, when her vigorous interposition might have arrested the arms of Napoleon, and ultimately have prevented her own overthrow. But the impolitic jealousy of Prussia, her little mindedness, and her selfishness formed the 'vantage-ground for her enemy, and opened the gulph in which she is at this moment sunk. Austria with the infatuation, the imbecility, or the cowardice of Prussia, will probably let the present advantageous moment for action escape; and will afterwards precipitate a contest with France, at a season when even the most sanguine could not indulge a hope of her success.

Under the vigorous administration of Mustapha Bairactar, Turkey is not unlikely to emerge from her former degradation, to that point of consequence, which she ought to hold

among the European nations. The Turks are not inferior to the French nor to the Russians in courage, in patience, nor in any of those military aptitudes which depend on organization, or on temperament; and if the European discipline could be generally introduced among them, we do not believe that even Bonaparte with all his resources for aggression and for victory, would deem the conquest of Turkey an easy task. But alas! at the moment that we had just penned the above sentences, we received information that a new revolution had broken out in Constantinople on the 14th of last November, which has totally frustrated all the hopes which we had entertained of a salutary reform, in the civil and military administration of that vast and strangely constituted empire. The reforms which were meditated and partly begun by the late vizier, Mustapha Bairacter, are said to have been of the most comprehensive kind, and perhaps it was the premature disclosure, or the indiscreet attempt, among a people proverbially averse from every species of innovation, which accelerated his melancholy end. No man has arisen in Turkey, either during the present century or the last, possessed of a more decided character, or a more vigorous understanding, and who seemed more likely to succeed in removing part of that barbarism which is still incorporated with the maxims and institutions of Turkey, than Mustapha Bairacter. His fate will probably deter future viziers from similar attempts. Is Bonaparte destined to correct the prejudices of the Turks, and to reform the institutions of Mahomet?

Since our last digest, the affairs of Spain have undergone a considerable change; Bonaparte, from the want of sufficient energy in the Spanish and in the British councils, had ample leisure during the summer to collect an immense force, which he poured into Spain in the month of November, and of which he put himself at the head, as soon as he had obtained ample assurance, not only of the pacific intentions, but of the implicit obsequiousness of the emperor Alexander, at his interview at Erfurth. Both Spain and Britain suffered the precious intervals between the surrender of the army of Dupont, and the arrival of Bonaparte in Spain, to elapse without any vigorous hostility against the enemy. The French who had evacuated Madrid, and retired beyond the Ebro, amounted to little more than 40,000 men; if Spain had ordered a timely levy in mass, and had armed a considerable part of her population only with the pike, even this weapon when wielded by free men in a cause which was fit to inspire the most generous enthusiasm, would have been sufficient to extirpate this remnant of French. But no great effort was made by the Spaniards themselves: and

the British force which might by a timely co-operation, have come to the aid of the Spaniards at this favourable juncture, instead of being landed at Bilboa or St. Andero, was transported to Portugal, where it obtained one victory, which was rendered totally nugatory by the subsequent convention. Had the British force, which was unfortunately sent on a worse than useless errand to Portugal, been landed in any part of the north of Spain, it would have rendered the Spaniards so decidedly superior to their enemies in that quarter, that a favourable turn would have been given to the war, which even the genius of Bonaparte would not have been able to retrieve. Had the French been beaten in Spain, Junot and his whole army must soon have surrendered at discretion in Portugal. In the conduct of the English ministry with respect to the succour which has been afforded to the Spanish patriots, we discern matter both for commendation, and for blame. We commend the alacrity with which they appeared to interest themselves in the glorious cause: and the promptitude with which they afforded supplies of money, clothing, and military stores, but we cannot but reprobate the hesitation, the delay, the fluctuation of counsels, the discordancy of plan, and contrariety of orders, which they have manifested in the prosecution of the contest. The indecision, which has marked their conduct in so many instances is a lamentable proof of their imbecility. It shews a want of wisdom in their deliberations, of unity and co-hereñce in their projects, of solidity in their principles, and of energy in their conduct. The army which they sent to Portugal exhibited the novel spectacle of having three commanders in chief in the space of about as many days. The mischief which ensued must be deplored, but need not be recapitulated.

When Portugal was released from the presence of the French, a large part of the British army, which ought immediately to have taken the road to Spain, was left behind to keep the peace at Lisbon. The Portuguese were irritated by the pusillanimity and the folly with which the British commanders in chief let Junot depart with the spoil of the country; and no hopes were held out to them of any alleviation of the political oppression, under which they had groaned more under the domination of the house of Braganza, than of the French. Even the establishment of the inquisition, which had been doomed to destruction by the catholic French, was left untouched by the English protestants. Nothing, in short, was done in Portugal to interest the people in the cause for which they were nevertheless required by the regency of the country, to sacrifice their lives. The proclamation of the Portuguese

provisional government; made a parade of menacing death to every one who would not take up arms against the French; but this menace would have been superfluous, if the people had been previously convinced that they had rights to defend. But a despotic government leaves its subjects nothing worth fighting for. To attempt, by a proclamation, or by any other form of words, to inspire emotions of patriotism in such a people, is as absurd as to attempt to communicate sensation to stocks and stones. The French might rob the Portuguese of their plate, or the Portuguese farmers of some of their live stock, but they could not establish a worse political system in Portugal, than they found before their arrival. Any alterations which they might make in the civil and judicial administration of the country, must be for the better: for what had hitherto prevailed, was superlatively bad. The people experienced at once a triple servitude. They were at once the slaves of the king, of the nobles, and of the priests. Tyranny and superstition had combined the worst ills, under which social man can groan. The French, during their possession of the country, had rather diminished, than aggravated this accumulated sum of long-continued suffering. But when the French were expelled by the British army, what was done to rouse the national sympathies, or to excite the general joy? The old regime was restored. Hence that dissatisfaction, that bitterness, and inquietude, which have since prevailed in the country, which are likely to prevent any vigorous and united efforts, to prevent a second irruption of the French.

The British troops, who marched from Portugal into Spain, did not arrive at Salamanca till the 10th of November, but instead of pushing forward to Madrid, where, united with the Spanish troops, and the armed population, they might have probably arrested the progress of the French, they remain about a month in the same place, apparently hesitating whether to advance or to retreat. They afterwards form a junction with sir David Baird, which might have been effected long before. The united armies then make a movement to attack an inferior French force at Saldanha, but they are informed of the approach of Bonaparte from Madrid, and prudence dictates a retreat. It is not certain whether the unaccountable delay of sir John Moore at Salamanca, was owing to orders from London, or was the result of his own discretion; but it appears to have had an unfortunate influence on the progress of the war. The French made themselves masters of Madrid with little resistance; the hopes which the inhabitants had entertained of British succour were frustrated, the chiefs of the patriotic host were dispirited, and the people, though animated with enthusiasm, and in a temper to endure

every extremity, rather than to yield, found themselves left without leaders, and obliged to submit to the conqueror. But if the British troops had marched instantly to the relief of the capital, Madrid, though weakly fortified, yet defended by the hearts as well as the hands of the inhabitants, inflamed with double zeal, by the presence of an English army, would certainly have held out to the last extremity; and though it might have been finally captured, yet it would have probably cost the tyrant half his army to subdue. The example of desperate resistance made by the capital would have inflamed the courage of the more remote towns, which would have aspired to rival her courage and enthusiasm.

It is evident, that Bonaparte, from an expression which is found in one of his dispatches from Madrid, in which he orders a *Te Deum* to be celebrated, among other reasons for his good fortune in having obtained quiet possession of the capital, expected a more vigorous resistance than he experienced. Had the united British and Spanish armies been vanquished by the French, their retreat would still have been open into Andalusia, where the spirit of patriotism is more ardent and more general than in the other provinces. The reasons why sir John Moore did not lead his army to the capital, and why he remained so long inactive at Salamanca, we have never heard satisfactorily explained. His subsequent movement towards Saldanha, to attack Soult, after his junction with Sir D. Baird, has had the effect of making a diversion in favour of the provinces of Spain. This seems to have been all the advantage which the patriots have hitherto derived from the presence of the British troops.

The central Junta from whom we expected much, have hitherto done little to excite the hopes of the people or to inspire an interest in the great struggle in which they are engaged. They seem to have acted with much more wariness than wisdom, and the independance of Spain may perhaps, at last be sacrificed to their anti-revolutionary fears. They appear from the beginning to have felt a trembling apprehension, lest the present ferment in Spain should be sublimed into the tempestuous crisis of a French revolution. They did not consider that the different characters of the two people, that their different manners, sentiments, and indeed the general circumstances of the country, removed all serious reason for such alarm. Bonaparte had no sooner gotten possession of Madrid, than he abolished the inquisition, destroyed the power of seignorial oppression, and reduced those seminaries of idleness and vice, the convents, to one third. These reforms must tend, in a great measure to conciliate the good will of the Spanish people to diminish the sum of individual oppression, and augment that of the general industry and hap-

piness ; but why should the central Junta have suffered their most inveterate foe to anticipate them in acts of the greatest favour, and of universal good ?

We have been told, and for a long time we were led to believe, that the indignation against Buonaparte, that the abhorrence of king Joseph, and the affection for king Ferdinand, were enthusiastic and general throughout Spain. But have not facts militated forcibly against the supposition ? For, if the reign of Joseph were an object of popular and universal detestation, would the Spaniards have made such feeble efforts, as they seem hitherto to have done, to prevent what they abominate, and to accomplish what they desire, to drive Joseph into France, and to bring Ferdinand back into Spain. Would they have brought so few troops into the field, that they have been inferior, even in point of numbers to the French in almost every encounter ? Would a nation possessing a population of eleven millions, have suffered forty thousand enemies to occupy a large tract of their country, for more than four months, without any serious molestation ? Would a nation which talks of preferring death to subjugation, have left its armies on which the whole contest was to depend, to languish in want of almost every necessary ? A patriot may be neither a shoemaker nor a taylor. But patriotism though it be only an ideal abstraction, will wherever it is generally diffused, never suffer the defenders of the cause to want clothing and shoes. The army of Blake, in its most perilous exigencies was left almost destitute of common necessities. The brave Marquis Romana who succeeded to the command of the scattered reliques of this army, has experienced every possible difficulty and privation. Does not this look as if the Spanish people were not so hearty in the cause, as they have been imagined ? does it not seem as if they were rather cold and indifferent spectators of the struggle than warm and impassioned actors in the eventful scene. Does it not look as if they thought it a mere contest about individual power rather than general good, and why should they care, whether the name of the sovereign be Joseph or Ferdinand, provided they are not assured that the sum of their freedom and their happiness, will be greater under one than under the other.

The central Junta, might have made the patriotic cause more popular, by popular acts ; But what did they do, or what have they done to generate national enthusiasm, or to kindle the people's love ? Their sittings seem hitherto, as far as popular rights are concerned, to have been a mere blank. The abuses of the old government remained as they were ; no onerous privileges were abolished, no oppressive powers done away. They might and probably did, and do meditate much good ;

but in such circumstances, the good that might be done, should not be risked by perilous procrastination. Instead of having their ears stunned with the vain echo of a name, the people should have been made to know, and to feel some distinct and individual good, some cheering personality of interest and enjoyment, which were worthy of being defended at every hazard, and for the possession of which every man would have been ready to lay down his life. The contest would then have been not only general but personal; every individual would have felt the quarrel as his own; the abstract idea of patriotism would have been converted into the vivid feeling of self-interest. The whole nation, as if animated with one will, and one heart, would have risen in arms. The ranks of the army would not have exhibited those interstices which have been left by indifference, by pusillanimity, or selfishness. There would have been a redundance of gratuitous soldiers. The pike would have supplied the place of more costly arms, and Bonaparte and his numerous marshalls would have found it impossible to stem the overwhelming tide.

But instead of generating enthusiasm where it was wanting, and increasing the flame where it was already kindled, no judicious means were taken to excite nor to augment the holy fire. The name of Ferdinand was employed, but there was no magic in the sound. The people knew as little of Ferdinand as of Joseph, and probably cared as little for either. The mere name of Ferdinand had in it nothing to interest either the pride, or the patriotism, or the avarice, either the more generous, or the more sordid feelings of the people. It was a word and nothing more. It was not associated with any of those indefinite but fascinating views of good, which, even though delusive, operate like a charm, and sublime and aggrandize all the faculties of man. It was not like the watchword of '*Liberty and Equality*,' which did so much for France in the most perilous moment of her revolutionary fate.

The great object of the Central Junta, from the time of their meeting, seems to have been to keep the people quiet; and they did not consider that this quietude of the people would be the triumph of France, and the subjugation of Spain. They seemed less afraid of the enemy without, than of turbulent movements within; they endeavoured to apply narcotics to the popular mind, when they should have employed all the means of rousing and energizing it, which were in their power. They did not consider that if the colossal hostility of Bonaparte could be beaten down, it must be by a revolutionary storm. It was necessary for the safety of Spain to excite every passion that inhabits the frame of man, against the over-

bearing foe. The energies of resistance could not be too great ; could hardly be great enough against the enormity of the force, which threatened their subjugation. The measures of calmer times would be worse than inefficient. They were not adequate to the crisis, and they would only paralyze the noble daring which might arise, the bolder efforts which might be made. Bonaparte is not a man to be overcome by an adversary with a withered arm ; but the right arm of Spain was withered, by the long continued pressure of tyranny and superstition. The Junta did not make any immediate and serious demonstration to the people that this double force of oppression should be removed ; and that all the causes which impaired the health and strength of the body politic should be done away. They seemed willing to rule the country in the name of Ferdinand ; they assumed the royal power into their own hands ; they left to the nobles their feudal exemptions, and to the priests the inheritance of the inquisition. What has been the effect of this policy is well known ; it enabled forty thousand French to defy the whole population of Spain, and it opened to Bonaparte the way to Madrid.

Will the Junta at last see their error ? Will they at once plainly and specifically declare what are the civil, the military, the ecclesiastical, the judicial, the financial reforms which they will introduce into the constitution of Spain, and by which they will infuse new life and strength into the withered and haggard form of the state ? Will they leave it to Bonaparte to instruct them in the art of policy, and to teach the people of Spain that they have a country to defend ?

It is vain to conjecture what will be the issue of the present contest in Spain. We once ardently wished that the patriots might triumph, and we fondly hoped that they would ; but though our wishes are as ardent as ever, our hopes are more faint and languid than before. Present appearances seem to favour the idea that the victory will remain with Bonaparte. The country has never been sufficiently raised against him ; and as the people have not been made clearly to see and forcibly to feel some distinct personal interest in opposing him, it is possible that his art may be successful in making them believe that he is more their friend and their benefactor than the Junta, or than Ferdinand.

In the present crisis of the world, it is a truth too plain to be controverted, that none of the ancient governments can stand against the new dynasty of France, *without having the people on their side*. By estranging themselves from the people, and the people from them, they must ultimately fall by their own weakness ; and who will lament their fall ? The object of every political institution, is not merely the benefit of a few, but the happiness of all who live under it. When the interests of a few individuals, or of a few families, are

more consulted than the general interest, or are even supported in opposition to it, there is always a latent, though there may not be a visible, schism in the body politic, which is the precursor of its dissolution. The true principle of political cohesion, is the interest of the government identified with that of all the different parts of the state. One sensitive, one animating spirit then pervades the whole; and that unity of volition, which is so conspicuous in the individual body, is then every where present in the body politic.

Since the above was sent to the press, news has arrived, which almost puts an end to our previous doubts respecting the subjugation of Spain. The corps of Soult seems, according to the acknowledgment of Bonaparte, to have been placed at Saldanha, on purpose to attract the British into the plain. If this were a manœuvre of Bonaparte, it must be confessed that it was, in a great measure, successful. But sir J. Moore had not made many marches to attack Soult, when he learned that Bonaparte was rapidly advancing against him with an overwhelming force. The retreat of the British army seems to have been precipitate, and indeed it could hardly have been otherwise, when we consider how closely they were pursued by the French, and with what celerity the French are accustomed to march. The British succeeded in reaching Corunna before the arrival of the enemy. But owing to the delay in the arrival of the transports, the French were not too late to throw some obstacles in the way of the embarkation. A battle ensued, in which the British were assailed by superior numbers. But the steady courage of our troops prevailed over the impetuous bravery of the French; who after a vigorous contest of several hours, retired with precipitation, and did not make their appearance again, till nearly the whole of the British army had embarked. The loss of sir John Moore is not among the smallest personal regrets which this action will occasion. We rejoice, however, that the action took place; because it afforded a striking proof of the superiority of the British troops to the boasted veterans of the enemy. The victory which the British obtained on this occasion, and the superiority which they displayed in all their former smaller encounters with the French, serve to convince us, that if sir J. Moore, instead of remaining for six weeks inactive at Salamanca, had marched to Madrid while the central Junta had a respectable force stationed in the vicinity, while there was a considerable armed population, and while the inhabitants of the capital in general, were inflamed with indignation against the French, and determined to defend themselves to the last extremity, it is probable that Bonaparte would have found in Madrid another St. John d'Acre. It does not appear that any thing like a revolutionary enthusiasm was

kindled in the provinces, but there was no small portion of it in the capital, and in the large towns; and if this had been supported by the presence of a British army, it is impossible to calculate the power of resistance to the French which it might have produced. We know what a signal reverse sir Sidney Smith, with only a handful of men, occasioned to the arms of Bonaparte, at Acre; and who can say what a check his ambition might not have received from the presence of sir John Moore, with a numerous, well appointed, and well disciplined British army, at Madrid? Considering the heroic spirit, and the great military talents of sir John Moore, it is impossible to account for his total inaction during so long a period at Salamanca, without ascribing it to the hesitating and timid policy of the ministers at home. The ministers waited to succour the Spaniards till the armies of Elake and Castanos were annihilated or reduced to a mere remnant, incapable either of receiving succour, or of affording it. When the regular troops of Spain have almost entirely vanished before the sword of Napoleon, our army begins to take an active part in the campaign. But this activity, as far as it respects any measure of *offensive hostility*, was of very transient duration; and it is soon converted into an endeavour not to attack the enemy, but to elude his vengeance, and to seek safety in flight. We are glad, however, to hear for the honour of the British soldiers, whose ancestors were not afraid to face superior numbers at Cressy and Poitiers, that they murmured with patriotic indignation, when they received orders to retreat, and could with difficulty be brought to turn their backs upon the enemy. Had the British troops ventured to attack the French, before they commenced their retreat, even though against the most fearful odds, every friend to his country would have rejoiced, whatever might have been the result. Whether victorious or vanquished, the honor would have been theirs, and the disgrace that of the enemy. The French would not have been able, with any show of plausibility, to represent the British troops as indifferent or treacherous to the cause which they were sent to support, and to prejudice the people of Spain against the English name. Yet this is the ground of calumny which we have afforded to Bonaparte, and of which he has made ample, and we fear, most pernicious use in his bulletins. It is true that the British have, in some measure, rescued themselves, in the eyes of Spain, from the disgrace of flying before the French, by the victory which they obtained over the enemy, near the walls of Corunna; but this victory only increases the regret that the British did not try their strength with their adversaries *in an earlier period of the campaign*. If the ministry thought the army which they had sent into Spain unequal to contend with

the French; they ought to have confined their exertions to a desultory warfare on the coast; but when they did send an army into the interior, and made great professions of assisting the patriotic cause, they ought, in order to secure the confidence of our new allies, to have endeavoured to serve their cause *at every risk*, and to engage the French, even under every disadvantage. But the present ministry have either lost, or else abused the most glorious opportunity that was ever offered, of checking the ambitious career of France; and by rescuing Spain, of finally saving Europe from the grasp of the rapacious Corsican.

The opportunity, favourable as it was, and fraught with every probability of a fortunate issue, as it once seemed, is gone by, never to return! Owing to the abandonment, and misconduct of their allies, the treachery or ignorance, and impolicy of their generals and chiefs, the last spark of patriotic hope in Spanish bosoms will be extinguished, and Bonaparte will, ere long, become the undisputed and absolute master of the whole peninsula of Portugal and of Spain. Can any thing more favourable be expected in the present circumstances?

One interesting consideration remains;—Will the Spanish South American possessions follow the example of submission to the dynasty of the Bonapartes, which is likely to be set by the mother-country? The question is difficult to resolve. The governments of the Havannah, of Mexico and Peru, have hitherto shewn themselves favourable to the patriotic spirit which had begun to glow in Spain, and consequently adverse to the usurpation of Napoleon. Had not the imbecility or the wickedness of certain persons excited a contempt and abhorrence of the British at Buenos Ayres, and indeed throughout South America, this country might, at this moment, exert herself with great probable success, in severing the connection between Spain and her South American dependencies, if Spain should become subject to the tyrannical sway of France.

Perhaps Bonaparte may be content to let Ferdinand VII. reign in Mexico or Peru; for, when he declared in his address to the corregidor of Madrid, that the Bourbons could no longer reign in *Europe*, the expression seemed to intimate that they might be permitted to sit on thrones in some other quarter of the globe. Have our ministers the address to negotiate such a peace with Napoleon, as leaving him in possession of Spain, which he will keep without our *consent*, may induce him to liberate Ferdinand, to reign over the ancient empire of the Incas, in Peru? Might not another branch of the house of Bourbon be settled in Mexico? Or will the republicans of the United States, be displeased with the presence of the old kings

of Europe upon their hemisphere? We fear that there is not sufficient wisdom nor energy in the present English cabinet, to negotiate with Napoleon, with dignity and success. They have yet exhibited nothing like a parity of sagacity or of promptitude, either in council, or in war.

No man however sanguine, can now well expect that the present contest will end in any thing less than the subjugation of Spain. But if Spain be subjugated what end is to be answered by the further prosecution of the war? The question of peace must again come before us; and well will it be for ministers, if they can negotiate on the basis of the *uti possidetis*. We are far from blaming them for not listening to the late pacific overtures of Bonaparte from Erfurth. Their honour, and that of the country, which is a more important consideration, was concerned in not abandoning the Spanish patriots to their fate. But the cause of Spain has become desperate, and nothing but devastation and misery are likely to ensue from the continuance of the present struggle. Hard as their lot is, the Spaniards must make up their minds to submit to the conqueror. The only chance which the Central Junta had of opposing him with success, was by rendering the revolutionary ferment more general in the provinces, and by holding out objects of honour and emolument to excite the affection of the people to a new order of things on the one hand, and to rouse all the force of their resentment, against the tyrant on the other. But Spain, as a great political writer has well remarked, *'has been lost from the dread of liberty.'* The Central Junta lost sight of the only means which they possessed of defeating the ambition of France, and of securing the independence of Spain. The chance, which they had in their hands, is lost. Their imbecility, their ignorance, or their selfishness, has been fatal to their country.

If England continue the war, she must now do it on more unequal terms than before. She must keep up a larger fleet, and neither the largeness nor the vigilance of her fleet may prevent her from having to contend with the enemy on English or on Irish ground. A contest which from the beginning assumed the appearance of an internecine war, seems daily to acquire more of that fatal character. It becomes like a quarrel of the most implacable personal rancour, which must last till one of the combatants is destroyed.

As philanthropists and Christians, we heartily wish that a more pacific spirit could be infused into the councils of both nations. Peace is the interest of both, and what other interest can nations have but in the relations of peace? But the object of the two governments has been to make the people believe that their interest consists in sacrificing themselves to gratify the selfishness, the ambition, the jealousy,

and resentment of their rulers. All the unsocial antipathies, which the worst passions can generate, have been studiously produced as the elements of unceasing ravage and perpetual war. Those persons who have inculcated the necessity of peace have been persecuted by the clamours of bigotry and corruption as the enemies to their country and the foes to their species. The exhortation to peace has been construed into the watch-word of sedition, by those who fatten on the destruction of their species, and whose interests are in direct opposition to that of their fellow-creatures. But though *perpetual war* may be the hope and the delight of these men, yet it is an impossibility. Peace must sooner or later arrive, and is it not better that it should be brought about before our ruin is consummated by war? We must make peace when we can no longer lift up our arms to fight; but of such a peace the terms would be only what the pride or the clemency of the conqueror might dictate. Is it not more wise to make peace while we have much strength left, while our resources are great, and our independence is entire? We are not yet sunk in the lowest gulph of national degradation; we yet stand high even in the opinion of the enemy. Let us then rise still higher in his estimation and our own, by cherishing a spirit of peace and by manifesting a *sincere* desire to terminate the calamities of war.

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